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The Australian

June 11, 1969

# Women's Weekly

Registered in Australia for  
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## PRINCE OF WALES — Preparation for his INVESTITURE

Pages 10, 11

## 16-page lift-out MILK COOK BOOK

## PEARL BUCK writes on sex freedom

Pages 14, 15

## How to rear a sick budgerigar

Pages 27, 28



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JUNE 11, 1969

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### OUR COVER

● Prince Charles in a checked sportscoat standing beside his sports car in the grounds of Windsor Castle bears little resemblance to the royal prince who will be presented to the Welsh people on July 1. On that date, with great pomp and ceremony, splendidly robed in a purple cloak, he will be invested Prince of Wales at Caernarvon. The story of the preparation for his investiture, with color pictures, is on pages 10 and 11. Our cover picture by London photographer Godfrey Argent.

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# Luxury "Campo de Tennis"

**For Lew and Jenny, \$125,000 venture in Southern Spain is making dream come true**

By  
**SUSAN POLLARD**

**L**EW and Jenny Hoad sat sipping beers in Jac's Bar — the small, intimate bar at the back with the long, low tables, the candles in glass saucers, and the big, white-washed fireplace.

Lew, 34, tanned and with unruly hair bleached almost white, was talking about his tennis centre.

There were 11 Australians in the bar including the waitress and barman. Everyone was interested — they all knew Lew and Jenny.

They were neighbors and had watched the centre grow, from the clearing of the first wild olive and lemon trees from 26 acres of gently sloping land between the blue-purple mountains and the glinting Mediterranean to the building of the first four courts.

Lew and Jenny were realising a dream.

A few years ago they had been one of Australia's best-known tennis couples. Life was hectic and exciting.

For 12 years Lew travelled the world, playing the professional circuit.

One year, for a holiday, they came to Southern Spain, the "sun coast" of golden stretches of beach and long, languid summers.

It was perfect — for living and building their dream.

Two years ago they and Jane, 13, Sally, 11, and Peter, 8, moved into the split-level Villa La Serrana, which has six bedrooms, two bathrooms, swimming-pool, and a spacious patio overlooking the sprawling, white-washed town of Fuengirola.

Nearly a year later, a few months before Lew officially retired, a beginning was made on one of the most advanced sports projects in Europe — "Campo de Tennis," with seven courts, restaurant-bar, dressing-

rooms, sauna baths, squash courts, gymnasium, swimming-pool, fashion boutique, and motel-type accommodation for 40.

People will pay \$12 a day for full benefits at the centre.

The \$125,000 venture — 18 acres will be sub-divided into 24 building blocks — is incorporating the latest techniques and ideas.

The courts have a surface developed in England about five years ago.

"It is gravel bound with paint and is particularly suitable here because the rain seeps straight through to a sub-surface draining system," said Lew.

"The surface has about the same bounce as grass, but unlike lawn is guaranteed to last ten years without maintenance."

### Her boutique

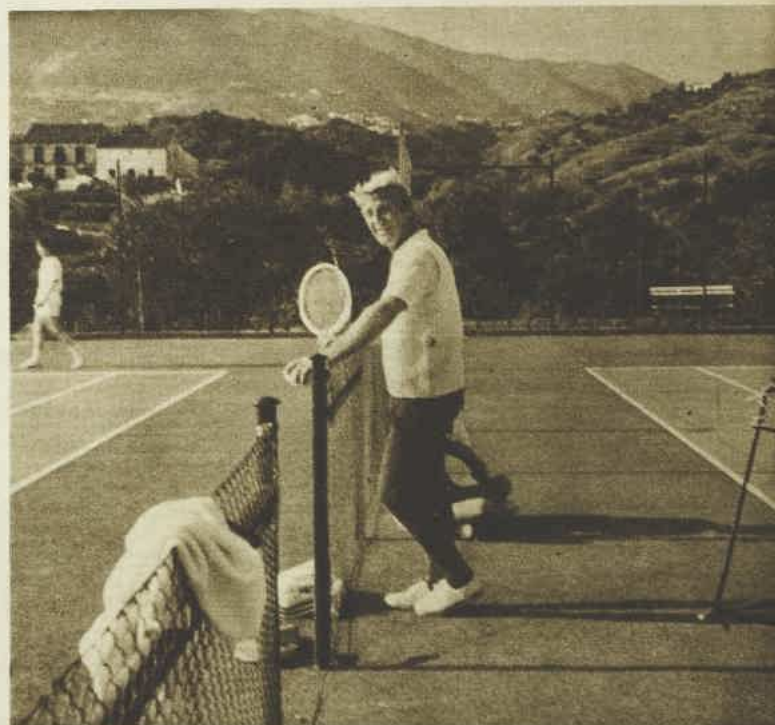
The clubrooms are in informal Spanish style.

Jenny explained: "The design is Andalusian (Southern Spain), simple and spacious, with white-washed walls inside and out and earthy, red-tiled roof."

Jenny often goes out in one of their two vans to see what treasures can be found in the tiny mountain villages where the old women in black dresses and shawls squat in doorways and stare and point at the rare sight of an attractive foreigner.

"I bought an old wine press the other day which was still being used to extract olive oil, and I have quite a lot of big stones salvaged from old houses being pulled down," she said.

Although she will do some teaching when the centre is completed, Jenny's real interest will be the boutique.



**LEW HOAD, in red pants and white T-shirt, on one of the courts at his "Campo de Tennis," at Fuengirola, Southern Spain.**

It will sell only tennis gear, but she has ideas for brightening the scene—colors, pastel and pretty, and clinging, feminine fabrics.

"The all-white look, except for really big tournaments, is old hat," she said. "Pastels look marvellous, especially with a white skirt."

"I am experimenting with clinging fabrics, such as jersey mixtures and towelling, because they are absorbent, soft, and comfortable."

Designs basically will be tailored. Jenny feels there is too much adaptation of street styles at present.

"Men hate mini-skirts on the courts," she said.

Lew agreed. "She's right, hard as it is to believe," he said with a quizzical grin.

"Tunics with side-splits and briefs underneath are much more sexy."

Lew wanted to build a tennis centre in Australia. "But it wouldn't work, not enough people. Besides, facilities and coaching there are very good."

"These are the reasons

Australia is still the top tennis nation.

"Southern Spain has the advantages of a warm climate all year and easy accessibility to the rest of Europe."

The centre will not be completed until November, but the finished courts are in almost constant use, for both Lew and Jenny teach.

They are easily recognisable. Jenny wears navy, sleek-fitting tracksuit pants and white skivvy, and Lew identical bright red pants and white T-shirt.

"The centre has not been publicised, but every week we get a batch of letters from people wanting to come here," said Lew.

He is interested in the up-and-coming 16- to 18-year-olds.

### Team coach

That day he had been coaching the four top junior players from Belgium, two English junior champions, an American, and two Italian boys.

He said, "It won't be a member club. I want to keep it as exclusive as possible."

The winter sessions are sure to be filled by players from Northern Europe who cannot play outdoors in their own countries because of the weather.

Jenny, however, is interested in beginners, and for the past three months has taught seven- to 14-year-olds every Sunday morning.

The general standard of tennis was low in Spain because of the expense and lack of facilities, Lew said.

"But it must improve — the Spanish Government is spending \$150 million on sport this year," he said.

Lew will be helping in the improvement. He has been appointed coach of the 1969 Spanish Davis Cup team. The Hoads do not plan to

live in Australia again. The like Spanish life because it is relaxed and devoid of everyday pressures.

"Life is very casual here," said Jenny, pointing to her black polo-neck sweater and camel slacks.

Tall and slim, she wore no make-up, and her sun-bleached short hair was casually brushed to one side and tucked behind her ear.

"We could get on the cocktail merry-go-round, but we much prefer to have small parties with close friends — a lot of Australians and English live here—and go water-skiing or play golf, if tennis allows us!" she said with a laugh.

Among friends who live nearby are Australian actress Diane Cilento and husband Sean Connery.

Jenny's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Staley, of Melbourne, recently visited Fuengirola.

All the family understand Spanish and speak it in varying degrees. The children are quite fluent, but Jenny and Lew are still a little hesitant about using theirs with Madrid friends.

Jane and Sally attend a small English school in Fuengirola, and learn French and Spanish. Peter goes to a Jesuit school and is taught in Spanish.

"He only speaks English at home, and can't read or write it," Jenny said.

"I'm not worried, because the education standard is very good, even though some of the kids arrive at school on donkeys."

Only one thing remains for the Hoads, to be completely settled in Spain — their own home.

"We rent La Serrana," said Jenny. "I want an old, rustic farmhouse, as Spanish as possible, which we will renovate and fill with Spanish antiques."



**THE HOADS' partially completed Spanish-style clubhouse. The centre also includes squash courts, gymnasium, swimming-pool, sauna baths.**



# GROOBY BABY

*New BBC celebrity,  
aged 3, is groovy  
but can't pronounce it*



MICROBE, at right, listens to his record, "Groovy Baby," being played on the record-player. Above is his father, Pat Doody.

Pictures by David Graves

**T**WENTY storeys below the smart London penthouse of Britain's highest-paid disc jockey, Dave Cash, is parked his grey Rolls Bentley, embossed with black and yellow stickers that would have horrified the Hon. Charles Stewart Rolls. They advertise a record called "Groovy Baby."

"Groovy Baby" is the hip, with-it, latest mod expression of a toothy toddler who was three last February. Only he can't say "groovy" — he says "grooby."

His name is Ian Doody, better known to millions of world-wide radio listeners as Microbe — the pint-sized wonder boy of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Five days a week he broadcasts to the nation and the world (via the BBC's world service) on the "Dave Cash Show." Between pop records, Dave slots in pre-recorded tapes of little Microbe talking.

Of course, his conversation is limited. Mostly it's "Hi, Dave," "Grooby, baby," "Happy birthday, baby," and "I love the Beak-els (Beatles);" and "How does that grab you, baby?" "Sock it to me, baby," and not forgetting "I'm a good boy."

## Turn taps on

The world's youngest disc jockey, however, is frequently a naughty boy. Prior to our meeting at Dave Cash's flat one morning, the mighty Microbe had emptied paper clips all over his parents' Highgate flat, climbed into the washing-up bowl with the crockery, and then flooded the flat.

"He likes to go into the bathroom and turn on the taps — especially when I'm on the telephone," said his mother, freelance radio announcer Jean Challis, more in sorrow than anger.

Ian's father, Pat Doody, reads the news on the "Dave Cash Show."

Microbe's unpredictability dates from birth.

"I was broadcasting in Cyprus and Ian was almost born in the studio," said his mother.

"I was rushed to hospital and my program, which had

been taped, was broadcast while he was being born."

An only child, Ian can, however, behave like a pretty average three-year-old.

"He likes fighting his father, playing football in the park, going on the swings, and feeding ducks."

While Mrs. Doody talked, Microbe crept round the living-room table sucking at everyone's cups of coffee, breaking off only to ask visitors "What's your name?" and, satisfied with the answers, returning to his coffee round.

He is, as yet, unaware that he is something of a world-wide celebrity.

"If Ian had been four or five, we would never have let him broadcast," said his mother. "But at his age he doesn't appreciate the fuss being made of him."

His little monologues are made at home on a tape-recorder, prompted by his parents. The recordings have also been incorporated in

—By—  
**CAMILLA BEACH**

Microbe's first record, "Groovy Baby," between sound tracks written by composer Chris Andrews, who also writes songs for pop singer Lulu.

When Dave Cash put "Groovy Baby" on the record-player, Microbe recognised it instantly and was delighted. Needing little prompting, he jumped up, tapping one foot in vague time to the music.

Dave gave Microbe his big break just before Christmas last year. "I used to have a French girl on the program who would say 'groovy baby,' and having a baby say it seemed like an obvious progression," said 26-year-old Dave, a fast-talking, brown-haired, green-eyed Canadian.

"The first day he was on the show the BBC's switchboard was completely jammed with calls from people asking who he was."

However, Microbe's initial radio appearances were shortlived: One week.

When Dave suggested that the BBC supplement Microbe's piggy bank, the company's lawyers stepped in and demanded Microbe

be sacked. He was, they said, under age.

Microbe's fans furiously demanded reinstatement.

Finally a Sunday newspaper began a front-page campaign for his return, and on Boxing Day Microbe was back on the air.

He still gets no pay from the BBC. But Dave Cash gave him a big blue pedal-car for Christmas.

Many fans sent him teddy bears for Christmas, too. He receives 1000 fan letters a week; and at Easter he had more Easter eggs sent him than any little boy could even dream of.

## "Quite vain"

Now Dave hopes Microbe will get enough money from record royalties from "Groovy Baby" to open a bank account.

"At the moment it's selling about 350 copies a day," said Dave, who produced the record and wrote the "B" side.

"Ian should get about \$A.11.77 for every 1000 copies sold. So if it's a big hit he stands to make about \$A.13,000."

Given the choice, Microbe would probably like to spend any money he makes on clothes. "He's very clothes conscious," said Mrs. Doody.

"And he's quite vain. He will stand in front of the mirror and ask, 'Do I look smart?'"

Microbe was too pre-occupied with a "Knock knock" game to take any interest in his mother's conversation.

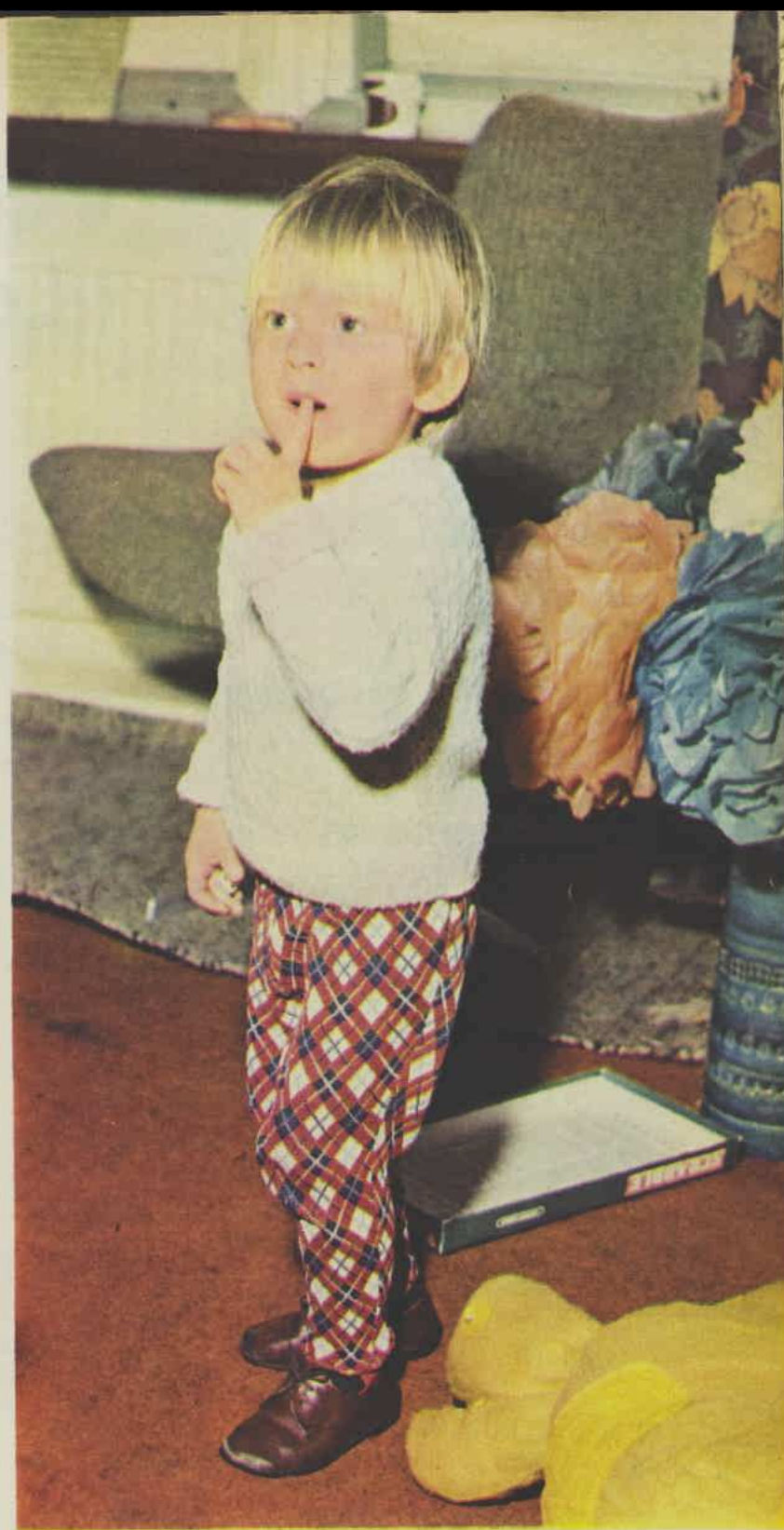
"Knock, knock," he told his father. "Who's there?" asked Mr. Doody.

"Dr. Who," said Microbe, referring to his favorite television character.

"Dr. who?" asked his father. "That's right," said Microbe, smiling a cheeky, knowing smile. "Dr. Who."

Everyone laughed, and the world's youngest disc jockey, blissfully ignorant that he is radio's wonder boy and quite a little celebrity, put a shy hand in front of his face.

DAVE CASH with Microbe in Dave's London penthouse (right).





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★ TO CROCHET:  
SCARF →  
FOR HER,  
PLUS A TIE  
FOR HIM



★ Our traveller's tale is about a camping tour of New Zealand—with two children under three!



RECIPES  
USING  
PEANUT  
BUTTER

Our house of the week is a modern duplex apartment (sitting-room shown below) for a bachelor and his dog.



# Vanessa danced at London premiere

● The Redgrave family turned out for the premiere of "Isadora" at the Odeon Cinema in London. Vanessa Redgrave, the star, wore an Isadora Duncan-type flowing hippie garment, flowers in her hair, and danced, Isadora-style, in the foyer before the film-showing. Her parents, Sir Michael Redgrave and his wife, actress Rachel Kempson, were there, so was her young sister, Lynn. Lynn, too, has had her moments of glory — she won an Oscar nomination for "Georgy Girl."



BELOW: Nyree Dawn Porter (Irene in BBC-TV's "The Forsyte Saga") and husband, actor Bryon O'Leary, both New Zealanders.

RIGHT: Lynn Redgrave, Vanessa's younger sister, with her husband, actor John Clark. Lynn is also a star, joyful "Georgy Girl."



ABOVE: Susan Hampshire (Fleur in "The Forsyte Saga") wore a white satin blouse, embroidered bolero, culottes, jewelled headband — and flower.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969





BELOW: Duke of Bedford, in flowing coat, brought his step-daughter Catherine Milinaire, who also went for the flowing look.

ABOVE: Sir Michael and Lady Redgrave. Vanessa, eldest of their three children, is pregnant to her lover, Italian Franco Nero.

THE STAR (right), Vanessa Redgrave, danced Isadora-style to guitar rhythm in the Odeon foyer before the film - showing.



ABOVE: Linda Thorson (Tara King in "The Avengers") arrived wrapped in furs at the premiere. Theatre is in the West End.



RIGHT: David Hemmings with his wife, American actress Gayle Hunnicut. David starred with Vanessa in film "Blow Up."





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



# A HOUSEWIFE CLIMBS OUT OF THE RUT

**—She took up writing**

ONE day four years ago, Sydney housewife Marcia Hatfield took stock.

Twelve housebound years lay behind her. And rich, full, happy years they'd been. Tragic, too, in the death of a first-born infant son. Tough, while husband Roy battled to build up his own business.

Good years, though. Marcia didn't really regret a minute of them.

Now Guy, the youngest child, was off to school and the house was strangely silent. Marcia was taking stock, as most of us women have, and all of us will.

That night she said to Roy, "Don't misunderstand. I love you and I love the kids and I'm happy. But I want to do something of my own. I want to write."

And Roy, being Roy, said, "Do it. I'll help you all I can."

But how to start? Marcia sat down after the chores were done and wrote and rewrote and discarded and wrote again.

She started with what she knew best, the house and children. An alphabet? A children's alphabet. She worked on it for months, then shoved the lot in a drawer.

## Toothbrushes

It all seemed such a waste. Roy consoled, "It's good practice."

(It was also the genesis of Marcia's great success, "Eddie's Alphabet," now showing on TV round the world, but that lay in a future too dim to be foreseen.)

Marcia went on working, trying.

"The toothbrushes in the bathroom," she said, "seemed to sit up and talk to me."

She wrote some stories about a toothbrush family. Her own three children loved them, and so did their little friends. Greatly daring, Marcia started tramping round the publishers.

No luck at all.

Marcia dug her heels in. She took the stories to Ajax Films, to the animation department. She showed them to director Rowl Greenhalgh.

"Great TV potential," Rowl enthused. "There's a world-wide need for material for young children. Go home and write some more."

Outside encouragement at last!

But Roy's secretary fell



MARCIA HATFIELD, above, at work in her study. At left, Marcia and Roy with the children, Scott, 11, Louella, 13, and Guy, nine. Roy helped Marcia to succeed.

ill. Marcia rallied round, ran his office during school hours, ran the house, cared for the three children, and wrote far into the night.

Roy did the dishes and whatever he had time for. He also built his wife a writing-room and put a sign on the door: "Mum's Study."

Marcia wrote 13 stories about the toothbrushes and Ajax sent them to the ABC.

Then middle-child, Scott, had an illness, as children will. His teacher came to call and she and Marcia got talking.

Marcia learnt that there was an acute shortage of Australian plays for little children, so she sat down and wrote one, and then more and more.

The school played in them, and loved them. There was a part for every child. The children could produce them themselves, make the sets and the costumes. And they were full of Australian animals, birds, idiom.

## Published

And a wonderful thing happened. For the first time in her life, Marcia got published. It was a children's story (of course), and she got \$20 for it.

It was so good it was put in a children's anthology.

Marcia resumed her tramping round the publishers. And this time the timing was absolutely right. Horwitz-Martin accepted the little plays. Since they were tied to the big occasions in a child's school-year, they were called "Play Days Around the Year."

Six months later, the pub-

lishers asked for a second volume.

Marcia, feeling a little taller, branched into adult television.

She wrote a number of episodes for the series "Divorce Court," got to know producers and directors, and absorbed all they could teach her.

("If you honestly tell people you don't know, and want to know," she says, "they'll go to endless trouble to help you.")

Things were starting to move. Marcia got a commission to write — another children's play for the Aus-

By  
**KAY KEAVNEY**

tralian Theatre for Young People.

She called it "Stories from the Pied Piper," and a professional company took it round the schools both here and in Queensland.

Not much money in it, but an awful lot of satisfaction!

Sometimes she remembered that fledgling effort, the alphabet. It nagged at her. It had potential. But not enough. It needed something extra, something visual, something that would enchant little children...

One day young Guy was digging in the family garden. He dug up an earthworm and started to chat to it. Marcia saw, and something clicked.

"If a child can speak to an earthworm," she reasoned, "an earthworm can speak to a child."

So she sketched a very dapper little worm, complete with boater and bowtie and cane and Harold Lloyd glasses, and there he was, the inimitable Eddie.

It all fell into place now. Eddie would introduce each letter of the alphabet, telling stories about it. He would open up the whole dictionary to the young, teach them by sight, sound, and fun, above all fun.

Rowl Greenhalgh used the little sketch when he created Eddie professionally. Ajax were excited. So were the ABC.

## Cheers!

Marcia breathlessly told her family, "Ajax are going to make a pilot. In full color. For world release."

The three children cheered. And Roy was as proud as if it were his own doing, as, indeed, it many ways it was.

Eddie and Marcia moved on to a kind of fame. Eddie performed for the delight of children in Australia, New Zealand, Hong Kong, and Singapore. Big news is expected soon from Desilu. There has been a record, a game. Soon there'll be a book.

Soon the market will be hit with Eddie puzzles and Eddie playsuits and Eddie plasticine and what you will. The possibilities are endless, and Marcia holds the copy-right.

"I might make quite a bit of money," she said, amber eyes dancing, "which was never the intention. Roy makes all the money this family needs."

Then the august Immigration Department decided to use Eddie — for showing abroad and on migrant ships.

Marcia Hatfield had arrived.

Over the months and years she went on working, learning, absorbing. She came up with an idea for an adult series showing Sydney as a great cosmopolis. Rod Taylor took it back to the States with him.

And the Sydney housewife and mother got a mention in the bible of show business, U.S. "Variety." That was the accolade.

Ideas poured out of Marcia. She produced a record of Aboriginal legends, "In the Dreamtime," narrated by Stuart Wagstaff. It looks like being the first of many.

She is working on more records, of stories of the great ballets for young listeners, to be narrated by Sir Robert Helpmann.

And she has turned her attention to a most original presentation of news. A pilot is in preparation for an exciting new series, in color, for world-wide release.

Roy is involved in this, too, which makes it doubly exciting.

## "Organised"

"They've been quite a four years," said Marcia. "Everything has changed except my life with Roy and the children. That will never change."

"But how do you fit it all in?" I marvelled.

"I often write till two in the morning," she said serenely. "And my day starts at six. I'm organised. You have to be. The thing is, the more you do the more you find you can do."

She looked at Roy. "Above all," Marcia said, "you've got to have a co-operative husband."

Roy grinned. Roy is tall, tanned, very blue-eyed. He is a highly successful businessman in his own right, but this is his wife's story.

"I'll do anything to help," Roy said, "so long as she doesn't expect it. The day she expects it it cuts out."

"Have you minded, really?" I asked him.

"I'm delighted," he said. "I'm proud. I think it's wonderful. A woman's a person as well as somebody's wife and mother."

## Partnership

"Half the kick is knowing I've had a small part in it — just as Marcia helped me in my business."

"She has an incredible capacity for work, and she's needed it. Nowadays, with her earnings, she pays for help in the house, but she still does all the real things."

"You don't live by bread alone, but neither can you live in a pigsty. A husband in business needs an orderly house. A wife has to apportion her time, neglect only the things that don't really matter."

"But the husband has to help in an active way. A marriage is a partnership. And the more fulfilled the wife is the richer the marriage."

Obviously, they have a pretty good one, the Hatfields.

So if, happy wife and mother though you are, you're taking stock, longing to "do your own thing," take heart from the story of Marcia Hatfield.

All you need is talent, a huge capacity for work, a willingness to learn, a refusal to be discouraged, a strong constitution, a load of vitality — and a husband like Roy.



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# Fate got their lives mixed

● Once there were two close friends. One wanted to marry young and have many children. The other took no interest in babies and wanted to be a dancer. Fate got the lines crossed: The mother became the dancer; the dancer married and has the children.

**M**ORE than eight years ago, in a Cyprus nightclub, a French palmist foretold a mix-up in two Australian girls' destinies. They wouldn't believe it.

After all, they'd planned their futures from childhood.

Robyn Rogers wanted to be an actress. As a teenager she studied at Sydney's Independent Theatre.

She also dreamed of marrying and having a large family.

The aspirations of her close friend Dina Snow were completely different. She wanted to dance, and studied ballet from the age of eight.

Marriage would have to wait until she was at least 28.

Dina didn't care too much for children. When the maternal Robyn peered into prams and played with the tiny occupants, she poked fun.

Fate, however, had the last laugh.

Today, would-be actress Robyn is getting enthusiastic reviews all over the U.S. — for her dancing.

One Washington, D.C., critic said she was the best non-Spanish flamenco dancer he had ever seen.

Between tours, Robyn runs the Chateau Flamenco, a Spanish restaurant in New Orleans' picturesque French Quarter.

The dancer-cum-restaurateur, in fact, has no time yet to fulfil her other dream — to get married and have a family.

Instead, Dina did. At 29 she is the proud mother of three golden-haired children: Michael, 6, Christopher, 4, and Teresa, 3.

And she wants a fourth child — preferably another daughter.

Nowadays her dancing is confined to jiving with her

By  
**VALERIE CARR**

U.S. naval officer husband, Gerald Franklin, in bases all over the world.

She does, however, have an artistic outlet — acting.

"I first took up theatre work in 1962," Dina Franklin said. "That was when we were based in Yokohama."

"I played the lead in 'The Seven Year Itch' — staged by Servicemen's wives."

Dina was staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Snow, at Berowra, N.S.W.,

before rejoining her husband in the Philippines.

"Of course," she said, "I do more acting just by being a mother than on stage."

"It's not a natural role for me. I'd never touched a baby until my son was put into my arms."

Amateur acting started her dreaming again. Her husband went out of his way to encourage her ambition.

The long-awaited opportunity came when the Franklins were transferred to Virginia. They were based in Norfolk, a flourishing city with six dinner theatres.

"A dinner theatre," explained Dina, "is similar to Australia's theatre-restaurants except that dinner is over before the show begins."

Dina auditioned for the lead in John Patrick's "Low and Behold" ("the poor man's 'Blithe Spirit'"). But the part — that of a maid — called for a Brooklyn accent.

"And, believe it or not," said Dina, "I can't do an American drawl to save my soul."

So she read the maid's lines with a cockney accent. The casting director was so impressed that she had the part rewritten. And Dina, the one-time aspiring dancer, won her first professional acting role.

Fate intervened in the two



MRS. GERALD FRANKLIN (formerly Dina Snow, of Sydney) with her two youngest children, Teresa, three, and Christopher, four. Michael, six, was at school. At right, Dina during her brief flamenco-dancing career.

girls' lives in 1959, when the famous Spanish dancer Luisillo visited Sydney.

"I had to drag Robyn along to the show," Dina said. "She had another date. But she was soon spellbound, too, and after that we didn't miss a performance — about 42 in all."

When Luisillo and his troupe sailed for Europe the two fans were on the quay: Their parting words, "See you in Madrid."

A few months later Dina and Robyn themselves were Europe-bound. They had worked day and night to raise the fare.

"When we disembarked at Naples," said Dina, "we had £20 between us. The train fare to Madrid was £17 each."

Undaunted, they hitchhiked. When they finally reached Madrid they discovered Luisillo was in Wales.

So once again they started thumbing lifts.

"In fact," said Dina, "we arrived in Llangollen before the company did. And they were travelling by a chartered bus."

Luisillo "adopted" them.

For the next three months they travelled all over France and Italy with the company — "helping with the ironing, zipping-up costumes, and generally making ourselves useful backstage."

At the end of the tour they headed back to Madrid to learn flamenco themselves.

Dina's mother paid for full-time lessons. Even so, she had to supplement her income by "throwing myself around in a wild Afro-Cuban dance at a nightclub."

Robyn found a day job. She studied only in the evenings and on Saturdays. What was more, the girl acclaimed for her fiery elegance today was overweight. And her movements were ungainly.

Dina, small, fiery, was the one most likely to dance into the limelight.

The girls signed for their first tour in 1960.

"It was a second-rate company," Dina said, "but names like Beirut, Tehran, Bagdad — cities where we would dance — captured our imaginations."

The first stop was Nicosia, in Cyprus. Stationed there was a good-looking American sailor, Gerald Franklin.

"I first saw him at the American Club. He was standing by the juke-box, clicking his fingers to the music. I went up to him and asked if he'd help me digest my dinner — that is, to dance."



She smiled at the memory. "I'm rather proud of the fact that I picked up my husband."

"I'd always said I wouldn't marry until I was at least 28, that my husband definitely wouldn't be an American, nor a Serviceman. You see, my father was in the RAAF, and as a child I never saw him."

However, a year later Dina, aged 22, married an American, and a Serviceman. Robyn returned to Madrid to begin her successful career as a dancer.

In fact, when the two girls were reunited ("just in time for Michael's christening") she was dazzling diplomatic circles at a Spanish restaurant in Washington.

Dina has only one wish: "I'd like a reunion in Sydney — the city where Fate decided to swap our futures."



ROBYN ROGERS, Dina's friend who dances as Luisa Escobar in the U.S. During her girlhood in Sydney she wanted only to get married and have lots of children.

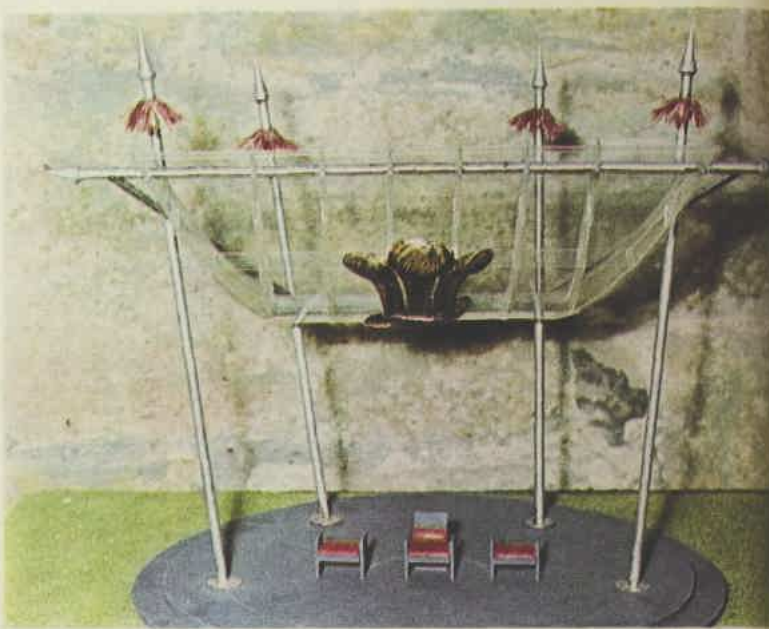


# PREPARING FOR

● Charles will be invested Prince of Wales amid ancient and modern pomp and splendor



DESIGNER Carl Toms' sketch of the Water Gate entrance to Caernarvon Castle, with the Queen arriving at the head of her procession for her son's investiture as Prince of Wales. Lord Snowdon, as Constable of the Castle, will receive her at the gate.



THRONE DAIS and canopy — a model made by designer Toms and tested in a wind tunnel for 60-mph gales, which can blow through the castle. The thrones are slabs of Welsh slate, and the canopy, of a medieval shape, is of thoroughly modern perspex.



PAGEANTRY is typified by the Garter King of Arms (Sir Anthony Wagner), who, at the Queen's command, will summon the Prince to her presence, there to swear allegiance.

Page 10

ON July 1 Prince Charles will be invested Prince of Wales — the 21st heir to the Throne to have that title — and presented to the Welsh people at Caernarvon.

It is only the second time that the ceremony has been performed in the setting in which the story of the Prince of Wales began 700 years ago.

But the traditions have survived, and many features of Prince Charles' investiture have their origins in those feudal days.

Then, so legend has it, to help pacify the Welsh, who for years had been fiercely resisting their conquerors, King Edward I ordered his queen, Eleanor, to Caernarvon Castle for the birth of their child.

Within hours of her arrival, after a long and arduous journey from London, her son was born.

A delighted King strode out to face the group of hardy, rough-clad, surly Welshmen gathered in the courtyard.

"You have demanded from me a prince of your own," he said. "One born in Wales to replace your own dead princes."

And dramatically raising the newborn babe above his head, Edward announced, "This is your man!"

Which, in essence, is what the Queen will be doing when she presents Prince Charles to the people of Wales from those castle gates to a fanfare from trumpeters perched high in the walls.

The 700 years that have passed since the first Prince of Wales was held up to placate a resentful people will be telescoped into this moment of history that is Prince Charles.

## 500,000,000 viewers

The Prince is a very modern young man, and his investiture in a modern world has presented problems that never before had to be faced.

The last investiture was in 1911, when a 16-year-old Prince Edward, with his golden hair and direct, friendly gaze, dressed in a white satin suit with knee-breeches beneath a heavy velvet cloak, knelt before his father, King George V, to swear himself "liege man."

Seventeen thousand privileged people crowded into the courtyard of Caernarvon Castle for that investiture, and a few discreetly placed photographers recorded the scene. Artists gave the world an idealised portrait of the young Prince Charming — now the Duke of Windsor.

This is the day of television, and for presenting the investiture to 500,000,000 viewers across the world someone with a sense of theatre was needed to prepare the castle.

The Queen did not have to look far.

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

Lord Snowdon was appointed Constable of Caernarvon Castle, and he soon showed he was not just a figurehead.

With his friend Carl Toms, talented theatre designer, responsible for the overall decor, and designer John Pound for such specific things as the much-talked-about chairs — which are to be knocked down after the ceremony and may be bought (for \$A25.80) by those who have sat on them — Lord Snowdon worked to show the uncluttered beauty of Caernarvon Castle and make sure that the whole of the investiture could be followed by the cameras.

"It will be like theatre in the round," Lord Snowdon told me as we went, step by step, over the setting for the investiture, ready now except for a few last-minute touches.

Caernarvon Castle is a perfect setting for ceremonial.

So perfect, in fact, that Lord Snowdon agreed with Carl Toms that there would be no red carpet, no marquees, no banks of hydrangeas or tubs of geraniums. Nothing to intrude on the textures of old stone.

Television has, naturally, dominated much of the thinking, and many hours of hard work and thought went into a perspex canopy, in medieval design, to cover the throne dais, giving an unobstructed view to guests and cameras.

The dais is of Welsh slate, and the thrones are made with simple slabs of stone. "They could have been at Stonehenge," said Tony Snowdon. "And I hope that after the investiture they will stay at Caernarvon."

Carl Toms and Tony both confessed that, with everything kept as simple as possible, there was the danger that it would be too austere.

"Aesthetically the slate was the most beautiful medium to work in, but color was needed," said Tony.

For a while the designers were stuck for a fabric to cover the chairs inside the castle and the cushions on the platform seating outside.

"Something to go with stone," said Tony.

"Velvet," said Carl Toms, "would not work. It doesn't look right in broad daylight. So we decided on red flannel."

A search of Wales began, and a Welsh member of the team, after 900 miles on a round trip, came up with enough old-fashioned red flannel to do the job.

"Nothing looked as right as this vermillion flannel. It's a sympathetic fabric," Carl said.

When "Jones the wool shop" heard the news he threw up his hands in horror. "It's what we sell for keeping the old ones warm and for babies' binders. It's medicinal."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



# ROYAL PAGEANTRY



PREPARATIONS in the great courtyard, where the investiture will take place. Outside the castle (picture at RIGHT), seating has been built over the great moat, which is up to 17ft. deep.



CHAIRS for the 4300 guests watching the ceremony are of red-stained wood, upholstered in homely, old-fashioned red flannel. They will be able to buy them afterwards as souvenirs.

Tony — "Jones the castle" — smiled. And now, with every gas and electricity showroom proudly displaying some of the chairs, everyone is delighted with the effect. The red flannel enhances the Prince of Wales feathers, in gold.

It was "Jones the castle's" idea to show the public what they would get for their money.

Tony's long-term plans are to attract more visitors to Caernarvon. "We expect 30,000 here this summer," he said in the anticipatory tone you hear when owners throw their old ancestral open to the public.

"I like to think we have not only done this work for the investiture but for the years ahead."

The investiture ceremony will take up to five hours, starting with processions converging through the streets.

## Kiss of fealty

More than three-quarters of the guests waiting at the castle will be Welsh. Starting with their national anthem, "Ancient Land of My Fathers," there will be a program of music, much of it composed for the occasion.

Personalities who will help bring the scene to the vast outside audience will include Richard Burton, returning to his native Wales to describe it on television.

At the castle's Water Gate, Lord Snowdon will receive the two royal processions, led by the Queen and Prince Charles. The Prince has contrived to be excused from wearing satin knee-breeches, so disliked by his great-uncle David, and will wear a purple velvet cloak over the ceremonial uniform of the Royal Regiment of Wales, of which he is now Colonel-in-Chief.

Having sworn his allegiance to the Queen and exchanged with her the "kiss of fealty," Charles will take his seat on the slate throne beside her, Prince Philip being seated on the throne to her left.

Then the religious part of the ceremony will follow, in both Welsh and English. The blessing will be in Welsh only.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Philip, will present the Prince to the people at three points, to fanfares of trumpets heralding their arrival at Queen Eleanor's Gate, King's Gate, and the Lower Ward.

More fanfares will announce the royal family's departure along the two-mile processional route. Finally, they will go on board the royal yacht Britannia.

The next day Prince Charles will begin a four-day tour of Wales, a meet-the-people visit by yacht, car, helicopter, and small boat, planned to be as informal as possible.

And for three months Wales will continue its celebrations with festivals, carnivals, contests, and fairs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



BELOW: Centre of the ancient town of Caernarvon, which lies under the mountains of Snowdonia. The district is known for its slate quarries and slate is used in the thrones and dais for the coming ceremony.

BELOW: The castle, built for the English King Edward I seven centuries ago. Here the first Prince of Wales was proclaimed. Most later investitures, before the last in 1911, were in London, at Westminster.





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New OB12 optical brighteners make BLUO an even better brightener... whites reflect an even stronger white, coloured fabrics wear an even gayer brightness. And you can still use BluO anywhere in the wash cycle—in hot or cold water, with washing powders, or on its own. Just make sure you use it.

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Vicks Va-tro-nol now has a new improved formula to bring faster, more effective relief from head-colds and hayfever.

Its new calibrated dropper marks precise dosages for children and adults. Just a few drops and stuffiness begins to clear—breathing is easier. And Vicks Va-tro-nol is gentle enough for even the most sensitive little noses. Ask for Vicks Va-tro-nol. It clears that stuffed-up feeling fast.



# SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By Mollie  
Lyons

JUST back after ten weeks in Europe are the Kenneth Prings, who had their daughter, Diana, with them, and on the return trip, Petrina McLeod, who has been away since last year. The Prings spent some time in Paris, where Mrs. Pring saw the Dior collection, and also in Rome, where she thought the fashions "elegant, well cut, and the smartest of any country." In London, where they had six weeks, they made a flat in Knightsbridge their headquarters.

SAW soon-to-be-wed Catherine McMullin shopping in town, and she told me that preparations for her wedding with John Williams at her home, "St. Aubins," Scone, on June 28 seem to be going ahead without any of the usual fuss and panic. Most brides won't talk about their wedding outfits, but Catherine told me she is wearing an antique tiara of diamonds and pearls to hold her headdress, which her uncle, Mr. Ken Smith, bought in London last year. Her parents, Sir Alister McMullin and Lady McMullin, will host a party at the Australia Hotel on June 21 for some of their friends who aren't able to get to Scone for the wedding.

FASHION award for the week... to always beautifully groomed Mrs. "Snow" Swift. This time at a midweek cocktail party, in a superbly cut sleeveless white wool dress worn with a brightly colored St. Laurent scarf tossed nonchalantly around the neck. Leaving, I noticed she had donned a tailored chocolate-brown wool coat, which had an interesting slotted belt just below the waist.

TRIP to Melbourne for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Murray to meet their first grandchild—Craig David Beattie—who was born at St. George's Hospital, Kew, on May 22. Craig is the son of the Murrays' daughter, Sandra, and David Beattie, of North Balwyn.

AND another snippet of baby news... Diana and Peter Headlam are proud parents of a baby daughter born recently at King George V Hospital. Diana, who was Diana Maddox, is the daughter of Sir Kempson and Lady Maddox, of Darling Point.

LIKE the idea for this year's Ski Ball, which members of the Ski Council Social Committee (headed by Mrs. Claude Fay) have thought up, to honor the Kosciusko Alpine Club, which is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee. Focal point of the decorations will be a giant white kangaroo, taken from the Alpine Club's motif, which is a kangaroo on skis. Balloons and streamers will be in red and blue, which are the club colors. Venue for the ball will be the Chevron, and the date, June 20.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Muldoon after their marriage at St. Canice's Church, Elizabeth Bay. The bride was Miss Carolyn Robertson-Lund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Robertson-Lund, of Bellevue Hill. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Muldoon, of Cronulla. A reception followed at the Royal Motor Yacht Club.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Kaldor with their pageboys (from left), Peter and Andrew Kaldor, after their marriage at St. Ignatius' Chapel, Riverview. The bride was Miss Renata Hartman, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Hartman, of Dover Heights. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Kaldor, of Roseville.

ALTHOUGH the Pied Piper Committee's party on June 10 at the home of the Consul-General for Denmark, Mr. Mogens Juhl, and Mrs. Juhl, is sure to be a success (their parties always are!), there'll be a sad note to the day. It's the last function to be held during the presidency of Mrs. Frank McCall Power, who will finish her three-year term a few weeks later. After her successful two-year spell she was persuaded last year to carry on for a further year, which ends this month. The luncheon at the Juhls' home at Vaucluse will include a fashion parade of furs and leather, and I'm told the styles are very interesting and up to date.

LAST of a gay round of pre-wedding parties in full swing just now for Lyndell Scott will be the champagne luncheon which her mother, Mrs. Alan Delandro, will give for her on June 12 at her home at Kirribilli. Lyndell weds Trevor Goudie at St. Columba Church, Woollahra, on June 14.

HEAR of quite a few ski enthusiasts making for the snowfields, particularly for the official opening—the weekend of June 14. The Lucio Lussos will stay at the Thredbo Alpine Hotel that weekend and probably introduce their small son, Matthew, to the snow.

AND Mrs. Frank Mills, who goes up in July for two weeks, will have one week at the same hotel at Thredbo and then a week at Maaritz, at Perisher.

IF you've always secretly longed to go off on a safari, June 24 could be the day your ambition will be realised. On that day, members of the Town and Country Committee (which works for The Smith Family) have organised a Lion Safari to the Lion Park, at Warragamba, and although there won't be any guns, there will be lions and, so president Mrs. Charles Eastment tells me, an enjoyable day's outing. Lion posters will decorate the bus which will take "hunters" to the park, and at midday there'll be a box-luncheon.

INTERESTED to learn from David Stratton, director of the Sydney Film Festival, that this year's very effective black-and-white brochure was designed by Albert Tong in a design competition held among fourth-year students in the Design Section at East Sydney Technical College. The same design will be used on the tickets, programs, and other festival covers. As usual, there'll be a gala premiere the night before the festival commences on June 4. The Union Theatre will be the venue, with a reception later in the Refectory. The festival, which runs until June 16, will be at the Wintergarden Theatre, at Rose Bay.







AT LEFT: Mrs. David Massy-Greene, Mrs. David Wearn, and Mrs. David Clarke (left to right) at the luncheon and cookery demonstration arranged by the Black and White Committee in their Woollahra committee rooms to aid the Royal Blind Society.

ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. John Peoples with her attendants, Mrs. David Suter, Miss Cheryl Lipman, Miss Noni Peoples, and Miss Elizabeth Buckley (left to right), leaving St. Joseph's College Chapel after their marriage. The bride was Miss Angela Bowne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bowne, of Fairlight. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. John Peoples, of Vacluse.



DINNER DANCE. Mrs. J. Griffiths, Mr. Ian Scott, and Mrs. Norman Wood (left to right) at the dinner dance at the Argyle Tavern arranged by members of the Town and Country Committee, which works to aid The Smith Family.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Len Glenwright, Mr. Jack Radford, and Mrs. Ross Radford (left to right) at the buffet dinner and annual general meeting of the Sydney Ski Club, held at the Pickwick Club.

ABOVE: Mrs. Bill Killen, of "Mollee," Narrabri, with her brother, Mr. John Hudson, and Miss Rosalind Stone (left to right) at the Woolshed Party held at the Showground by the Flying High Committee to raise funds for the N.S.W. Air Ambulance Service. Mrs. Killen is president of the committee.





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"Through the discovery of a remarkable tropical moist oil that recaptures and preserves the original youthful beauty and radiance of the skin, there's no longer any real reason why the average woman shouldn't stay looking 20 for more than 40 years . . ."

MODERN science has at last found the means for every woman to gain and retain the exquisite smoothness and fine-grained texture of her complexion. The evolution of a unique tropical moist oil, which remarkably influences the balanced functioning of the skin cells, now makes it possible to bring prolonged dewy, petal-soft perfection to the complexion with as little effort as it takes to smooth a film of beauty fluid lightly over your skin.

This moist Ulan oil is isotonically balanced so that rich beauty elements can be quickly and easily absorbed. As the replenishing oil and moisture reaches the sub-surface cells, your well-nourished skin will begin to bloom with new vitality, recapture its youthful beauty and elasticity.

## Day-Long Nourishing

Smoothed over your face and neck each day and used as a beautifying base beneath make-up, the hygroscopic properties of tropical moist oil of Ulan will enable your skin to benefit from the natural attraction of moisture from the surrounding atmosphere all through the day, overcoming the formation of tiny lines or wrinkle-dryness and ensuring that make-up blends beautifully and stays matt.



Smoothed over your face and neck each day, oil of Ulan acts as an ideal base for make-up.

## Beautify Your Skin As You Sleep

The nourishment you can give your skin at bedtime will keep your complexion satin-smooth and check any signs of wrinkle - dryness immediately. Wrinkles indicate a lack of the natural protective oils in your skin and the need for urgent vitalizing massage with Ulan vitalizing night cream is necessary. This provides natural oils and moisture, plus rich unguents and vitalizing elements that so completely benefit and beautify a lovely complexion.

Smooth the vitalizing night cream evenly over your skin from neck to forehead and work it in gently with upward and outward movements of the fingertips. This rich blend of cream and moist Ulan oil strengthens skin cells, protects against wrinkles and renders the skin soft and velvety.



Eliminate any sagging of the neck muscles by gently stroking in Ulan Vitalizing night cream before retiring.

## Beauty Toning With Lemons

After cleansing, saturate a pad of cotton wool with the lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat your face and neck all over until the skin tingles refreshingly and takes on a youthful radiance.

The ritual of toning your complexion is yet another important beauty aid. A skin freshener is essential to keep pores refined to an ideal tension, particularly after cleansing, when these tiny openings in the skin are more relaxed than ever.

To brace and refine your complexion, utilise the natural toning properties of special beauty lemons in the skin freshener form. Lemon Delph skin freshener stimulates a lazy circulation, melts out plugged pores, clears away blemish-inducing impurities, and keeps your complexion clear, fine-textured and beautiful.

## Simple Beauty Hint

Beauty-care consultants are now recommending that to take full advantage of the benefits of this moist Ulan oil it should be smoothed over the face and neck daily before applying make-up. In this way it helps to check wrinkle-dryness and ageing lines, to give the skin youthful bloom.

"The argument today is whether men and women students shall share the same apartment . . . or, if in dormitories, shall have the freedom of one another's rooms," writes noted author Pearl S. Buck (right).



THE conversation in the living-room of my rambling old house was so lively this morning as I passed on my way to my desk to write this article that I yielded to temptation and sat down to listen.

An argument was taking place. Subject: whether Sally, a young woman of our acquaintance now attending a university nearby, had done wisely in leaving her dormitory to live with a young man, a fellow student, in a small apartment.

I remained silent while the argument waxed strong, for it had nothing to do, it seemed, with faculty or family.

## No conclusion

Sally's family, I knew, would violently disapprove, but their disapproval meant nothing in this day of relegated parents.

Nor did I offer advice. I merely sat and listened for the conclusion. There was no conclusion, however, except that Susan, our young beauty, was, to my surprise, firmly on the negative side.

"It's too messy for me," she said. She was on her way to an early tennis engagement with a young man in the offing. For at least five years there has always been a young man, or several, in Susan's offing.

She was gone and I stole away, foreseeing no further conclusion to the argument. Here at my desk I now put down my random thoughts, not new, but stirred to articulation by the talk in the living-room, to which I shall put my own conclusion.

The definition of co-education changes with changing times and changing moral

values. I can remember when co-education was a matter merely of young men and women attending the same classes in the same institution.

That argument was settled affirmatively, and the next was whether they should eat at the same time at the same tables. Now, of course, it has proceeded to a much more intimate point.

Classes and meals in common are taken as a matter of course. The argument today is whether men and women students shall share the same apartment, perhaps even two by two, or, if in dormitories, shall have the freedom of one another's rooms.

It is idle, I believe, to think of a return to the past. The past is dead, its recovery beyond our reach even if we wish to recover it.

The apple of Eden's garden has been eaten. The only argument is how far shall the knowledge of good and evil go.

The minds of young academics today are

not every female is available to every male, a situation that makes for increasing masculine indignation.

I realise, of course, that I am the last person to discuss the subject of cohabitation as it exists, or seems about to exist, today.

Millenniums ago I attended a girls' college. In my ignorance, I was not at that time even interested in boys, although two men's colleges were in our periphery.

The reason? Books! I had never in my life had enough books to read, to range through, to gobble down, to satisfy my insatiable curiosity about everything.

Classes were something to be got through, for teachers are too seldom inspiring. But I needed no inspiration.

Its sources were all there in the college library, and I had four gloriously free years in which to read, or so I hoped, every book in it.

I could not have been sufficiently tempted by any young man, however handsome, to consider, on any

By PEARL S. BUCK, Nobel Prize  
for Literature winner in 1938

absorbed, especially the female minds, by questions concerning virginity, abortion, pills, etc.

Male academics are not so much absorbed in or concerned about virginity. Indeed, I discover very little concern in the young male mind on any question relating to sex. Their only question is how far they can persuade the girls to go.

Women of all ages are available, and the only vexation, it seems, is a matter of temporary delay due to the unhappy fact that as yet

terms, even marriage, much less sharing an apartment with him.

It was not so much morals that prevented me, as the fact that I would be burdened by cooking and cleaning, and otherwise caring for his needs.

True, in those early days we also had the healthy preventive fear of producing an illegitimate baby and disgracing our families thereby.

That inhibition is now removed, or said to be, since I am reminded by the most



Today with the discovery of tropical moist oil of Ulan it is possible to realise the true meaning of Evergreen Beauty.



# SEX FREEDOM ON THE CAMPUS

recent birth statistics that 300,000 children are born out of wedlock each year in the United States, most of them to high-school girls, compelling me to question the universality or efficacy of the pill. Nevertheless, the pill exists, and undoubtedly does prevent thousands of other births.

I maintain, however, that in my case it was not the baby but my thirst for books that prevented me from cohabitation.

When again, in my whole life, would I have that beautiful freedom to read, to study, while others cooked my meals, did my laundry, cleaned my room?

How could an immature male compare with the wisdom of the great minds contained in books?

## Clamor loudly

To be sure, there were always boys waiting outside the library. I must be fair. Had I been one of those young women who are never asked for dates, I might not have been so certain of where my happiness lay.

I have not discovered that my brains are a handicap where men, young or not, are concerned—at least not the men in whom I could have any possible interest.

Indeed, I am influenced by observation to believe that young women in college who do not naturally attract men are those who clamor most loudly for the freedom to live in apartments with them.

Recalling these, one by one, or perhaps more properly two by two, it seems to me that not only the girls were, and are, singularly unattractive, but that the young men, too, were and are without exception singularly unprepossessing.

They must have joined each other as a last resource,

reduced, perhaps, to despair, and so rush to proclaim themselves. The beautiful women, the sought-after, seek to delay the final loss of their virginity.

I am not so old-fashioned as to believe that virginity is in itself a treasure. Still, one ought to give one's self the pleasure of enjoying the loss of it, and therefore one should save it, so to speak, until the maximum moment when all elements can contribute to that enjoyment.

The first element for the enjoyment is a man whom one can completely love, the second is a maturity in one's own self, sufficiently developed for full enjoyment. Youth does not distinguish between one wine and another.

Appropos this random thinking, I recall a visit I once made to a refuge for unmarried mothers. I was amazed not only to see how young the girls were, some 40 or 50 of them waiting for their babies, but how plain most were, and how pitiful.

Their virginity was all they had to give, and how expensive the gift they alone were paying for! I conclude, therefore, that girls who are attractive enough to win notice from boys—not just one boy—feel confident enough to be interested in life and therefore are free from anxiety.

For, of course, plain girls are anxious girls. It is natural for a girl to want to draw the attention of a man. It is when she is fearful that no man will find her desirable that she is willing to pay any

price—and pay too soon—to win his pursuit.

True, I am prevented at this point from finality by remembering some rather pretty girls who became pregnant too soon.

Each year there are a few such girls in the high school my youngest daughters attended. On investigation, however, I discover that the girls pregnant too soon usually are poor students and may even be called plain stupid.

An exception last year was Louise—that is not her name, of course. She was pretty, she was a good student, and everyone was more than surprised, they were shocked, when she dropped out of school to have her baby.

But I knew Louise's family. Her parents were quarrelling over a divorce. She was a child who had grown up without a stable home. She had led a loveless life. It was perhaps inevitable that, in her hunger for love, she

yielded to an immature imitation of it.

Have I reached any sort of conclusion, or am I as confused as the young people in my living-room?

At any rate, my conclusions reach only as far as my own observations. First, it is more than a pity, it is an unrecoverable loss if the years, the precious years, set aside for education are wasted in youthful fumbblings for so-called love.

## Great minds

I insist upon the educational necessity of acquaintance with great minds, past and present. One may live a lifetime without meeting in the flesh a single one.

Yet, those great minds are waiting faithfully in the books upon library shelves everywhere. I have no patience with people who say, "I have no time to read."

This means simply they have no interest in meeting great minds. It means that

they have no interest in developing their own minds and hence their own personalities. It means they are content to remain the small, limited people that they are.

Everyone has time to read if he knows how to read, and, above all, if he wants to read.

I speak from my own experience. I am busy and have always been busy, and I see no leisure ahead. But for me a day is lost if I have not pursued my reading that day, somehow. But there is no such day nor has there ever been.

I am persuaded, therefore, by observation and experience, that those young men and women who disrupt college and university life—and cohabitation can be a disruption—have no real interest in education and consequently prove themselves to be persons of limited minds, without intellectual curiosity.

It is all too obvious that while I believe cohabitation is acceptable for young per-

sons mature enough not to allow themselves to be diverted from the necessity of being educated, it is a doubtful benefit for the immature who cannot reconcile themselves to what they are.

Instead they seek to charm through the crude implement of sex experimentation and succeed only in charming others like themselves.

For if it is true that beautiful and brilliant girls who do not lack for male attention seldom yield to inadequate sexual enjoyment, it is also true that handsome and desirable young men also do not so easily yield.

They know, male and female, that sexual fulfillment is always attainable, waiting, ever-present, and therefore there is no need to huddle prematurely into a small apartment to busy themselves with mundane and homely tasks. They prefer to remain free until the chosen person, the chosen occasion, arrives.

This, then, is my conclusion: Cohabitation is impossible at this late date to prevent, but only for some, perhaps only for relatively few, will it prove a blessing.

For minds and characters strong enough to benefit from contact with other minds and characters as strong, it may improve education as a whole. For others it will prove only a distraction from the main purpose of education.

I cannot give the percentages, but, again from observation of colleges and universities, I conclude that as yet the strong, the beautiful, the brilliant do prevail. But then—I am optimistic about the human race!

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"Cohabitation is impossible at this late date to prevent, but only for some, perhaps only for relatively few, will it prove a blessing."





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# A tribal childhood in the Never-Never

● Digging for yams and waterlily roots in mangrove swamps and freshwater creeks; using dishes and cups made from paper bark tied at each end with grass; living in fear of attacks from warring tribes. These are the childhood memories of a young Aboriginal nun, Sister Mary Agatha, who was born in the bush in Northern Australia. After training near Darwin, she spent five years studying and training at Leura, N.S.W., as a postulant and novice at Hartzer Park, Burradoo, N.S.W., and in Sydney at Kensington. She is now returning to nurse at the Government-run settlement at East Arm, near Darwin, where nuns of the Catholic order Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart care for lepers, mostly Aborigines.

**S**ISTER Agatha was born in the bush where her tribal group used to camp, in the country between Daly River and Port Keats, along the coast of Northern Australia. Her father, of the Brinken tribe, died when she was a baby — "probably killed in a tribal battle," she said.

"Even though I was young, I remember clearly what it was like living with my family in the bush.

"It was a happy life for us children. I had three older brothers and sisters and many cousins to play with.

"In our tribal group there were about 20 families, and we lived as one big family.

"There was plenty of food in this part of the country, so we didn't have to move around in search of food. But we didn't like staying so long in one spot, so we found other reasons for moving from camp to camp.

## Roaming life

"Someone would always have relatives to visit in another tribal group, especially when there was a new baby to show off.

"We enjoyed wandering over the hills, across the creeks and rivers, and down to the sea.

"It was the men's work to hunt kangaroos and protect the women and children from attacks by other tribes.

"They also collected driftwood to make a kind of raft to cross the rivers; and taught the older boys how to hunt.

"The women had a special way of catching fish in the creeks.

"They would divide into two groups, one up each end, throw poison leaves into the water, then keep stirring the water and moving down toward each other.

"The fish would jump out on to the banks, or get caught in the branches of the mangroves.

"Our mothers showed us how to track crabs in the mud and dig them out of their holes. The women cooked them in the fire on the ashes.

"There was a law that you didn't take more than you needed to eat, so there wasn't any waste.

"We knew where to find fresh drinking water under the roots of trees. Our dishes and cups were made from paper bark tied at each end with special grass."

Yet life in the bush had its darker side. Tribes were always at war with each other, and the people lived in constant fear of attack.

After more than 20 years, Sister Agatha still remembers vividly one of the many battles she saw.

It was the big adventure of her childhood.

"One day, one of the men saw a thin line of smoke across the sky and pointed it out to the others. Each day, for about two or three weeks,

the smoke grew bigger and bigger.

"This was the sign that men from the Daly River were seeking wives.

"So our men warned the womenfolk not to go far when searching for food, and, if possible, to keep together, for at any moment the enemy would be there.

"It happened to be the wet season. On this particular day it rained all morning, so we had to stay inside.

## Sticks as dolls

"We used to play mothers, as children do down here in Sydney. Though our dolls were only pieces of stick, we were very proud of them and carried them everywhere in cradles made out of bark.

"We children liked to make our own little huts out of paper bark, with a forked stick at each end and another stick across it to form a rail.

"About two o'clock this day I was fast asleep in my little hut when all of a sudden I was woken up by the noise. I looked out and saw Mum and the other women running for their lives, screaming for their husbands.

"I tried to run after them, picking up my doll as I raced out of the hut. When I had gone a little way I realised that I had dropped my doll and ran back to find her.

"There she was, lying outside the hut. As I bent down to pick her up, I felt a stinging pain in my leg. I had been hit by a spear.

"When the battle was over,

Mum got one of the men to cut it out."

The little Aboriginal girl was crippled for a long time.

She couldn't walk properly, in fact, until she went to live at Port Keats Mission (founded by a missionary of the Sacred Heart in 1935). That was when she was about four.

"Mum heard about the Mission where white people lived and which took children to look after them. We had relatives at the Mission, too.

"So, early one morning Mum left camp, with the three older children walking in front of her, and carrying me on her shoulders.

"About three weeks later we arrived at the Mission.

"Most of the people round Port Keats belonged to the Murinbata tribe. They were fierce fighters among themselves, but from the beginning were friendly toward the missionaries. They gradually settled round the Mission and were joined by people from the Moyle and Brinken tribes."

The Mission buildings now include a church, two schools, and a convent. The altar section of the church is painted in Aboriginal symbolic designs by Murinbata artists.

Girls live near the convent, under the care of the Sisters, until they marry, usually at about 18. Adults live in small houses a short distance from the Mission.

At first the missionary Sisters in their long white



SISTER MARY AGATHA

habits terrified the child. Every time she saw them — even from a distance — she would run for her life.

Fear remained until she started school and got to know the Sisters. And then, even before her schooldays were over, she wanted to be one of them.

This, however, presented problems. Her marriage had been arranged from birth. Breaking the age-old tribal law wouldn't be easy.

"In the past, girls were claimed by husbands at the age of 11 or 12. Sometimes the men might already have two wives.

"The women, you see, did most of the work, carrying the babies and 'luggage,' while the man walked in front with a spear in his hand.

"Nowadays, girls are beginning to have more choice about whom they will marry, though marriages are still arranged by the parents."

So, in the large Mission church, built in the shape of a cross, the altar painted in symbolic Aboriginal designs by her people, the 16-year-old girl prayed to be shown the way.

"Because I had been promised in marriage, I knew my decision to become a nun wouldn't be easy for Mum. It would be embarrassing for her to have to explain to the boy's family.

"At first she was startled and refused to listen. I told her that I had been thinking about it for a long time, and at last she gave in."

On October 7, 1959, the young Aboriginal left her Mission home for the first time and went to Darwin.

From there she moved to the Leprosarium at East Arm, working for a year with the Sisters who look after lepers. Most of the patients are Aborigines.

Then followed training for religious life at the Daly River Mission, two years at Leura, in the Blue Mountains of N.S.W., nearly three years at Hartzer Park, Burradoo, N.S.W., and her

profession as a nun on January 12, 1967.

"I was the fifth Aboriginal Sister in the society. My family were not able to be present for the ceremony, because it was too far and too expensive for them to come down to New South Wales.

"But it was a joy for me to have there several missionary Sisters who had cared for me as a child, and who had inspired me to follow them.

"It was a happy day for me . . . and they told me a proud one for them."

For more than a year, Sister Mary Agatha has been at the Sydney house of the Order at Kensington, where she has helped care for the sick and has done courses in first aid, home nursing, handicrafts, and religious teaching.

She is leaving to return home.

"When I get back to Darwin I'll be going first of all to see my family at Port Keats," she said.

## New kinfolk

"I'm looking forward to seeing them again, and all my little nieces and nephews — some of them born since I left."

She plans to complete her training as a nurse's aide at the Leprosarium at East Arm, where her dedicated life began.

And later this year her Society will be starting its own novitiate for Aboriginal girls in Darwin.

"It will be easier for the girls to enter there and do their training. I hope we'll get more vocations among our own girls.

"I'm glad to be going home. Although I have been happy down here, some things are strange and difficult — the noise, the food, the clothes. And the cold weather! Hands and feet were so cold, they ached.

"A big city like Sydney is very different from Port Keats," said the nun who once witnessed tribal battles.



CONVENT AT DALY RIVER (above), training centre for girls wanting to join the Roman Catholic order Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Left, the Order's novitiate at Darwin.





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8 cups cooked Sunwhite Long Grain rice from your refrigerator; 8 oz. butter; 3 eggs; 1 onion; 1 clove garlic; ¼ lb. (½ lb. when shelled) cleaned and deveined prawns; 1 cup cooked chicken meat—diced; ¼ lb. ham diced; ¼ lb. salami diced; ½ cup cooked green peas; ½ cup chicken stock or use water with ½ chicken cube; 2 tablespoons sherry; salt

and pepper; Soy Sauce; ½ cup chopped shallots. Heat 2 oz. butter in Sunbeam Frypan (340°). Beat eggs with salt and pour into frypan, cook until set. Remove from frypan and chop into small pieces. Melt another two ounces of the butter and saute chopped onion and garlic until tender. Add the shelled prawns, chicken, ham and salami and cook until lightly browned. Remove from Frypan. Melt remaining butter, add rice and cook, stirring constantly until heated through (250°). Add stock and sherry then salt, pepper and soy sauce to taste. Mix other ingredients through, heat and serve hot. Serves 6-8.

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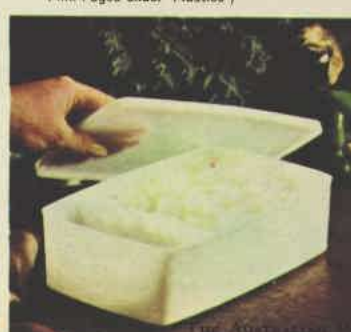
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY June 14, 1969



● Mt. Tom Price is the setting, real-life tycoons and miners the characters in a TV film that will start raging arguments.



TOM HAYDON (above left), writer, producer, and director of "Dig a Million, Make a Million," has mined deep for facts in his film. One source of information (above right) is Sir Val Duncan, chairman of the Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation. At right is Mt. Tom Price, said to hold more than 500 million tons of iron ore.

# MAKING A MILLION: for whom?



"DIG a Million, Make a Million," a new ABC-TV documentary about the exploitation of Australia's mineral resources by overseas capital, is the TV sensation of the year.

It packs a punch that will certainly stir business and political circles and, if I'm any guide, will raise the blood pressure of viewers to levels never before achieved by TV. It will be telecast by ABC-TV on Monday, June 9, at 9 p.m.

"Dig a Million, Make a Million" is a laconic expose of the way overseas capital, eating into Australia's natural mineral resources — specifically the iron in the Hamersley Range of north-west Australia — is making profit by the million.

"Million" is hardly the word; billion or trillion would be more like it.

On present averages, Hamersley Iron is clearing a profit of £stg.1,000,000 (about \$2,142,000) for each million tons of iron ore.

And that million-pound profit is after all costs, including taxes, royalties and loans, and interest payment to the banks.

What is more, the tonnage of iron dug (and so profit made) keeps rising. This year it will be 12 million tons, in 1970 17 million tons, and by the early 1970s it is expected to be up to 35 million tons a year.

Who gets this profit? The Australian public owns ten percent of Hamersley, 36 percent is owned by Kaiser Steel of the U.S.A., and 54 percent by Conzinc Rio Tinto of Australia — which in turn is 85 percent

owned by Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation of England.

"Dig a Million, Make a Million" is an absorbing hour-long documentary, like a highly dramatic amalgam of those two top TV series "The Power Game" and "The Trouble Shooters."

There's the dramatic discoveries of minerals, secret dealings, intrigue, and exploitation, with a happy ending for the big executives.

Tom Haydon, probably the best of Australia's documentary makers, made the film. He's the man who turned an investigation of a skull 22,000 years old into first-class suspense detection in the award-winning "Talgai Skull" documentary.

Haydon, 31, won a Logie with "The Talgai Skull" as the best documentary of 1968, the Golden Reel Award for 1968, and another award — a special given by the Commonwealth Department of the Interior for "the most imaginative use" of film techniques to depict an aspect of Australian life or endeavor.

## Open invitation

"Dig a Million" is a brilliant successor to "The Talgai Skull." Haydon told me he decided to make it when, researching for new documentary material, he found all the newspapers full of Australia's "wide open" invitation for overseas capital.

At the time, the newspapers were also full of stories of Australia's iron-ore resources, of the iron mountain Mt. Tom Price, and the development there through Conzinc Rio Tinto.

During his researching,

Haydon watched an episode of "The Trouble Shooters."

The executives of the fictional Mogul Oil Company in action decided him that the best way to present the picture of what was happening to Australia through the investment of overseas capital was by putting a documentary microscope on a major business.

He chose Conzinc Rio Tinto. He chose well. As producer-director and writer, he has ranged round the world and has turned out a brilliant documentary.

The real-life cast of the documentary is a wonderful collection of characters — either villains or heroes, as you are inclined.

Haydon presents them

panded Hancock's initial find to include the fabulous iron mountain Mt. Tom Price.

Like Tom Haydon, Hancock chose well when he chose Rio Tinto. The documentary shows him waiting in his truck at a level crossing while a Hamersley iron train passes his homestead.

The train — almost like a cartoon train, too long to be real — seems to cut the country in half. Hancock doesn't mind waiting.

From each truck in the train he receives a royalty of about \$20. There are several of these outsize trains a day, and Hancock's total on the year is round \$3,000,000.

My favorite among the people in the documentary is Sir Val Duncan, OBE,

dynamic at all times. He looks as if he would never do anything more energetic than stand for the National Anthem, and his business motto is, believe it or not: "Don't stay indoors, go out, even if you've got to put an umbrella up."

This doesn't evoke any image of dynamism, but in the past few years Sir Val and his associates have raised over \$300 million in the U.S.A. which has gone into Australia.

## Umbrella furled

Sir Val also parlayed America's Kaiser Steel into the Hamersley project. Hancock tells the story of this.

Sir Val, umbrella furled, came to Western Australia, looked at Mt. Tom Price, said to Hancock, "I think I'll ring Edgar Kaiser."

"Of course, Billy Muggins from the bush didn't think he could ring up a bloke the other side of the world and say, 'Well, look, Edgar, I want to do you in for forty million' — but he did just that," Hancock says.

"Dig a Million, Make a Million" has the impact of a head-on collision.

Viewers will automatically divide into those who believe with the Government that overseas capital is necessary for "progressive, aggressive development in Australia," and those with passionate nationalistic feelings.

There should be some very technicolored arguments.

The Government has results to show: townships, ports, plants, railways, and promises of more development to come.

In the film, the head of

Kaiser Steel announces definite plans for establishing steel mills in north-west Australia. The Japanese say they may in future rely even further on Australian ore.

The blood-pressure point of it all is that Australians are the diggers — overseas interests the profit-makers.

I found it galling to watch executives of U.S. Kaiser Steel and Fuji of Japan haggle over Australia's iron ore and finally shaking hands over a contract that gives Japan Hamersley's iron ore till 1988.

"In Australia we can always depend on political stability," the Japanese interpreter translated over the handshake. "We don't have to be worried."

As a footnote to the documentary: Haydon leaves Australia with his wife and family in early August to work for the BBC, making documentaries — one blockbuster already planned, in which he is involved, is about World War II.

I hope Haydon digs a million and makes a million while he's away, but I hope he doesn't stay too long.

## "THE ALF GARNETT SHOW"

ALF GARNETT, that old loud-mouth from "Till Death Us Do Part," returns to TV on Saturday, June 7, at 8.30 p.m. in a special called "The Alf Garnett Show."

Warren Mitchell, who plays Alf, made the show live at Chequers, Sydney, nightclub early this year.

By NAN MUSGROVE

without any slant. They tell their own story.

Lang Hancock, a Western Australian, is the "featured player." Hancock is a larger-than-life-size Australian, in low-slung trousers held by a belt that cuts in under a comfortable belly, who discovered the iron in the Hamersleys in 1952.

He sat on his discovery — kept quiet about it because he knew a W.A. law in force at the time meant that any find of iron ore belonged to the Crown.

At the end of the 'fifties Hancock knew this restriction was to be removed, and he wrote to several mining companies round the world.

Britain's Rio Tinto Company showed interest, financed extensive geological investigations, which ex-

a governor of the Bank of England and Chairman and Chief Executive of the Rio Tinto-Zinc Corporation, known for short as RTZ.

The famous English big-business magazine "The Director" describes him as "the elegant explorer in St. James's Square," the heart of London's very "U" territory, where his office is located.

As his chauffeured Rolls-Royce drives him to his office, he talks about RTZ and its origins to Tom Haydon, likens it to a kind of latter-day British Empire.

Sir Val, a very real man, is an unbelievable figure to me — urbane and charming, and so British and traditional that he seems fictional.

He believes businessmen should criticise government, should be enthusiastic and

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



# Australia's hope for the Miss Universe Quest



MISS UNIVERSE ENTRANT Joanne Barrett, 19, of Surrey Hills, Victoria.

**W**HEN Joanne Barrett leaves for Miami, U.S.A., on June 15 to represent Australia in the 1969 Miss Universe Quest, she will take a wardrobe of Australian fashions valued at approximately \$1000, part of her prize for being chosen Australia's entrant in the Miss Universe segment of the Quest of Quests.

The clothes, given by Australian manufacturers, include those of well-known Melbourne designers Kenneth Pirrie and Joy Newton. As the Quest calls for an Australian national costume, Miss Newton designed for Joanne a bikini with cut-out dress and matching "sun" hat. She feels it will depict the Australian beach-girl image of sun, surf, and sand.

During Joanne's two weeks in Miami, where the judging will take place, she and other entrants from all over the world will be under the watchful eye of female chaperons, who will live with them and act as preliminary judges.

By **KESTIN LEA**

Not only appearance, grooming, and clothes sense but personality and the ability to get along with the other girls and with people they will meet at social functions will play a big part in the report the chaperons hand to the final panel of seven international judges.

Nineteen-year-old Joanne is an affable, out-going, friendly girl. She is tall (5ft. 8½in.) and slim, with honey-blond hair and olive skin that keeps a lovely tan throughout the year. A typical outdoor girl, she loves the beach and water sports.

Born in Perth, she has lived in Melbourne for the past ten years. After leaving school, she went to secretarial school and worked as a secretary before enrolling for a modelling course at the Suzanne Johnston school. Joanne is now a busy, full-time model with one of Melbourne's leading agencies.

Joanne is thrilled with her coming world trip. Even if she doesn't win the Miss Universe title, she will travel to America, London, and Europe. If successful, she will receive a large cash prize and a 12-month personal appearance contract.

Joanne is naturally nervous about the Miss Universe Quest. "More than anything, I want to do a good job overseas for Australia," she said. As Australian Penny Plummer became 1968's Miss World, this could be a lucky omen for Joanne.

Pictures by **JOHN STEVENS**

**YELLOW OUTFIT** designed by Joy Newton, of Bazaar, for Joanne to wear in the National Costume section of the Miss Universe judging. The cotton ottoman dress has a plunge neckline showing just the gold ring on the bra of the matching bikini worn underneath.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



EVENING GOWN of white Italian silk jersey (right) which Joanne will wear for the final judging and crowning ceremony. Made by Joy Newton, the gown has a slightly daring, see-through organza top, beaded with tiny flowers.



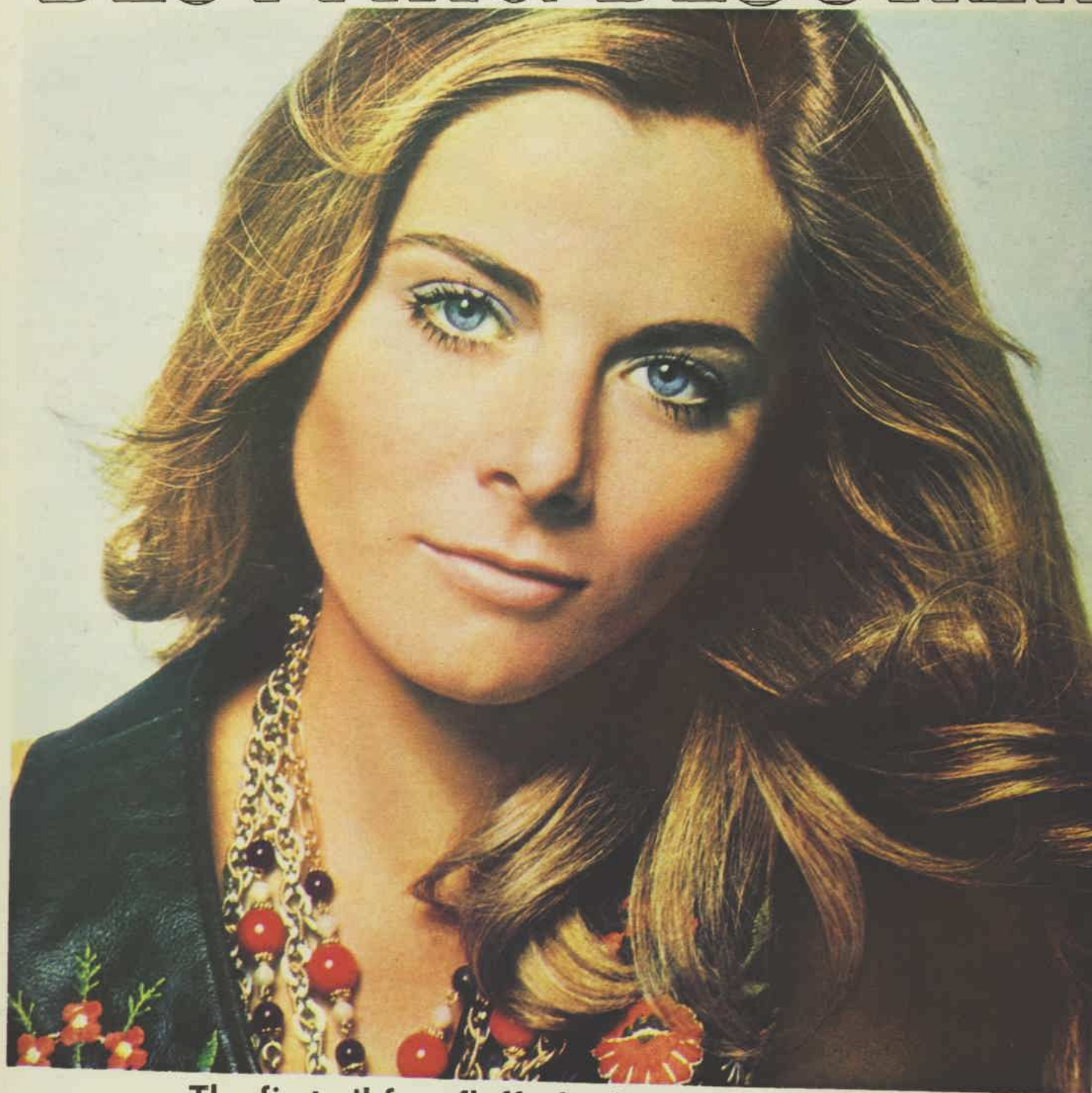
PANTSUITS are favorites with Joanne. Soft violet wool crepe outfit (above) was designed by Kenneth Pirrie. Sleeveless top (which doubles as a mini-dress) is worn over a matching boucle-knit sweater. Long-line Nehru-style jacket of yellow wool pantsuit (below, also by Kenneth Pirrie) can be worn without the flared trousers.





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## Our national parks

—A series

by MICHAEL MORCOMBE

# TARRA VALLEY

● A gully of treeferns, beech, sassafras, blackwood, and other rain-forest flora with, high above, the smooth clean straight boles of the tall mountain ash rising from the hillsides . . .

This is Tarra Valley, where lyrebirds are numerous and the koala, platypus, echidna, black-tailed wallaby, possum, and glider are known to live.

In winter, the powerful songs of the lyrebirds ring almost constantly through the wet gully, but the birds themselves are not readily seen.

Tarra Valley National Park is small — 315 acres in the valley of the Tarra River, in the Strzelecki Ranges of Southern Gippsland, Vic.

Only a few miles away is Bulga, even smaller than Tarra. Its 91 acres cover part of a stream flowing through a narrow valley beneath a dense forest canopy. The valley floor is barely wide enough for stream and pathway.

Tarra and Bulga are renowned for their massed treeferns growing in sheltered abundance. There are two rare species here, the

skirted treefern and the slender treefern, as well as the common rough and soft treeferns.

Short walking tracks lead to beauty spots in both parks, along which may be seen such rain-forest birds as the rose robin (*Petroica roses*), pink robin (*P. rodinogaster*), and in summer the Rufous fantail.

Because these parks are so small, there is a danger that they will eventually be trampled out of existence, or their lush vegetation ruined by land clearing and settlement about their borders.

They are a tiny remnant of the magnificent forests that once covered these ranges. With their huge trees, lavish greenery, and grand cover of ferns and mosses, they are a contrast to the bare, often eroded, ridges that now form the greater part of the Strzelecki Ranges.

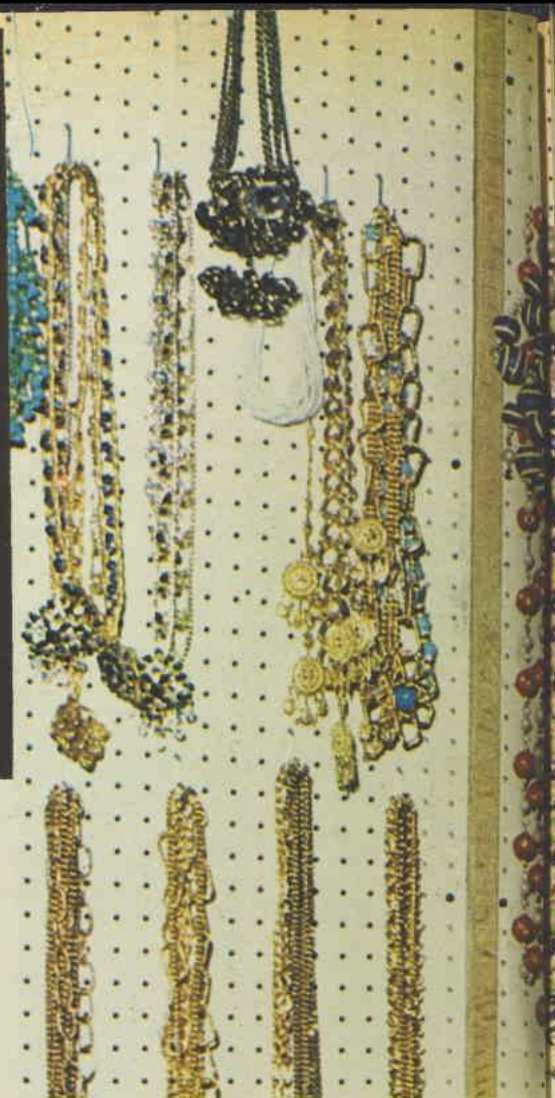
Access: 130 miles from Melbourne, between Traralgon, on the Princes Highway, and Yarram, on South Gippsland Highway. There is no accommodation. For further information, contact the Victorian Tourist Bureau.



IMAGINATIVE lapel pins, right, two of Kenneth Jay Lane's fake jewellery pieces. The tortoise is \$38, the Eastern figure \$40, at Alexander's, Double Bay, N.S.W., where all the other designs shown also are on sale.

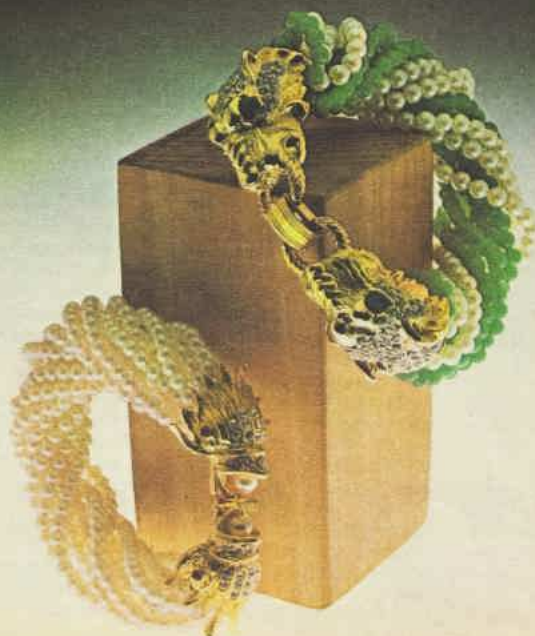


DANDY jewellery designer Kenneth Jay Lane, right, stands in front of several of his designs in his New York workroom. Picture by Bill Wilson.



DECORATIVE star-shaped brooch, highlighted with blue stones, above is \$40. The world's beautiful people buy from KJL.

LOVELY bracelets (right). The top one, mixing pearls and green beads, is \$64. The other, of twined pearls and rich clasp, is \$60.



## FAKE JEWELLERY FOR THE JET SET

**K**ENNETH JAY LANE'S fake jewellery has such status even the rich can afford it.

The Duchess of Windsor would hardly consider a visit to New York complete without dropping into Ken Lane's Park Avenue town house-cum-workroom to pick up a few plastic baubles.

Greta Garbo, Gloria Guinness . . . all the beautiful people have had a good rummage through the plastic fileboxes in the KJL atelier.

A contender for the best-dressed list himself, Kenneth Lane, 37-year-old dandy jeweller, adorns the best-dressed ladies so often he runs a newer model Rolls-Royce than most of his customers.

Although his jewellery is commonly referred to as fake, it isn't copies of real jewellery in paste — it's all to his designs.

Seven years ago he worked as a shoe designer. Since starting in jewellery, though, he has changed the attitudes of the fashionable and wealthy. Before, if a woman of fashion wore jewellery, it had to be real.

In his workroom the other day he told me, "Wearing a real necklace is just too pretentious," and a lot of women now believe him. His fakes—of excellent workmanship, almost like the real thing from Van Cleef or David Webb—are now in all the best dressing-table drawers in the United States.

"Everybody knows this is fake, and nobody cares," he says.

In 1962 he made his last last—a Christian Dior shoe for Genesco, a large American manufacturer.

"Jewellery was at a low ebb then, it was a good time to get into it," he said.

He showed me some large drop earrings he had made, his first pieces, pasting rhinestones on to black cotton cones. "A lot of women still wear these — and the snake bracelets."





From another of the plastic fileboxes he pulled out bracelets, built up of colored beads on spring wire, to look like a multi-colored snake.

Among the most popular of KJL pieces this year are jewelled belts, although he has been making them for five years.

"I got the idea from Jackie Kennedy — you remember she was presented by the King of Morocco with a beautiful belt?"

The Duchess of Windsor was one of the first to wear Kenneth Lane fake jewellery belts. "She is very inventive with clothes and jewellery," he said.

On an upended cartwheel in the showroom were suspended scores of belts. I saw a price tag for \$100 on one about 5in. wide, built up of gold rope in a trellis design and bearing stones of different colors about the size of little-finger nails.

By **BILL WILSON**, in New York

"That's the wholesale price," Mr. Lane pointed out. "It's about \$200 retail."

The belts and other KJL jewellery appear in all the best shops, Bonwits and Bendel, in New York, Neiman-Marcus, in Dallas.

But his friends pick out the pieces they like from the plastic boxes in the workroom. Why should the Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes or Gloria Vanderbilt Cooper have to go to a shop for their fake jewellery when they can get it at the source?

Getting to pick out pieces at the KJL workroom now has far more cachet than making "Eye," the social-fashion-prestige news page in "Women's Wear Daily." The workroom and display-room are in the top and front of the six-storey town house just off Park Avenue. He lives in the lower, rear, three stories.

"What I'm really aiming at is doing total accessories," he said. "Scarves, bags, shoes, and pantyhose." He also plans to design jewellery for men.

And pretentious or not, he has even started making real jewellery. Now that he sells more than a million dollars' worth of fake jewellery a year, he can toy with diamonds and pearls, instead of rhinestones and paste.

**Footnote:** Fake jewellery by Kenneth Lane is spreading around the world. There is a KJL jewellery boutique in London; he recently flew to Paris to open one there. In Double Bay, Sydney, hairdresser Alexander has imported a selection of pieces. (Some are shown here.)

**VIVID green snake bracelet (right), with glittering head and true-to-life pointed tongue, is \$56. This is a popular KJL design.**



**BORROWING from nature (below), lapel pins in the shape of an owl (\$38) and a sea-horse (\$40). The blue-stoned ring is \$28.**





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# Budgerigars need loving-kindness AND medication

By GLORIA NEWTON

**B**UTCHIE is a gay, insouciant little budgerigar. Her mother was a green hen, and father a blue male, and Butchie is yellow enough to be mistaken for a canary.

Being a female, she has never been a good talker, other than to say her name and utter a soft monotone of phrases which others find unintelligible but her family swear they can recognise.

She has been ours for seven years, and her welcoming call as we come in the front door each night is music to our ears.

She doesn't hold it against the family that we leave her on her own all day. But if we go out for dinner too often during the week, the small reproachful face peering from between the folds of her cover, or the small display of tantrums, involving sharp nips, tells us that she feels she has her rights.

Butchie likes being with us in the kitchen as we prepare dinner, and if we forget to put the radio on she will remind us in no uncertain chirrups. After dinner she settles down for a night of television; or, if we have guests, her frustrated calling from outside will force us to bring her in to meet them — nothing frustrates her more than being unable to hear what is being said.

And she makes it obvious that we are her family, that we belong to her. Efforts to introduce her to other budgerigars have met with a definite rebuff. I remember the first time I took her in her cage to meet quite a fine, handsome male, she bent so far backward on her perch she ended up on her back on the floor.

I thought of these things the night we nearly lost her — simply because we hadn't bothered to learn how to cope with the ailments that can suddenly strike these tiny birds.

I was cooking a shoulder of lamb and looking forward to a quiet Saturday night. The radio, as usual, was singing away, and suddenly I sensed that the chirruping and

constant flow of talk from her corner had stopped.

Butchie, her feathers fluffed, head drooping, eyes closed, sat shivering, a pathetic and frightening sight. Frightening because I realised I didn't have a clue as to what was wrong, what to do.

I called my husband and we took her out to hold her and give her a little olive oil. I had vaguely heard of this treatment from somewhere. Butchie looked even worse.

Off went the oven and out into the night we went with Butchie in her cage, which was wrapped in a blanket. It was a night a pop group was performing in Sydney, and it seemed hours before we fought our way through the traffic to a bird shop.

The calm-faced woman, whom I came to know as Mrs. Bendit, was feeding her noisy charges when we knocked urgently on the door. "My bird," I said, rather overdramatising the scene, "is dying."

Eying the somewhat messy cage, Mrs. Bendit said, "Get buckthorn syrup, dilute it with water, and give her some immediately, and put a little in her drinking water. And this cage. You are not really caring for your bird properly. This is what you must do . . ."

We got home after visiting six chemist shops to buy the syrup. "I think it is too late," I said. "Nothing can save Butchie now."

We measured the syrup, administered it, and sat down to watch and wait. It took about ten minutes. Suddenly Butchie's head was up, her eyes open, her feathers again close to her little body. Chirruping away, she fell on her birdseed, tucking into a good meal.

My husband and I looked at one another. The night's drama had left us feeling weak. "The lamb?" I said. "Will I turn it on again?" "I couldn't eat a thing," he replied.

From the cage came a healthy, vibrant "Butchie, Butchie, Butchie," and we sat on the floor and watched her preen her feathers.

## SO HERE ARE GUIDELINES FOR OWNERS

**GERDA BENDIT** was a dressmaker when she came to Australia from Germany over 30 years ago. She was also a keen canary fancier, and when she met the unique Australian budgerigar she became its devoted fan.

Her little shop, its windows crowded with birds, is in Darlinghurst. Its previous owner told Gerda, who was a customer when she came to Sydney, that her love for birds was so great she should give up her dressmaking and work for him.

When he died some four years ago, she bought the shop and now runs it on her own.

Two enormous black tomcats live there, and if a bird happens to get out of its cage they guard it until Mrs. Bendit comes to the rescue with a net.

Then there is Toots, a handsome grey pigeon who wanders in and out whenever he feels like it, nipping the cats if they get in his way.

Sitting in these unusual surroundings, I asked Mrs. Bendit to prepare me a list of instructions, not only for present budgerigar owners but also for those intending to buy one. This is what she told me.

● Choose a young bird, about six weeks old, and he will be easy to tame. The young are easy to identify. They have a band of feather markings on their heads which go almost to the top of the nostrils. They start to moult after about three months, and the new feathers leave them with a plain-colored forehead.

*Continued overleaf*



**BUTCHIE.** When there are guests she insists on being present — nothing frustrates her more than being unable to hear what is being said. **BELOW:** Mrs. Gerda Bendit in her bird shop. She has wise advice to give on care and training of budgies.

— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg







● One of the big tomcats that help run the bird shop.

## BUDGERIGARS NEED LOVING-KINDNESS AND MEDICATION

From previous page

- Give your budgerigar a fairly large cage so that he has plenty of room to move around. They love toys, but don't overcrowd the cage. A mirror with beads, a bell, a swing, a plastic ball with a bell inside, and perhaps a ladder are quite enough for the beginning.
- When you clean out the cage, replace the fittings, food bins, water container, etc., in the same position. Birds become used to

them and can get upset if they are changed.

- Males are better talkers, but hen birds, which are smaller, are very easy to tame and can be taught to talk.

- The male budgerigar has a bright blue fleshy pad over the top of its beak, the female a brown pad. When very young, this pad is pink in both sexes, but the male's is more rosy.

- Start talking to the budgerigar

in a soft voice, using only one or two words, such as "Hello, Billy" or whatever name you give him. After about six weeks he will repeat his name and then pick up other words quickly. When you start him on short sentences speak slowly and clearly or he will run his words into each other and you won't understand him.

- While you talk to him put your hand in the cage and let him get used to sitting on it. Always bring him out of the cage sitting on your finger.

### First flights at night

- It is better to leave his wings uncut. If they are cut he can still fly, but he will be shaky and liable to bump into something and injure himself.

- It is best to let him start his flying at night when it is easy to catch him by turning out the light.

- Give him fresh food and water every day and see that he has a dish of fine shellgrit always in the cage. This should be changed at least once a week. Without shellgrit he cannot digest his food and will get sour crop.

- He also needs a piece of cuttlefish bone to sharpen his beak on. Once or twice a week give him a bit of lettuce, spinach, or chickweed.

- Some budgerigars love to have a bath. Put a birdbath with a little water in his cage in the morning, but do not leave it longer than half an hour or his feet will get sore from the wet sand.

- Clean the cage at least once a week and put clean sand on the bottom to keep the bird's feet clean. It is best to scrape the bottom of the cage with an old knife before you put fresh sand in.

- His food should consist of 70 percent plain millet, 15 percent white millet, and 15 percent hulled oats. You can buy these ready mixed, but make sure they are clean seeds and not oily. Treat vitaminised seeds and other tonic foods as extras.

### Droopy, fluffed-up look

- If your bird looks droopy or fluffed-up, it is a sign that he is not well. Look at his droppings. If they are watery and green he has diarrhoea. Give him five drops of Sulpha D in his drinking water for a few days.

- If he is fluffed up, but with no sign of diarrhoea or the normal number of droppings, he is suffering from constipation. Ask the chemist for a small bottle of buckthorn syrup and give your bird five drops in his drinking water for a few days.

- If he appears to be trying to vomit, he may be suffering from sour crop. Put five drops of milk of magnesia in his water.

- Another thing to watch is his beak. As the bird grows older the beak can grow too long for him to eat properly. Let an expert trim the beak back.

- Last but not least, give him affection. It has been said that birds are the most emotional creatures in the world, so speak to your pet frequently and show him that he is someone very special, someone who is loved and wanted.

add a little sunshine...



### Pineapple Mallow Pie

1, 15 oz can Golden Circle Crushed Pineapple  
1 tablespoon cornflour  
1 tablespoon pineapple syrup from can  
24 small marshmallows  
1, 8" pie crust

Mix the cornflour and syrup until smooth. Heat pineapple. Add cornflour mixture and heat until boiling. Boil for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Pour into pie crust. Bake 30-40 minutes in moderate oven. Place marshmallows on top, and return to oven for a few minutes to brown.

TROPICAL SUNSHINE IN A CAN





## QUICK-TO-KNIT SWEATER

**Materials:** 7 (7) balls Patons Skol; 5 (6) balls Patons Lambswool; 6 (6) balls Patons Pebble; 6 (7) balls Patons Mohair; 1 pair each Patons Supersonic No. 75 and No. 000 knitting needles; 1 Milwards knitters needle for sewing up garment; 1 cable needle.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (35) in. bust; length, 22½ (23½) in. measured flat; sleeves, 17 in.

**Tension:** 3 sts. to 2 in.

**Abbreviation:** W.y. 2, winding yarns round needle twice.

**Note:** Use 1 strand each of Skol, Lambswool, Pebble, and Mohair throughout.

### FRONT

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 38 (42) sts. Work in rib: 32 in. **Size — 1st Row:** K 2, \* p 2, k 2, rep. from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** P 2, \* k 2, p 2, rep. from \* to end of row.

**35 in. Size — 1st Row:** P 2, \* k 2, p 2, rep. from \* to end of row.

**2nd Row:** K 2, \* p 2, k 2, rep. from \* to end of row.

**Both Sizes:** Rep. 1st and 2nd rows three times, then 1st row once.

**10th Row — 32 in. Size:** P 1, (p 1, p 2 tog. w.y. 2) 4 times, p 1, k 2 tog. w.y. 2, (p 1, p 1 w.y. 2) 3 times, k 2 tog. w.y. 2, (p 1, p 2 tog. w.y. 2) 4 times, p 2, 28 sts. — note that w.y. 2 counts as one st.

**35 in. Size:** (P 1, p 2 tog. w.y. 2) 5 times, p 1, k 2 tog. w.y. 2, (p 1, p 1 w.y. 2) 3 times, k 2 tog. w.y. 2, (p 1, p 2 tog. w.y. 2) 5 times, p 1, 30 sts. — note that w.y. 2 counts as one st.

**Both sizes:** Change to No. 75 needles. Work cable patt.—**1st Row:** K 10 (11), p 1, k 6, p 1, k 10 (11)—note that double loops are allowed to form one st.

**2nd, 4th, and 6th Rows:** P 10 (11), k 1, p 6, k 1, p 10 (11).

**3rd Row:** K 10 (11), p 1, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and hold at front of work, k 2, k 2 from cable needle, k 2, p 1, k 10 (11).

**5th Row:** K 10 (11), p 1, k 2, slip next 2 sts. on cable needle and hold at back of work, k 2, k 2 sts. from cable needle, p 1, k 10 (11).

These 6 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until work measures 14½ (14½) in. from beg., ending on wrong side of work.

**To Shape Raglan:** Keeping patt., dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 18 (18) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Shape Neck and Raglan—**

**1st Row:** K 2 tog., k 3, p 1, turn.

**2nd and 4th Rows:** Purl.

**3rd Row:** K 2 tog., k 1, k 2

**5th Row:** K 2 tog., k 1.

**6th Row:** P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join in yarns to rem. sts., cast off 6 (6) sts. firmly and work on last 6 (6) sts. to correspond with other side.

### BACK

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 38 (42) sts. Work as front to raglan shaping.

**To Shape Raglan:** Keeping patt., dec. once at each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 12 (12) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off firmly.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 000 needles, cast on 18 (20) sts.

Work in rib.—**1st Row:** \* K 2,

p 2, rep. from \* to last 2 sts., k 2.

**2nd Row:** \* P 2, k 2, rep. from

\* to last 2 sts., k 2. Rep. 1st and

2nd rows three times, then 1st

row once.

**10th Row — 32 in. Size:** (P 1,

p 2 tog. w.y. 2) 5 times, p 2

tog. w.y. 2, p 1, 12 sts. — note that w.y. 2 is counted as one st. **36 in. Size:** P 2, (p 2 tog. w.y. 2, p 1) 6 times, 14 sts. — count w.y. 2 as one st.

Change to No. 75 needles. **1st Row:** Knit — note that double loops are allowed to form one st.

**2nd Row:** Purl. Cont. in st-st., inc. once at each end of needle in next and every foll. 6th row until there are 20 (22) sts. on needle, then without shaping until work is 17 (17) in. from beg.

**To Shape Raglan:** Dec. once at each end of needle in next and foll. 3rd row until 14 (16) sts. rem., then at each end of

every alt. row until 6 (6) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

With slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using 1 strand each of Skol, Lambswool, and Mohair, knitters needle, and bk-st. seam, sew sleeves to front and right back raglan. Using No. 000 needles and 1 strand of four yarns, k up 40 sts. evenly round neck, beg. at left back raglan and omitting one st. at each end to allow for raglan seam. Work in k 2, p 2, rib for 2 in. Cast off in rib. Using 1 strand each of Skol, Lambswool, and Mohair, sew up neckband, raglan, side and sleeve seams (flat seam for neckband, bk-st. seam for rem. seams). Press seams.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1965





## TRAVELLER'S TALE

**LEFT:** The large ancestral home of the Viscount Fernando de Nanduffe, where the writer and her friends stayed. **RIGHT:** "A concrete tank had been built outside the kitchen door, and there the servant did all the laundry. She was horrified when we copied her style to do our own washing, slapping the wet clothes against the concrete." The Viscount, Jenny, the servant, and writer.



# Deep in the heart of old Portugal

"NO, they are not listed in the telephone book," said the Portuguese student who had taken pity on us in the post office in Coimbra as we struggled to make ourselves understood to the operator in our hopelessly inadequate Spanish-Portuguese.

We were trying to contact the parents of a Portuguese girl with whom we had become friendly in London, to warn them that we were coming to visit them.

My two companions, Les, an American, and Jenny, another Australian, and I all agreed that our most interesting and rewarding experiences while travelling in Europe had been those in

which we had met the people of a country in their own homes, and this, coupled with the fact that Maria-Helena's father bore the intriguing name of the Visconde Fernando Almeida

By **ROBIN THORNE**

Vaine de Sousa e Napoleão de Nanduffe, made us determined to pay them a visit.

The village near which they lived did not appear on our large-scale map of Portugal. We sought further information at the railway station, and at 5 p.m. were settled into a train filled with Portuguese farm women returning home after a day in town.

At each station the crowd became thinner as the women descended the four or five

● "We were given a rare glimpse of the lives of the aristocracy, both as they once lived and as they are living today."

steps to the ground, settled their heavy loads on their heads, and walked off to their homes. After travelling for two hours we reached Santa Comba Dao, where we changed to a three-carriage steam train to continue our journey to Tondela, the closest station to our destination.

So few foreigners ever use this rail service that we were objects of considerable curiosity, and the next hour passed quickly while we did our best to answer questions and explain what we were doing here, sitting on hard

wooden benches in a tiny train so close to the geographic centre of Portugal.

It was dark by the time we reached Tondela, so we decided to find lodgings for the night and look for Maria-Helena's parents in the morning. As the station was quite a distance from the town, we took the only taxi. However, when we showed the taxi driver our letter of introduction our plans underwent a radical change.

"Ah! Amigos de Maria-Helena!" he exclaimed amid a flood of otherwise un-

recognisable Portuguese. We replied that we were indeed friends of Maria-Helena, after which he refused to take us anywhere but to her parents, who, he said, would be overjoyed to see us. We took him at his word and were soon being driven up into the hills, not knowing what to expect on our arrival.

Presently we turned off the road and, in the light of the headlights, I recognised a tall stone cross, after which the farm of Quinta da

Cruz was named, from photographs Maria-Helena had shown me. The taxi stopped at the foot of a wide flight of stairs.

Not a light was to be seen anywhere. I could just make out the bulk of the building stretching away on either side. We mounted the steps and knocked at the huge wooden doors and waited. Perhaps everyone was out tonight.

*Continued overleaf*



**LEFT:** In the hill village of Caramulo, the imposing museum is full of surprises, which include a room full of vintage cars dating from 1902, all in running order. **RIGHT:** The cross by the entrance to the Viscount's farm. With him are his wife, their daughter Maria-Teresa, and servant.





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## DEEP IN THE HEART OF OLD PORTUGAL

From previous page

Our taxi disappeared around the end of the building and we knocked again. Still nothing. We were deciding what our next move should be when I was aware of a pale streak of light glimmering under the door, growing wider as the door swung inward. There, illumined by the candle he was carrying, stood a man in a sombre black suit.

With some trepidation, I handed him our letter of introduction and we gradually relaxed as he called excitedly for his wife and daughter, while bestowing happy, if somewhat bewildered, smiles on us.

The room we stood in was austere but impressive. Immediately opposite us on

the wall was mounted what I correctly guessed to be the family coat-of-arms carved in wood. Around the walls were arranged 12 high-backed chairs, each bearing the same coat-of-arms embossed in the leather of its upholstery. The family appeared to be overjoyed at seeing us, and did their best to make us feel welcome.

### Gestures and guesses

Between the three of us, we could speak only English, French, and German, plus a few words and phrases of Spanish picked up while travelling in Spain. Our hosts spoke only Portuguese and a few words and phrases of Spanish. However, with sheer guesswork, accompanied by

a great deal of gesticulation and an abundance of goodwill on both sides, we were soon all surprised at the facility with which we were able to communicate.

When the first excitement had subsided, the Viscountess and Maria-Teresa were dispatched to see to the dinner, while the Viscount conducted us through three or four almost-empty rooms to a comfortable sitting-room, where we gave him as much news of Maria-Helena as we could. She had left Portugal more than two years before, and we were the first of her friends her family had met.

Before long, the women reappeared and we all proceeded down a long, flagged corridor to the dining-room. We helped ourselves from platters piled high with

sliced meat and vegetables, and drank large quantities of a delicious dry white wine, which, the Viscount proudly informed us, was grown on the estate.

The evening passed very pleasantly with more talk and laughter until the Viscountess appeared with a supply of candles for us to light our way to bed. Here a difficulty arose.

She had prepared two rooms, a single and a double, but as Jenny wore a plain gold ring on her right hand, equivalent in many parts of Europe to wearing a ring on the left hand here, the Viscountess didn't know whom she should conduct to the double room, Jenny and Les or Jenny and me. We had no idea what the problem was until Maria-Teresa darted forward, picked up Jenny's hand, and looked inquiringly at Les, whose vigorous denial prompted another spasm of merriment.

By candlelight our room looked most imposing. The furniture was large, heavy, and ornate. Our big four-poster beds, with their elaborately carved heads, were real museum pieces, and after climbing in we decided that the mattresses were the original 17th-century models.

Next day was cold and drizzly. At breakfast, our feet were warmed by a copper pan of live coals set in a wooden bowl under the table. Fortunately, the table was of such grand proportions that there was no risk of putting one's foot into the still-glowing coals.

When we commented on this highly effective heating system, the Viscountess beckoned us to follow her. We walked down another corridor, with a wooden floor this time, and were surprised to see, through the large cracks between the floorboards, hens, ducks, and geese running about on the grass about 10ft. below. The house was not in really good condition structurally!

### Cooked over a fire

At the end of the corridor we came to a large stone-flagged room, empty except for two chairs, three cats, and an open fire burning in the middle of the floor, with the smoke escaping through a hole in one corner of the ceiling. This fire provided the coals for the heating, and, in addition, all the cooking was done here by a woman of indeterminate age, who had apparently been the servant for many years.

Beside the fire stood two milk-cans filled with water, which constituted the hot-water system for the household. The water was brought from a spring outside the kitchen door. A concrete tank had been built to collect it, and there the elderly servant did all the laundry.

At first, she was horrified when Jenny and I copied her style to do our own washing, slapping the wet clothes against the concrete. However, she soon joined in the general mirth as our hosts watched their crazy foreign guests enjoying themselves.

During the afternoon of our first day, we were taken

to visit a retired teacher, the only person in the village who could speak English, and she was able to tell us many things we were dying to know.

The Viscount, we learned, was a direct descendant of the Marques de Pombal, the great Portuguese Prime Minister who was responsible for the rebuilding of Lisbon after the earthquake of 1755.

The Viscount was undoubtedly impoverished, for although the estate appeared fertile, transport costs to market from this remote corner of the country were prohibitive, and so the local economy was depressed. As a result, little change had taken place at Quinta da Cruz, apart from natural decay. The family used only a small part of the enormous rambling old house. In fact, one complete wing was given over to the storage of the potato crop, room after room of them!

### Helped with bottling

The newest part of the existing building was a charming Baroque chapel, built and dedicated to St. Anthony in the eighteenth century. In addition there was the cool, dim cellar where we spent one afternoon helping the Viscount to bottle some of the previous year's vintage, also numerous outbuildings, including a barn with attached outdoor threshing floor where the annual husking of the maize crop is still carried on by the local women.

During our stay our hosts did their best to keep us entertained. On one occasion we were taken to Caralho, a village even higher in the mountains with a panoramic view over the valley, in which we could just distinguish "our" house. Imagine our surprise when we learned that in this secluded village there were no fewer than 15 TB sanatoria — and a museum.

Although the museum was closed, the Viscount soon persuaded the curator to take us on a conducted tour. Its scope was simply incredible. Here in this tiny, remote village in the middle of Portugal were paintings by Picasso, Dufy, Chagall, and Dali.

In another part of the building was a collection of vintage cars dating from 1902, each in running order. Also on exhibition was the huge bullet-proof Mercedes given to the Portuguese dictator, Salazar, the only one left of four ordered by Hitler — the others for himself, Mussolini, and Franco.

We also visited the village school, the first foreigner many of the children had seen. Indeed, we were feted by everyone we met.

Thanks to the friendliness and generosity of our hosts, the stay at Quinta da Cruz was one of the highlights of our trip to Europe, for although we did not live with a typical Portuguese family, we were given a rare glimpse of the lives of the aristocracy, both as they once lived and as they are living today.

## No nappy rash with Vaseline Petroleum Jelly!



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Rub Vaseline Petroleum Jelly generously over the palm of your hand.



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Pour on water. See how it runs off, leaving your skin perfectly dry.

Now, with baby powder, do the same test on your other hand. Feel the moisture going right through to your palm. You've just proved that Vaseline Petroleum Jelly keeps irritating wetness out better than powder, because it waterproofs skin. Use Vaseline Petroleum Jelly at every nappy change. You'll have a happier baby.





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"His Bach is worse  
than my bite!..."

★ Valentino (real name Jackie Farn) is a Dublin University Bachelor of Music and a popular pianist in Britain. But our picture seems to suggest that his pet boxer, Oisin, doesn't think much of his master's talents.

25 YEARS  
AGO...

• JUNE 10, 1944: It was a special issue, dedicated to "Our Glorious AIF," and all ads and stories involved the soldier and his family... The Australian film "Rats of Tobruk," directed by Charles Chauvel, and starring Chips Rafferty, Grant Taylor, and Peter Finch, was nearing completion near Camden, N.S.W. ... Our gardening feature began: "Some day soon he'll be back, so keep your garden bright and gay" ... Our recipes were "he-men" meals for soldiers home on leave.

## Theatre has "Man for all Seasons"

ENGLISHMAN Edgar Metcalfe, the Melbourne Theatre Company's new associate director, hopes to achieve his ambition — to direct a production of Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan"—during a future season of the company.

"I've directed hundreds of plays in my 17 years with the theatre, but never 'St.

Joan,' which I consider a real challenge," he said.

"Anything by Shakespeare is also on my list — and possibly a 'pop' version of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' which I did in England recently.

"It's refreshing to see the classics updated for a modern audience."

Thirty-five-year-old Mr. Metcalfe, a bachelor, added cautiously: "However, I realise these are early days for me with the company.

"As you can imagine, I am just feeling my way at present as far as the selection of plays is concerned."

### EARLY START

Mr. Metcalfe, who started in his teens as an assistant stage manager with the now defunct Blackpool Repertory Company in England, also hopes to appear in one of the Melbourne Theatre Company's coming productions.

"It's important to keep your hand in as an actor, to be in touch with the other side of the stage," he said.

The theatre is obviously first in his life — "I don't have very much spare time, but cooking is my great relaxation, particularly French dishes.

"I also write for the theatre a little — I've had a couple of my plays produced in the provinces in England," he said, adding

modestly: "But they didn't make headlines."

Mr. Metcalfe's first production for the Melbourne Theatre Company was its recent play "Loot," by Joe Orton, which he also produced in Perth, where he was artistic director of the National Theatre Company from 1963 to 1967.

After four years the isolation of Perth got him down, he said.

"There was so little interchange of theatre companies, mainly because of the distance."

He decided to return to England, where he directed in provincial repertory companies.

"But I worked at such high pressure — a different play every fortnight — that there was very little satisfaction in my work."

"I started to miss Australia very much and was delighted to find an opening with the Melbourne Theatre Company."

### EXPANDING

Mr. Metcalfe's appointment signals the rapid expansion and success of the company, which now has three directors. He has joined John Sumner and George Ogilvie.

Mr. Metcalfe is currently on loan to the South Australian Theatre Company, Adelaide, producing "Loot" and another play already done by the Melbourne Theatre Company, "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg."

COMPACT

★

"I TALK too much, and suffer agonies of embarrassment next day thinking of how my tongue went on and on. Is there any cure? I've tried actually holding my tongue between my teeth." — A listener's letter in a BBC broadcast.

★

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● Edgar Metcalfe . . . actor-director.





## A new look at the old world

● First-time travellers or seasoned globe-trotters, come along with us and you will see a new world unfold before your eyes.



Page 34

### OUR 1970 WORLD DISCOVERY TOUR

In Guam, wearing coconut palm hats which all 1969 tour passengers received from an island welcoming party, David Whitten and Miss Kerry Whitten (St. Ives, N.S.W.) and, in centre, Mrs. Sally Casson (Canberra).

Photographs taken during our 1969 tour. Below: Entrance to the new cathedral in Coventry, England, a stop on our travellers' tour of England and Scotland. Sculpture on the cathedral depicts St. Michael and the devil.



Pictures by BURNETT NETTERFIELD

The cobbled street in Madeira, at left, down which tour members descended almost 3000ft. from a mountain top by toboggan. Madeira, last port before Europe, is famed for fortified wine and fine lace.

Misses Lois Wild, Epping, N.S.W., Betty Lawrence, Gympie, N.S.W., and Sue Fidock, Kingswood, Adelaide, in the ruins of Old Panama City sacked and burned in the 16th century by the buccaneer Henry Morgan



## ● Five wonderful months on our travellers' special

● Let us show you the world as you've never seen it before, as you never expected to see it. A fully escorted tour taking you to odd corners everywhere, 20 countries in all, lasting five months, and covering everything that a world traveller could possibly want.

IT'S the great experience—a trouble-free way with world travel. Join our 1970 tour and experience it all for yourself.

You'll gain enough exciting memories to last a lifetime. And not once in the whole tour will you be faced with any nagging organisational worries. The entire trip is fully escorted, taking away those worries that would face you if you were travelling alone.

Our next world tour, our fifth, leaves Sydney in P & O's Orsova on February 9 and returns in the line's Orcaides five months later. Both ships are specially one-class for our tour. Channel 9 are co-sponsoring our tour.

In those five months you'll have made many new friends, seen the world, sampling its delights, ranging from breathtaking scenery, gorgeous shops, exotic food and wines to fascinating ancient ruins. You'll want your trip to begin all over again.

Life at sea is a time of lazy contented luxury. How does this appeal to you? Doing nothing at all you don't want to do, waited on hand and foot, every little whim catered for, delicious meals all ready prepared for you and a large menu each

day to choose from, entertainment in the evenings, swimming by day, deck sports, a well-stocked library, deckchairs in the sun. All this, plus superb service is yours when you travel by sea with us.

It's a great idea to travel our way. You are saved all that bother of making your own travel arrangements, whether they be transport, accommodation, or simply working out how to get round a strange city when you don't know the language.

World Travel Headquarters make all our arrangements for us. They've been worldwide experts in this field for a long time. Between us we have worked out a personally escorted world tour that includes something for everyone whatever your age or interests.

Come with us, make new friends, see parts of the world you'd never expected you'd be lucky enough to see. The cost—\$A1835—includes everything except a few lunches in London, your 19 days leisure period, and, of course, your personal spending money. For full details of what the overall tour cost includes look in the panel opposite.

If you are coming from New Zealand the tour cost is \$NZ1900, which includes the extra Tasman travel and a stopover of six days in

Sydney prior to the Orsova's departure.

Remember, if you are paying less than \$1800 for a round-the-world holiday lasting several months, you may not get exactly what you expect and hope for. We've gone into the pricing question very thoroughly from every angle and know that the travel package we offer is real value for money.

### MAKE NEW FRIENDS

Group travel, as you may already know, has many advantages. Cost is a big one. When an organisation is able to make block bookings for transport and accommodation, and make them every year as we do, the cost that's passed down to the customer is much cheaper than if they had arranged it all for themselves. We also know that the hotels we book are good and efficiently run, as we use them regularly.

Friendship is another big advantage. Life-long friendships and romances have blossomed on our world tours. Meet people from all over Australia and New Zealand, travel with them, discuss the places you visit with them. You'll never feel lonely travelling with us.

Equally, on the other hand, you need never feel hemmed in by lots of people. A ship is large. If you don't want to join in activities on board, that's all right with us. You can relax quietly without anyone bothering you. And for the coach trips round Great Britain and Europe that are an inclusive part of our tour, travellers are divided up into small parties per coach, and all leave at DIFFERENT times. The departure schedule is staggered, so you needn't worry that you are going to

hit town in company with every single person who travelled on the ship with you.

After leaving Sydney the Orsova sails to Brisbane to pick up Queensland tour members. Then the ship leaves Australian waters, bound for England, where you arrive on March 28.

On the way you will call at Guam, a duty-free port, Kobe and Yokohama, in Japan, Honolulu, Los Angeles, and Acapulco, in Mexico, before going through the Panama Canal. Here tour members have a chance to go overland from Balboa on the Pacific side of the Canal to Cristobal on the Caribbean side.

Miami is next, and then it's out across the Atlantic to sun-drenched Madeira and finally on to Southampton. Here you leave the ship. Our tour staff help you through Customs, and into coaches for the interesting 60-mile journey to London and your centrally situated hotel.

### SEE EUROPE

Stage two of your world tour now begins—tours in modern scenic coaches round Great Britain and eight European countries. The British tour takes you as far north as Edinburgh, passing through some of the most beautiful scenery and historic towns in the British Isles. The Continental tour of 23 days takes you through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, France, Monte Carlo, and then back across the Channel to London.

The only gamble attached to the whole holiday is in the casino at Monte Carlo.

Ample free time is included

### BASIC WORLD TOUR PRICE COVERS

- Shipboard accommodation in four-berth cabins in the Orsova and Orcaides. Round-world two-berth accommodation available from \$55 extra.
- Full-board accommodation for 23-day tour of eight European countries.
- Escorted, full-board accommodation for seven-day tour of England and Scotland.
- Sightseeing tours in London, as specified in itinerary.
- Total of 12 nights' accommodation at well-situated London hotels, including dinner, bed, and breakfast.
- Transfers on arrivals and departures where part of tour itinerary.
- Portage of one average-sized suitcase per person on European and U.K. tours, two average-sized suitcases per person on initial U.K. arrival and departure.

Tour director and staff will accompany tour in the Orsova and Orcaides, also resident U.K., to ensure an efficient tour operation.

ed in the itinerary to allow you to visit any other countries you may be interested in seeing, or you can spend your free days just relaxing in London or staying with friends.

Then on May 26 coaches call at the various hotels to take tour members to the docks to board the Orcaides. Farewell England.

First stop Lisbon. Take your last look at Europe until next time, then it's off down south again to Casablanca.

Casablanca, Moorish city on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, where veiled women slip silently through the narrow, winding streets, has an air of mystery to it.

Dakar, in Senegal, is your next port. Go shopping in the local markets for old silver jewellery, then back on board again and on to Cape Town.

Two ports in South Africa,

Cape Town and then Durban. You can go overland here, visiting a game reserve on the way.

We're really homeward bound now. Next stop Fremantle on June 22 and you arrive back in Sydney on June 28.

### WHERE TO BOOK

COLLECT your fully descriptive tour and cruise brochures by calling in or writing to any of the General Sales Agents listed below.

N.S.W.-A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

Northern N.S.W.: Jays Travel Service Pty. Ltd., 285 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300. Tele. 2-5191.

Victoria - Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., CML Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland - Northern Territory - New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 21-3744.

South Australia: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie Street, Adelaide 5000. Tele. 51-7555.

Western Australia: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 569 Wellington Street and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth 6000. Tele. 21-0191.

(All above are members of AFTA.)

New Zealand: Russell and Somers Ltd., 83 Customs Street East, Auckland C1. Tele. 361-660.

London Offices: Milbank House, 104 New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AE. Tele. 493-8494, 499-7221.

... OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

## TREASURE AT SEA

Next year for holidaymakers we have two Treasure Hunt cruises of 15 lazy days sailing round the South Seas.

TREASURE ISLAND and its hidden wealth needn't remain a dream. Come cruising round the South Seas with us next year and you'll see what we mean.

Sea travel at any time is fabulous. It's even more fabulous on our special Treasure Hunt Cruises. Next year we have two of them, one in March, the other in July. And there's treasure aboard both times—\$6000 of it to be won by some lucky passenger on each cruise. Each prize—two tickets on our 1971 round-the-world tour plus spending money, a total of \$12,000 that must be won.

Participate in the fun, join in the hunt for hidden treasure. Our two cruises are each 15 days long, each in P & O's Orcaides; the ship is one-class on both occasions.

And who says cruising is only for the wealthy? That's nonsense. Our two cruises can prove it, for fares on each start from as low as \$259.

You don't need to be a

millionaire to enjoy these relaxing holidays at sea, but the superb treatment we can promise you on them will make you feel you're worth that million dollars.

The first cruise departs Sydney on March 15, the second on July 2. Both itineraries are different. The March cruise calls at Auckland, Suva, Nuku'Alofa, in Tonga, Noumea, Brisbane, and back to Sydney. The July cruise goes to Auckland, the tiny island of Savu Savu, Suva, Noumea, and Melbourne before returning to Sydney.

If you're torn between spending a holiday on some tropic isle or in neighboring New Zealand, come on one of our cruises and achieve both aims at once. You get your tropic isles—Fiji, New Caledonia, Tonga—with their palm-fringed, coral sand beaches, and warm, clear water, and New Zea-

land with its lush green pastures, sleek dairy cattle, and bubblingRotorua with its wealth of Maori associations. As both our cruises call at Auckland you have plenty of time to take a trip into the heart of the North Island to the famed thermal area, or nearer to Auckland, visit the breath-taking Waitomo glow-worm caves.

Did you know Suva was a duty-free port? Join one of our cruises and you'll be able to indulge in a spree of duty-free shopping. The local shopkeepers have huge stocks of tempting goods everywhere just waiting to be bargained over. And the market by Suva wharf is a treasure trove of carved wooden articles, straw sandals, shell necklaces, and grass skirts. Don't forget to bargain for your purchases, it's the accepted practice.

Native South Sea island-

ers, no matter which section of the ocean they call home, always seem to be laughing, happy people, who go out of their way to make you, the visitor, feel welcome. It's a delightful adventure in itself just talking to the people in all the places you visit. And don't forget to brush up on your school French for Noumea. You get a great thrill if you can say at least a few words in French to a New Caledonian and in turn understand the reply!

### Romantic voyage

There's something very romantic about a large liner at sea, especially at night in the tropics. And when you go ashore in the various ports on one of our cruises, especially Noumea, where the ship usually anchors some distance from the wharf and people go ashore

in the lifeboats, you get a thrill looking back at the ship and thinking to yourself that for the present that graceful vessel is as much of a link with reality as you can have on such an exotic holiday.

But the only concrete reality to such a holiday is the occasional thought you may spare for your unfortunate friends back home working. If you're on our July cruise those same friends are probably muttering about the cold, wind, and rain while you enjoy the sunshine. Whichever cruise you're on, they'll wish they could change places with you.

Our cruises are ideal for those who want to spend their annual vacation being thoroughly pampered, but who want at the same time to see a wide range of new places. Not only do you get carefree days relaxing at sea but also the fun of exploring and shopping in strange places.

Those are the advantages of cruising with us. You see lots of different places, the living is easy, and we'll bet you make lots of new friends, too.





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and an everyday meal something really special!

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### Brown Onion Sauce

**MAGGI**



4 TO 6 SERVES

#### Lambs Fry Supreme

1 lambs fry; egg; breadcrumbs; 1 Pkt. Maggi Brown Onion Sauce; 2 tomatoes, coarsely chopped; 3 rashers bacon, fried and chopped.

**METHOD:** Soak lambs fry in salted water for 2 hours. Remove skin, slice thinly. Dip into beaten egg, then coat with breadcrumbs. Prepare Maggi Brown Onion Sauce as directed on sachet. Add tomatoes and bacon. Simmer for 10 minutes. Fry the crumbed lambs fry in bacon fat or butter until tender. Serve on platter and pour sauce mixture over. Serves 4.

All Spoon Measurements Are Level Unless Otherwise Stated; 8 Fl Oz Measuring Cup Used.



At **MAGGI** we really care

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 11, 1969

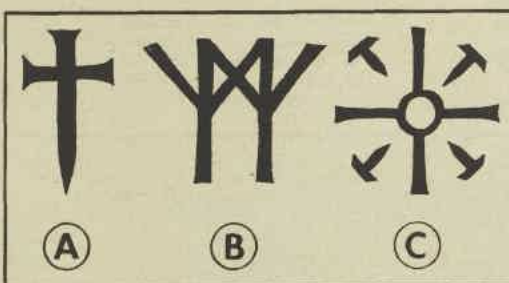


● What's the REAL you? Are you generous? Do people really like you? These tests were devised by psychologist Jane Sherrod Singer to give an insight into

# THE REAL YOU

## Are you generous?

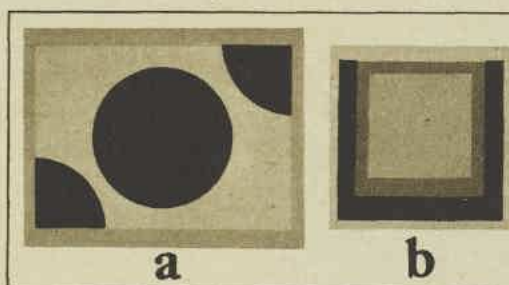
1. Which one design shown in the illustration (right) pleases you the most, A? B? C?  
Answer these questions YES or NO:
2. Do you regularly give money to some church, charity, or philanthropic civic project?  
YES..... NO.....
3. Are your cupboards and garage filled with things for which you see no future use?  
YES..... NO.....
4. If a friend says something that offends you and later apologises, can you forgive the person?  
YES..... NO.....
5. Is it difficult for you to pay a sincere compliment?  
YES..... NO.....
6. Would you unhesitatingly cancel an important date or appointment to help a person who needed you?  
YES..... NO.....
7. When people unexpectedly drop in, are you willing to spend some time with them?  
YES..... NO.....
8. Do you hope that all your friends will like each other?  
YES..... NO.....



9. Are you angry when your closest friend spends more time with someone else than with you?  
YES..... NO.....
10. (For women). Do you share your favorite recipes, household hints, and hairstyles with other women?  
YES..... NO.....
- (For men): Do you share your skills and knowledge with your fellow workers or associates?  
YES..... NO.....
11. Do you have a lurking suspicion that, to get ahead in the world, it is necessary to step on someone's neck?  
YES..... NO.....

## Do others REALLY like you?

1. Select a number from 1 to 4.
2. You are asked to choose one of the two abstract designs (right) for your letterhead stationery. Which would you select, A or B?
3. You are invited to a large party. Most of the people will be unknown to you. You would:  
(a) refuse; (b) accept and talk with the people you know; (c) accept and mingle with as many guests as possible.
4. Generally speaking you give compliments:  
(a) even when you don't mean them because they make people feel good; (b) only when you sincerely mean what you say; (c) very seldom so people will not get conceited.
5. You are socially indebted to a number of people, but your budget is low. You would:  
(a) invite everyone to one large dinner party even if you cannot afford it; (b) turn down all invitations until you have money to entertain; (c) give a series of simple parties.
6. You are the chairman of a very important civic group. On the night when important issues are to be discussed, a neighbor asks you to help in an emergency. You would:  
(a) ask the vice-chairman or another official of the group to preside for you and see what you can do to help; (b) tell your neighbor to call in someone else; (c) help your neighbor and arrive at the meeting late.
7. A healthy appearing, able-bodied person slips and falls on a sidewalk. You would:  
(a) find the situation funny; (b) go on your way, thankful it didn't happen to you; (c) offer to help.



8. You have been served coffee in a friend's home. While your hostess is out of the room, leaving you with the pet dog, you accidentally spill the coffee. You would:  
(a) move your chair over the spot to hide it; (b) explain what happened and ask for something to remove the stain; (c) say that the dog knocked the cup over.  
Answer the following Yes or No.
9. Do you have a friendly smile and greeting for people you know or for friendly people you don't know?  
YES..... NO.....
10. Do you like to tell stories or jokes that belittle others?  
YES..... NO.....
11. Do you find satisfaction in talking about your ailments and problems with others?  
YES..... NO.....
12. Are you careful of personal hygiene?  
YES..... NO.....

## GENEROSITY SCORE

### YOUR SCORE —

Questions 2 and 3 evaluate material things; 4 and 5, human relationships; 6 and 7, use of time; 8 and 9, work attitudes.  
100-110: An extremely "liberal" score. You need to ask yourself and those close to you if you fall into the category of being "generous to a fault."  
60-90: You fall into the average bracket, willing to give on some levels and hold on others. The various categories will give you some hints.  
0-50: In all probability you are haunted by feelings of insecurity which make you cling to things, people, and time. You will find that the joy that comes from giving wisely will help to bolster your morale.

1. B-10 (0 for A or C). Psychologists have proved in clinically controlled tests with many volunteers that similar personality types tend to show preference for the same patterns and designs. A is usually selected by people who hang on to money, time, and other people. They tend to be piercing in their observations and can be too critical. B is the choice of friendly, generous people who are affectionate and outgoing. C is usually chosen by introverted personalities who often feel the world is against them. Because of their fears they may be frugal and unwilling to give of themselves.  
2. Yes-10; 3. No-10; 4. Yes-10; 5. No-10; 6. Yes-10; 7. Yes-10; 8. Yes-10; 9. No-10; 10. Yes-10; 11. No-10.

## LIKABILITY SCORE

### No-4 points; 12. Yes-4 points.

### YOUR SCORE:

1. (1-0 points; 2-3 points; 3-1 point; 4-4 points.) Even numbers are the preference of those who have the "togetherness" feeling. One is usually selected by "loners," as is 3.  
2. (a-4 points; b-0 points). Those who select "a" usually say the round symbols remind them of the sun and that they resent the sharp corners of "b" as well as the dullness of shades. Almost invariably, these same people are well liked and popular.  
3. (a-0 points, b-3 points, c-4 points); 4. (a-0 points, b-4 points, c-0 points); 5. (a-0 points, b-0 points, c-4 points); 6. (a-4 points, b-0 points, c-1 point); 7. (a-0 points, b-0 points, c-4 points); 8. (a-0 points, b-4 points, c-0 points); 9. Yes-4 points; 10. No-4 points; 11.

40-48: You are one of those fortunate people who are truly liked. No doubt you make friends and keep them. Probably your most outstanding characteristic is that you like most people and are willing to be of service.  
30-39: You are held in high regard by most people, although you probably do not "click" with everybody.  
16-29: Your friends probably like you in spite of your characteristics. Your good points are accentuated in their eyes and they overlook your faults.  
0-15: This is a dangerously low score but one which you can improve by following the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."



## What's good for a cold? COLDREX\* COLD CAPSULES!

Just one Coldrex Capsule gives 12-hour Sustained Relief from head cold miseries. Modern formula contains an effective decongestive to make breathing easy. Clears congested noses. Coldrex has anti-secretory action to dry up runny noses and watery eyes.  
5 days' treatment — only \$1.10.



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### THE NEW EFFECTIVE ALL-FAMILY AID FOR THE PREVENTION AND CONTROL OF DIARRHOEA

This distressing and embarrassing complaint may strike without warning, take the pleasure out of living, ruin carefully made plans—outings, holidays, travelling—Prompt dosage with Eviform Tablets is an aid in the treatment for intestinal infections (THE WOG!) that cause diarrhoea and the wretchedly sick feeling that often goes with it.  
Eviform disperses an anti-infectant gently through the entire intestinal tract, checking bacterial spread, stopping diarrhoea, relieving sickness.  
Eviform works quickly—you feel better quickly. Eviform is for the young and old alike. In tablet form, convenient and pleasant to take. Eviform aids in preventing diarrhoea, too. When away from home—travelling, holidaying—Eviform helps protect against diarrhoea. Convenient 16-tablet pack. Only from Chemists.



## Eviform tablets FIRST AID FOR THE "DIARRHOEA CRISIS"

A Product of C.I.R.A. Dist. by S.E.R.A. B48 EVI



# TEST YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

## QUESTIONS

1. West Irian, formerly Dutch New Guinea, has been in the news lately. What is the capital of this country and when did it become West Irian?
2. Do you know the name of the former imperial capital of Vietnam?
3. What are the names of the two American astronauts who will make up Apollo II's two-man moon-landing crew later this year?

4. What do the following have in common: Mangaia; Atiu; Rarotonga; Palmerston?
5. Does dowsing mean (a) the practice of locating water, metal, oil, and/or other objects by means of a forked stick or similar method; (b) extinguishing a light?
6. What is a jeroboam?
7. Only one person has won two Nobel Prizes outright. Do you know who and for what?
8. Do you know the Greek equivalents of the following

Roman gods and goddesses: (a) Jupiter; (b) Venus; (c) Mars; (d) Diana?

9. What are the capitals of the following countries: Iceland, Chile, Turkey, Iraq, Iran?
10. A natterjack is (a) a type of pancake; (b) a non-flowering shrub; (c) an animal; (d) an old English term for a gossip?
11. The President of India died recently. Can you name him?
12. The Oxus River, which flows from the Pamir Mountains to the Aral Sea, has another name. Do you know what it is?
13. For what was Louis Daguerre famous?
14. What flags make up the Union Jack?
15. The residence of the British Prime Minister is at No. 10 Downing Street, London. After whom was Downing Street named?
16. What does the French phrase *cordon bleu* mean literally?
17. What is an anosmic?

## ANSWERS

1. Djayapura is the capital of West Irian, which has been administered as a Province of the Republic of Indonesia since May 1, 1963.
2. Hue.
3. Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin are expected to be the first men on the moon.
4. They are all Pacific islands, members of the Cook Islands, a former New Zealand dependency, now internally self-governing but linked to New Zealand by a common head of State, Queen Elizabeth II.
5. Both.
6. A jeroboam is the largest bottle normally used in the wine and spirit trade. It has a capacity of four litres (7.04 pints) and is used only for liqueur brandy and champagne.
7. Dr. Linus Pauling, Professor of Chemistry since 1931 at the California Institute of Technology, U.S.A., was awarded the chemistry prize for 1954 and the peace prize for 1962.
8. (a) Zeus; (b) Aphrodite; (c) Ares; (d) Artemis.
9. Reykjavik; Santiago; Ankara; Bagdad; Tehran.
10. (c) A natterjack is a warty, prominent-eyed brown toad with a bright yellow line down the middle of its back. It has a muttering sort of croak, hence its name.
11. Dr. Zakir Husain, 72, India's first Moslem President.
12. The Amu Darya.
13. Louis Daguerre, a French artist, was one of the pioneers of the photographic process.
14. The flags of St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. George.
15. Sir George Downing, a 17th-century soldier and diplomat.
16. Blue ribbon. The phrase is usually applied to first-class cooks.
17. A person who lacks a sense of smell.

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to label our Creme Rinse conditioner  
with 'Save 20¢'



It's unusual, yes. But then, we wanted to create an unusual opportunity for you. The woman who washes and sets her own hair.

For a very limited time, Breck Creme Rinse conditioner will be available at your chemist for only 65 cents for a generous 4 oz. bottle.

You save 20¢. And you also see what we mean by beautiful hair.

Breck Creme Rinse is a remarkable preparation. A conditioner, applied directly after your Breck Shampoo. First, it does away with snarls and tangles; your comb "floats" through wet, knotty hair. Second, it helps your set, because it adds extra bounce, body and shine to your hair; makes it instantly manageable. Above all, it conditions naturally.

Offer available from N.S.W. and Victorian chemists and department stores only.



# The Cadbury Chocolate Cheesecake of the year

Cheesecake takes some beating. Chocolate cheesecake more so. But if you really want to go to town, here's the recipe you'll be pestered for at every party. Cadbury's Chocolate Cheesecake of the Year! Mmmmm. With Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, of course.



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15c in stamps to cover  
postage and packaging.

**Biscuit Crust** 2 cups crushed sweet biscuits, 1 tablespoon sugar, 4-6 ozs. shortening — melted.

**Filling** 1½ tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup evaporated milk, ½ cup Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, two 4-oz. packets cream cheese — softened, ½ cup sugar, 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence, one 14½ oz. can evaporated milk — chilled icy cold.

**Method:** Combine the biscuit crumbs, sugar and shortening. Press into the bottom and sides of an 8" or 9" spring form pan or a 13" x 9" x 2" baking pan. Chill. Place gelatine and water in a saucepan, heat until gelatine dissolves. Stir in ½ cup of sugar, ½ cup of evaporated milk and the cocoa. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken. Beat the cream cheese, ½ cup sugar and vanilla together. Add the gelatine mixture. Beat the chilled evaporated milk to stiff peaks, fold in cream cheese mixture. Pour into the biscuit crust. Chill 8 hours or overnight. Decorate with tinned mandarin oranges. Serves 8-10.

Give it the true chocolate flavour of

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Bournville COCOA**

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



936

### No. 936. — FROCK

Frock with white pique trim is available cut out to make in olive-green, navy, mid-grey, or wine terylene-wool. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$10.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.55; 40in. bust, \$10.75. Postage and dispatch 50 cents extra.

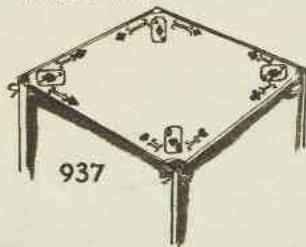
### No. 937. — BRIDGE-TABLE COVER

Bridge-table cover is available ready to sew and embroider on blue, sea-green, grey, white, or beige casarine. Price is \$1.45, plus 20 cents postage and dispatch.

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Girl's beret is cut out to make in grey, brown, green, wine, or white corduroy. Sizes 20 and 21in. head, \$1.35; 22in. head, \$1.65. Postage and dispatch 20 cents extra.

• Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/5 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.



937



938

# Protect them! Make your family 'Solyptol Safe'

*There's safety in Solyptol.*

**For sore throats,** gargle with Solyptol solution. Throat and mouth are left clean, relieved and fresh. Perfect treatment for bad breath.

**Cuts, bites and abrasions,** bathe them with Solyptol Antiseptic. Heal them with Solyptol Antiseptic Cream.

**When there is sickness** in your home, prevent the spread of infection, keep a bowl of Solyptol solution in the sick room. With colds and flu it will help relieve stuffy nose, head and throat. Use Solyptol full strength to wipe over bathroom toilet fittings. Pour a capful of neat Solyptol Antiseptic into drains and sinks... prevents bacteria spread — makes them smell clean and sweet.

Add a few drops to the children's bath water. The clean eucalyptus oil in Solyptol will heal small cuts and abrasions.

**YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC IN THE HOME**  
An antiseptic for every purpose... make it the best.  
Solyptol Antiseptic and Solyptol Antiseptic Cream  
available at all Chemists and Stores.



## As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 4

### ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.  
★ A relatively good week, taking into account the general state of unrest and tension, which is world wide — three major planets are getting into a tight, unhappy huddle. Romance burgeons, and finances get a shot in the arm—or is it the purse? A spot of muddle, 4th.

### TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
★ Those born at the beginning of the sign could find the going getting harder — but it will pass. Personal affairs for all Taureans have plenty of scope for expansion. They have their ruling star in its own sign on the 6th, which enhances personal magnetism.

### GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Tuesday.  
★ You're still in your know-how and can-do cycle, and you've got the added advantage of your ruling star, the busy and astute Mercury, in its own sign. It's great for a happy lift-off. You've got a clearway all this week. Make the mostest, because next week has teeth.

### CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
★ Nice influences prevail in the home life — and what Cancerian is not hearthbound at heart? It's fine for setting-up house, removals, and buying that dream allotment. However, it wouldn't hurt to be more than extra wary for a while, especially in taking up a new job.

### LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Monday.  
★ Thinking of getting off the pad with a new venture, or of starting a fresh chapter in your life? This week's stars encourage initiative, so go to it, but keep a watch on the finances — especially next week. There are signs of much activity in the love life, especially 9th.

### VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ Three big planets — all out of kilter with each other — are together now, but the climax has been reached and tension will ease. Since they are all at the end of Virgo, those born late in the sign will be pressured for a while. Make the most of this week, since next has a lot of hurdles.

### LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Friendship plays a felicitous role this week — you could form a pleasant tie with a musical or artistic personality. Perhaps a spot of money muddle 4th, involving an acquaintance. Make the most of this week, as next is unsettling and disturbing.

### SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
★ A favoring time to boost status, your public relations and career, especially 7th. You might have to avoid tension at home for a while, but the week is fairly favorable. Personal matters could get into a snarl, 4th. There's a mini muddle spot.

### SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.  
★ If you've planned to extend horizons, and enlarge the personal life, you've picked a good time — next week has snags. A pleasant breeze blows through the love life — some will form lasting and stable attachments.

### CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.  
★ Your ruling star is strongly placed for a few years, and your life should begin to move at a faster tempo — you're well in the picture. Achieve and plan as much as possible — you could be temporarily in the doldrums next week. Romance is under smiling and cajoling stars.

### AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ It is to be hoped you don't intend to begin any new project, 4th — there's deception and mix-up in the air. Otherwise, it's a good week, especially for matters matrimonial. Much activity in the love life, mostly favorable.

### PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.  
★ It could be that status and career will be under stress for a while, but otherwise it's a fair week with a patch of unreliability, afternoon 4th, and 6th. It's also favoring for orange blossoms. If you have any plans, go into orbit before next week.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



## How young marrieds budget

"CENT WISE" asked what weekly allowances young marrieds (both working) should give themselves. My husband is 22, still on a cadetship. I am 19. We get \$70 clear and are paying off a car and house. Each has \$5 for clothing, my husband has \$10 for petrol, cigarettes, beer, and outings (once a fortnight), and I have \$5 for lunches and sweets (as I do not drink or smoke).

\$2 to Mrs. Barbara McKinnon, Pymble, N.S.W.

A BOOKLET available to RAAF personnel advocates allotting 10 percent of total net income to spending money. I suggest husband and wife allow for magazines, club, and sports fees, entertainments of mutual interest, and then go 50-50 on the remainder for pocket-money. Gifts to each other should come out of this, but mutual gifts from the general fund.

\$2 to R.J.F. (name supplied), Macquarie, A.C.T.

IT is great to have a double income, but it probably won't always be so. Look ahead and budget on your husband's salary only. Use yours for buying furniture or bank it. First set aside money for necessities—rent (or mortgage), food, insurance, hospital benefits, rates, taxes, electricity, gas, fares, then divide the remainder.

\$2 to Mrs. B. Roberts, Seaton, S.A.

WE pool both wages, withdrawing \$1 each for Christmas club accounts, \$2 for gas and electricity, plus \$5 each personal allowance. The \$5 each can be spent on cigarettes, drinks, make-up, stockings, etc. At times I only spend \$2, and bank the rest.

\$2 to Mrs. Colleen Gilbert, Wingham, N.S.W.

DURING our year of marriage this has worked successfully: my husband has \$7 a week, as he smokes, and I \$5. Out of this we buy clothes and personal items such as cosmetics and toiletries. More expensive items are put on lay-by, which is paid each week.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Y. Fitzpatrick, Cronulla, N.S.W.

WE started marriage with a basic weekly allowance of \$3 each. The amount seemed inadequate at first, but I soon accommodated myself to it, and some weeks can even save. If my husband earns more one week he raises our allowance, but never lessens it.

\$2 to Mrs. S. G. Carter, Telopea, N.S.W.

MY husband earns \$60 (average) and I \$35. On pay day we deposit \$30 in our cheque account for car, HP, rent, electricity, etc., and \$40 in our savings account. The remaining \$25 is "mutual," out of which I spend about \$10 on food. The remaining \$15 is for petrol, clothes, and entertainment.

\$2 to Mrs. D. Aspinall, Merewether, N.S.W.



## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Reason to cheer

INTO the tram stepped a self-satisfied-looking young blonde. Instantly a working-man (very tired by the look of him) offered her seat. Blondie subsided gracefully without speaking. "Would you mind standing up a minute, I've left my paper on the seat?" said the man. Blondie rose. Mr. Hardworking flopped back into the seat—and stayed. "Next time anyone offers you a seat, you darn well say thank you," said he. No, we older females did not cheer, but we wanted to.

\$2 to "Manners" (name supplied), Fairfield, Qld.

### Know where to look

JUST after I was married I bought a ring-folder, which has become an invaluable part of our household. Into it I placed all the operating, maintenance, and cleaning instructions and guarantees accompanying wedding gifts, and since have added to it with all purchases made for the house or baby. If I need to know the most effective method of doing anything, from oiling the carpet-sweeper to sharpening the carving-knife, I know just where to look.

\$2 to Mrs. Althea Young, Mt. Gambier, S.A.

### Made himself at home

ON the first day of having my house painted, I arrived home to find my rustic garden seat tossed on the wood-heap with two legs broken. The painter was standing on my garden table reaching where he could. The next day he knocked off early as he had no more paint. The following day when I returned home he was sitting waiting to be paid, as he had "finished the job." Where did he get the paint at the weekend, I asked? "Found a tin in your shed," he said. I looked. Yes, he had used a tin of mine!

\$2 to "Do It Yourself" (name supplied), Glen Iris, Vic.

### Permission only

A LOVELY new refrigerator was a friend's 20th wedding anniversary present. Later, discussing the cost of living, she remarked how much easier things would be when it was paid for. "I thought your husband gave it to you," I said. "Oh, no, he only gave me permission to get it," she replied.

\$2 to Mrs. Betty Westwood, Woodford, Qld.

### Living in kitchen

SO many people I know use their kitchen for family conclaves and discussions, and most parties seem to end up there. So it is a wonder we do not furnish these rooms with comfortable lounge chairs instead of the living-room as most of the living is done in the kitchen.

\$2 to Mrs. Barbara Allen, Homebush, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### WASTE NOT

"AFTER boiling, set aside the froth for the family."

My wife, who was making marmalade, read this out from the old recipe she was using.

"Well, set it aside for us," I told her.

Marmalade froth does not look appealing enough to be offered to visitors. But in the eyes of the frugal lady who compiled the cook book it should not go to waste.

We had some froth next morning for breakfast, and it was a great success.

Marmalade froth is one of those tasty items which have the extra merit of being economical.

I would class it with bits of a cake that has gone wrong. Pieces

that break off the side, or burnt edges, are delicious if eaten when still warm.

Cakes that failed to rise, known as failures, were much appreciated when I was a boy.

My mother would not show a failure to the general public, any more than she would have offered marmalade froth. She was glad for



us to eat the concave cake and remove it from sight. And we were glad to oblige.

You don't often see a good failure now. It may be because of the bought mixes that are used. They take some of the glorious uncertainty out of cake-making.

Cook books—and people—pay less attention to economies than they did in harder times. Dishes made from leftovers used to be a very prominent part of the Australian cuisine. The

most popular of them was bubble-and-squeak—the very name of it was cheering.

Bread-and-dripping was eaten a lot, too. I tried some of it again the other day, with pepper and salt, and enjoyed its tangy goodness.

There was a reminder of how different things used to be in a book written by Arthur Mailey, the famous cricketer.

He recalled that when he was a boy in Sydney his father was the only one of the family to have a boiled egg for breakfast. Arthur and the other children took it in turns to have the top of their father's egg.

Yet I have seen a small girl lately being told to eat the top of her egg.

Some of the old-time economy dodges, like resewing sheets side-to-middle, are still in common use.

Others, like celluloid collars for men, have gone out. A stiff celluloid collar would not be considered comfortable now, but it wore well.

Many a citizen of bygone days, in his celluloid collar, sat down to a dish of bubble-and-squeak followed by toast and marmalade froth. And relished it.

## FATHER KNOWS BEST

• American men who wish to regain their "rightful place as head of the family" have formed a "Society for the Emancipation of the American Male."



When men rebel and lay a claim To reassert their station

The move deserves a special name, To wit: HE-MAN-CIPATION

— Dorothy Drain

### Taking the medicine

WHEN I remember the nasty medicines I experienced as a child, I'm thankful that medicines today are so pleasant, sometimes even flavored to suit a child's taste. It's lovely to hear my son thank me for the dose and to see him eagerly gulping it down. All the more reason to keep medicines in a safe place, though.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Symons, Essendon, Vic.

### Apt retort

HIS aunt asked Johnny what he was going to be when he grew up. Johnny's reply was "A sailor." "And have a girl in every port?" suggested his aunt. "No," said Johnny, "I'm only taking one port and that will have my clothes in it."

\$2 to Mrs. J. Gamble, Cairns, Qld.

### Burn prevention

OF all the recommendations regarding children and burns and scalds, the rule I consider the most important is left out. That is, "Teach children by whatever means possible to keep away from stove and fire." This surely would prevent most accidents.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Philipe, Kungala, N.S.W.

## Heavy tired legs

"I used to suffer a lot with my legs," (writes a young lady), "they felt heavy and bruised easily. I find that Mackenzies Menthoids are very good. I feel much lighter and have more energy, now that the swelling of my legs has disappeared, and I do sleep better."

If you suffer from legs that are heavy and tired, take 2 or 3 Mackenzies Menthoids every evening. They help your kidneys for they are gently diuretic and antiseptic and mildly laxative in order to help keep you in good shape.

Menthoids are a home remedy, with no unpleasant side-effects.

They act like a tonic to help give you renewed energy and vitality. Start a course of Menthoids today to keep in good shape.

**Free** Send a stamped addressed envelope for your Mackenzies Menthoids "Way of Living Chart" to Dept. MA2, Box 31, P.O., Arncliffe, NSW, Aust. 2205.



## Help for sore hands

Look at your hands. Are they being damaged by housework? SOAP and DETERGENTS dry out the natural oils, make hands look wrinkled and sore. SKIN REPAIR will make them soft and smooth—and keep them that way. It heals cracked, dried skin and forms an invisible protective barrier. Use it always to KEEP your hands smooth. Jars 99c, tubes 69c from chemists.



## BLADDER IRRITATION HURTS WOMEN

Simple infections of the urinary tract are very common at all ages, and probably bother twice as many women as men. These infections by irritating the kidneys and bladder may cause frequent burning, itching, urination, thus embarrassing you during the day and disturbing your sleep at night. Secondly, backache and muscular aches and pains may result. For quick, soothing relief of urinary tract symptoms try CYS-EX which has been sold and recommended by registered chemists throughout the free world for 40 years.

## NEW FOR ASTHMA

New Improved American Formula MENDACO works fast to relieve attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Eases wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists.



# DRESS SENSE by BETTY KEEP

● This A-line, step-in coatdress with its standing bias collar is chosen for a young married reader who makes her own clothes.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

*"I have 2½yds. of 54in. wool fabric to make a tailored day dress. Could you provide me with a smart pattern to fit a 32½in. bust?"*

*If there is sufficient fabric, I would like the style to have long sleeves and a stand-up shirt collar."*

The dress illustrated below, right — a semi-fitted A-line, step-in coatdress — can be made from 2½yds. of 54in. fabric. Under the illustration are further details.

*"I have a brown suede outfit of A-line skirt and matching jacket. I don't want to ruin the suit with the wrong accessories. Could you advise me?"*

Make brown the main accessory color. Add a dash of red. For example, brown shoes and

tights in the exact suit shade, a red shirt, and tie-scarf in red and brown. The newest scarf is long and narrow and looks very with it worn tied like a man's tie.

*"I am rather on the big side, size 38in. bust. I love the sweater look, but wondered would a dress be more flattering?"*

In my opinion, a sweater can add pounds to figure proportions. I think a dress with neat uncluttered lines would be more flattering. If you are really keen on a sweaters look, wear a cardigan with a deep neckline and a matching colored skirt.

*"I have an off-white wool frock I wear for the formal occasions in my social life. Should I wear it with white accessories?"*

Copper or chestnut-brown would be newer for shoes and stockings. Add a beige bag and matching wrist-length gloves.

*"I am just over 5ft. tall and am having my first pregnancy. Is it incorrect to wear the above knee-length skirtline? I have been wearing minis for some time."*

You can still wear a short skirt, but don't overdo it — take a good long look at your increasing proportions. As you are short, it would be advisable to avoid cutting your height with any two-colored fashion. I think an Empire-line dress is one of the most flattering lines for maternity clothes — and this silhouette suits the short figure.

*"Could you let me have a basic pattern, with variations, for a shirt-frock in a size 40in. bust?"*

Our pattern department has the shirt-frock you inquired about in 40in. bust size. The dress is belted, has a fitted bodice, front button fastening, and a shaped collar. The pattern includes the design with a full or slim skirt and a choice of sleeve styles — full-length sleeve with cuff, three-quarter sleeve finished with a self-band, short sleeve, or the dress can be sleeveless. To order, quote Vogue pattern 1696, the price 90 cents includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders.



5043. — One-piece dress in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 5043, the price 90c includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Lilac Mist • Arctic Pink • Crystal Silver • Aurora Orange

**CUTEX FROSTED ICE**





## Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Porcelain case and cover

I ENCLOSE a picture (above) of a 14in. vase. Could you tell me the period it was made and any details of it? — E. T. Hering, Geelong, Vic.

Your "vase" is a porcelain case with cover and was made at the Vienna works in Austria about 1870 to 1880.

★ ★ ★

MY vase has embossed flowers on both sides. Yellow roses are seen in the picture (below), and on the reverse side is a contrasting relief of pink chrysanthemums. The vase is about 18in. high and on the base has the number "36 w."

Another much older vase (sketch enclosed but not published) has the brand "Leroliq." It is a deep blue touched with gold, with a floral design on a white inset. Would it be possible from this brief description for you to recognise its origin? — E. N. Smith, Beaumont, S.A.

The floral-encrusted vase is an example of late-Victorian Staffordshire ware and was made about 1885 to 1890.

The vase bearing the brand "Leroliq" stylistically belongs to the last quarter of the 19th century, but the potter's mark does not appear to be recorded.



● Staffordshire vase

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969

FROM THE POLYCOLOR FILES:

## Case History No. 3694

Drab, Fading Hair.



Dear Mrs. Dickson,

Your problem is a common one. After 25, a woman's hair often becomes a little drab... begins to lose its natural gloss and colour.

Maybe even the first signs of grey are beginning to appear.

I suggest you shampoo-in Polycolor, to blend in the grey and bring back the natural colour and shine to your hair.

There are twenty colours to choose from in Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Color. Shampoo-in your own shade, or make a complete colour change. Either way you'll love the results. And because it's a cream there's no mess or fuss with Polycolor.

Polycolor has its own in-built conditioner, too... so apart from the 'lift' new colour will give you, your hair will be gloriously soft and beautiful.

Each application will last you from 6 to 8 shampoos, or a month or more... then all you do is shampoo-in Polycolor again. Simple, isn't it?

*Polly.*



P.S. Feel free to write to me if you have any hair problems at all.

Perhaps you're unhappy with the present colour of your hair. Maybe you're having trouble touching up those greys, or your hair has lost all its life.

It will be my pleasure to answer you personally.

Pauline "Polly" Reynolds,  
c/- Dept. 'C', Box 432,  
G.P.O., Sydney. 2001.  
Or 'phone me 72 0461.



Polycolor Cream  
Hair Color, \$1.50  
Polycolor Cream Shampoo  
Hair Color, \$1.25

OUR family brought a hand-painted plaque from Scotland more than 30 years ago. I enclose a picture (not published). I think it is Delft. Could you tell me what kind of ware it is, and its age? — Miss A. M. Kelly, Wellington, N.Z.

The plaque is a good example of Japanese Kyoto porcelain and was made about 70 years ago.

★ ★ ★

WE have an old soapdish which was found in the sandhills near where the ship "Geltwood" was wrecked in 1867.

The dish is white, with a gold band around the edge of the lid.

The lid has "D 2798" marked inside it.

Can you tell me its age and where it was made? — Bruce J. Towers, Millicent, S.A.

The soapdish, which is probably Staffordshire, bears the London patent mark indicating the design was recorded on May 30, 1877.

★ ★ ★

WOULD you be kind enough to give me some information about a clock which I have heard my father describe as a Queen Anne Bracket Clock and also as the Silver Bell Clock because of its mellow striking bell. The clock (pictured right) has a

domed glass front hinged for winding purposes and a hinged glass panel back door. On the sides are ornamental brass rings and beneath these a metal-type grill covering very old velvet. The wood and ornamental pieces appear to be Spanish mahogany and there is a brass strip around the bottom panel. It also has ball-type brass feet and is in excellent working order. — G. M. Lloyd, Newcastle, N.S.W.

The fine-quality English bracket clock depicted in the photograph was made during the early 19th century—about 1820 to 1830.

● English bracket clock







**So it's winter?**

**They'll never know  
in King Gee Cadets**

The warmest, snuggest, boy-proof trousers ever—that's King Gee Cadets. Styled from hard-wearing, fleecy backed Bradmill Cord. Mercerised and Sanforized. The tapered legs even have extra large hems to allow for lengthening. Cadets have elastic back and extended waistband, with side pockets, and jettied hip and fob. School grey colour. Sizes 22 to 32. Also Junior Cadets in sizes 18 to 24 with full elastic waist and cross pockets and available in warm checked corduroy; colours blue, olive, fawn. Tweeds in grey, brown or olive. Or, if you prefer, blue denim. King Gee Cadets are great for school, great for leisure.

**KING GEE Cadets**

Clothes for the Young Men of the Nation.

KG 339

With mother's loving touch,  
rub in the soothing warmth  
of

**Pulmex CHEST RUB**

for gentle, clearing  
**relief from  
coughs and colds.**



When coughs and throat irritations indicate a cold could be coming, reach for Pulmex chest rub. Gently rub Pulmex on the chest, back and throat. Soon its soothing warmth begins to work. Not the strong, uncomfortable heat that makes a child toss and turn all night, but soothing, gentle warmth to penetrate deeply, helping to clear congested air passages, helping to ease breathing to give sound, restful sleep. With a mother's loving touch, rub in the warming goodness of PULMEX Chest Rub.

from ZYMA of Switzerland

distributed by SERA.

6571 PUL/87

**PULMEX Chest Rub — ONLY FROM CHEMISTS**

# The story of Graeme

By GRAEME'S MOTHER

**I** WOULD like to tell you the story of Graeme in the hope that it might help open the eyes of people to the need of these children, and of their parents.

My husband and I were married six years before our firstborn arrived, and such happiness came with him we could barely wait for the next baby to arrive. So, when two and a half years later Graeme was born, our happiness knew no bounds.

How can one explain the horror, the fears, the agonising heartbreak that then became ours? The sheer misery of the two weeks' stay in hospital when one sees the plump, lovely baby shrivel up into a wrinkled little bundle of humanity?

How can one explain the anxiety when the babe can't suck and loses weight rapidly? And the misery of the first moment when one realises something is wrong, although without any idea what it means or what lies ahead; the kind family doctor who can't bring himself to tell you what is wrong; and the anxious wait to get home to give the baby a mother's love and attention?

Then there is the microphone lovingly put above the cot so that at the faintest cry in the night mother gets up to give what little nourishment he will take; the friends who come to see the new baby, but none ever says, "Isn't he lovely?" (how could they, when one recalls the poor little old man's face—but WE loved him; the love that comes with such a child is truly beyond description).

There is the kind, tender father who walks the floor with the screaming child who can't be pacified and finally has to be laid back in the cot, at last to go to sleep in utter exhaustion; the loving grandmother who, in his early years, is the only one who ever offers to take over his care, while we unwillingly but gratefully hurry off for a badly needed rest.

How can one fully explain the misery of heart, the tears that are shed when, despite all efforts, there is no weight gained, no response at all; the head that seldom stops rolling from side to side in the cot, and the endless humming noise that goes with it; the stuffing of one's ears with cottonwool to try and shut out this noise to get a few hours' sleep?

## Seeking a word of hope

Then comes the endless round of visits to doctors and specialists for some word of hope . . .

No one could describe the horror that has come into our lives. How can we accept it? How can we cope with it? How can we keep the home happy and normal for the sake of the other happy little child? Somehow we battle on, hope never waning.

The problems that arise others could never realise—the little bowel that won't function naturally; the vacant stare that develops, the lolling tongue; the solid food that won't be swallowed, the perseverance with a tiny piece of bread and butter that, as fast as he pushes it out with his tongue, is gently pushed back; and the gradual increase in intake until at last, when he is about three years of age, he eats a whole slice of bread.

Gradually, Graeme begins to respond to treatment. The endless head rolling and humming ceases, he gradually becomes placid and quiet. The tongue is controlled and stays in place.

Could anyone ever really explain the peace of a quiet night's rest at last, the joy when Graeme begins to move about in the safety cot which has been his home for so long?

At last he can be put on the floor to crawl, and oh! the joy of the sweet smile of recognition; and what a victory when the little one first realises what he must do to be toilet trained.

The patience that is needed and the love that is showered upon him I could never have believed possible. Gradually, Graeme responds, till at last he can walk and talk and then, when he is ten, the first retarded school opens in the district.

What joy to have a few hours alone during the day, and how he loves it all! He quickly responds to the patience and dedication of the teachers.

(No praise could be too high for them. He has spent endless hours of enjoyment with his books because a dedicated teacher taught him to read—my everlasting gratitude to Miss O'Hanlon, of Sunnyfield, Manly.)

Unkind, thoughtless stares still follow us as we take

"MY heart was very saddened a few days ago when I opened our local paper and saw a sweet little girl smiling up at me, with her legs in irons and her arms in strappings, and the heading: 'Callously Rebuffed—Aid Denied Handicapped.'"

"On reading further, I discovered that every council other than one in the area had failed to respond to an appeal for funds to build a new school for sub-normal children. The existing school was described as 'a disgrace to the municipality.'"

"I wonder if any of the aldermen involved have any conception of what it is like to be the parent of a handicapped or sub-normal child? I'm sure they have not, or the appeal would have had an immediate response."

"Many councils contribute to pre-school kindergartens, but the urgent need of these poor unfortunate children is denied. Why is it so? Their need is so much greater, but somehow they seem to be looked on as some sort of outcasts."

**A Sydney mother makes a  
plea for better community  
support for the sub-normal.**

him about, but we suffer it to give him pleasure. Pride is forgotten.

A cottage at the beach has to be taken after the other children are back at school so that Graeme can be left in peace from their teasing and pushing as he paddles at the water's edge. But he is happy now and enjoys everything. So the years have gone by.

And now what does the future hold for Graeme? What lies ahead for this child-man of 25 years, who has the dark beard of a strong, virile man (which has to be shaved off his pink, baby face each day) and whose dearest wish is to visit Disneyland?

Graeme is sublimely unconscious of the agony and heartbreak caused by his little life. For the past eight years he has been happily settled in a sheltered workshop at Crowle Home, Ryde, to which he travelled by special bus each day. Then, as the opportunity arose, we felt it was time he made this wonderful place his permanent home.

Crowle, I feel, should be called Happiness Home. I have never heard one cross word spoken by any in attendance, and to see these children at work on open days during Education Week, to see their beaming, happy faces, one would understand why.

How they enjoy the jobs sent to them by factories and firms! If only more employers were aware of the faultless work and untiring effort put into these jobs, I am sure more would consider the sheltered workshop and its busy little workers.

Graeme tests pulsators for washing-machines with a micrometer, and he and his offside never fail to find faulty ones and put them in the reject box. He is so conscious of rejects that I've heard him say, while enjoying a bunch of grapes and putting a bad one aside, "That's a reject, Mummy."

Graeme also cleans wool for the CSIRO, picking out the burrs with such patience that it is a pleasure to watch him.

## Happy to get back to the Home

He actually condescends to come home occasionally, sparing us a couple of days at Christmas (but how bored he soon becomes!), a night for a birthday dinner (he has another one at Crowle), or for a visit when his much-loved Auntie Elaine is with us.

But when the occasion is over he anxiously starts looking at his watch for the time to go back "to be with the boys."

On arrival at Crowle, out of the car he hops and takes off like a rocket. One minute he's there, the next he has vanished—no thought of a goodbye kiss for Mother or Dad! He's back home and anxious to get back into the swing of things.

The ever-smiling Nurse-Mother (one to ten children) is waiting to attend to all their needs as they prepare for the nightly bath. How they enjoy it all.

Surely all severely handicapped children have the right to similar happiness. They appeal to the councils and to the community in general to make it so.



# Among the gardens of suburbia

**W**HAT do garden-lovers like doing next best to gardening? Why, looking at other people's gardens, I'm sure — and I am one who got paid for doing it.

"It happened when the boys took a holiday job delivering publicity leaflets for a big plant nursery. The end of the holidays found them comparatively wealthy, if footsore, with thousands of leaflets undelivered.

"Just then I was asked to organise a garden stall for the church fete. There was no time to grow plants that would sell even for five cents — but I could get three cents for every envelope I delivered to a lovely garden! I set off on my travels." — J.M.R.

**M**OST gardens, I found, are a glorious mixture of plants, with every here and there the garden of a specialist. Sometimes it was roses or azaleas, cacti or conifers, annuals or rocks.

There were gardens of lawns and sunshine, of shade and fern, and sad gardens of compulsion, where people obviously only gardened because they had to, or what would the neighbors say!

I revelled in the scent of wisteria, of stocks and wattle, of frangipani, and heaped gum leaves burning in the gutter.

It was summer, and I often began my rounds before 6 a.m., with the dew and the morning paper still on the grass, the milkmen clanking, and birds in full voice — whipbirds, magpies, turtle doves, bulbuls, blue wrens, currawongs.

What a wonderful time of day to be enjoying gardens, when most people were still clutching at the last shreds of the night's sleep!

## The ivy-twining-up-the-wrought-iron letter-boxes; and the finger-pinchers

I could almost set myself up as a connoisseur of letter-boxes. They ranged from barrels to biscuit tins, from sandstone slabs to creations of wood, beaten copper, stainless steel, and glass.

Finger-pinchers were common — brass plates with sprung flaps over their apertures, set in gateposts or walls.

In the mountain-goat country, some letter-boxes had glass panels so that, by using her opera glasses, the lady of the house could see whether it was worth while trotting down all those steps to street level when the postie whistled.

One popular letter-box, with frilly, white-painted lid, and often with ivy trailing up its wrought-iron post, looked charming. But the frilly lid opened to disclose a locked lid, with a narrow slot right up against the back of the box, rather like one of those psychological tests for co-ordination and manual dexterity.

Each letter had to be put in individually. These people must never receive magazines, or stock-exchange gazettes, or even large Christmas cards.

In some of my most profitable areas (lots of new houses close together) letter-boxes were sometimes still sitting beside posts or on rocks waiting to be fixed.

Horror, then unseemly mirth, one day when, on pushing a letter into a box I sent it rolling and bouncing down the rocks 20ft. into the garden below!

I hate to have to say so, but in some of the most elegant suburbs and in front of some of the most elegant

A lighthearted look at gardens, letter-boxes, dogs, and houses in some of Sydney's leafy northern suburbs.

homes and gardens, the letter-boxes were a disgrace — rusty, broken-hinged, with peeling paint and warped boards.

Of course, there were letter-boxes designed with the same loving care and artistry as the houses they served, but most appreciated were those, whatever their designs, which had wide slots into which I could flip a letter without wasting time.

In the older suburbs it was often hard to find house names and numbers, even hard sometimes to find the letter-boxes in the shrubbery.

The newer homes had clearly marked numbers, and often the name of the owner as a house name: "The Donovans," "The Macs," "The Thistlethwaites."

I passed "Blue Gums" and "Red Gums," and "Tree Tops," "Shady Acres" and "Green Acres," "Windy Ridge," "Bracken Cottage," "Friendship," "Tranquillity" (at the tree-hung end of a dead-end street), and "Woorigoleen."

I longed to go in and ask the lady of the house whether she were an ex-Wraaf with nostalgic memories of our old wartime barracks in "Woorigoleen," one of the stately homes of Toorak?

## Some of the dogs just wanted to come along for the walk

Dogs and posties are supposed to be natural enemies. As an amateur postie, I found dogs barked ferociously only when startled by my sudden appearance. If I stood quite still and let them sniff the smell of my own dogs on me, meanwhile talking soothing nonsense: "Poor old boy, did I frighten you? Come and have a sniff, it's all right, now go home," they usually did just that.

Just a few had the low growl, rising hackles, and wild eyes which persuaded me to deny the benefits of my leaflet to the home they guarded.

Some dogs regarded me as someone to go for a walk with, and gambolled along beside me for blocks. The only dog to come to grips with me was a nasty little beast, who darted out of a driveway one evening, grabbed the back of my leg, then darted back again without a sound.

How sorry I felt for owners of some lovely gardens in hilly suburbs where the garden above them was thick with onion weed and oxalis. I thought of all those seeds and bullets floating down with every storm to take root in the carefully nurtured lawns and flowerbeds below.

And the gardens where neighbors had planted willow trees, camphor laurels, or lombardy poplars along the fence — all those scavenging, far-ranging roots and suckers to reach into the adjoining cherished garden in search of moisture and manure.

## Temptations for a keen gardener to crush a snail, or take a cutting

There were temptations for a gardener on my walk. Temptation to snip a cutting from an overhanging fuchsia or geranium, or a trailer of ivy from one growing, as regularly as a horticultural cliché, up the post holding the letter-box.

There was the temptation to enjoy the scent of a flower, to pick and crunch underfoot the fat snail on the dahlia, to pull out the staggy weed spoiling a footpath garden.

In the early morning there was the housewifely temptation to shade the milk bottles left unprotected from dogs and currawongs and sunshine on so many front lawns and fences. (Sun spoils the milk.)

Finally, there was the temptation to go in to some of the homes to ask the names of unusual and beautiful trees and shrubs, or even to thank the gardeners for the beauty they had worked so hard to attain.

The campaign was a great success. I lost weight and felt marvellous for all my walking. I raised enough money for my plant stall at the fete, and enough people turned up at the nursery, waving their little leaflets and demanding plants and attention to make the nursery people feel it was worth while.

Alas, the boys are broke again, and I heard one say to the other: "We'd better deliver the rest of these letters quickly or Mum will get them!" How I miss the excuse to go looking at other people's gardens!

# woman on wheels



with Jane Cameron

**H**ello again. To show we're not afraid to laugh at ourselves occasionally, I must tell you of something that happened in Melbourne recently.

There she was, at the wheel of her shiny new car, about to make a right turn at one of the city's busiest intersections.

However, to let an oncoming car through, she stopped rather abruptly. The man behind wasn't quite as quick. With bumpers locked, the fuming male jumped out of his car and strode forward to state his views on women drivers. Again, he wasn't quick enough, for, with a flash of her indicator, she was around the corner and up the street, still towing his car behind her.

She left the stranded motorist in the middle of King Street!

## Did you know . . .

That, in 1968 among fatal accidents attributed to vehicle defects the greatest number were due to tyre blowout?

Defective brakes came a close second.

## Take the hint . . .

Ask any woman to turn out her handbag and you're likely to find anything from a lipstick to last month's shopping list.

The same goes for glove boxes. However, there are some things no glove box should be without.

Besides a first aid kit (I'll be talking more about that later) and a street directory, you should have a pencil, a couple of safety pins, a small packet of tissues, a supply of peppermints, a notebook and a small torch.

## Amoco Courtesy Award . . .

As I promised in my last column, I've been on the look out for examples of good driving by women motorists.

Recently on a wet windy day in Ballarat, Vic., I observed a woman motorist waiting sensibly for an opportunity to make a right turn at the intersection of Sturt and Peel Sts.

Just as there was a break in the oncoming traffic, an impatient male motorist cut across her from the left.

Fortunately for him, she was a courteous driver and gave way, thereby avoiding a possible accident. Her registration number?

**JAF 206**

If she would like to write to me, I shall be delighted to send her a letter entitling her to 24 gallons of Amoco final-filtered petrol at the Amoco Service Station of her choice.

## Sheepskin . . . It's a natural

If the London-Sydney Marathon proved one thing to the ordinary motorist it was that the most comfortable seats for both extremes of climate are made from natural sheepskin.

I was at Warwick Farm when the competitors arrived... and every car I saw had them.

Imagine the Australian sheepskin we could export if they became standard trim for all makes of cars!

If you have a problem to discuss... or an experience you'd like to share... I'm waiting to hear it. Keep those letters coming in to me at Amoco P.O. Box 32, Edgecliff, N.S.W. 2027.

Jane Cameron





They had planned their life to a pattern and resented any suggestion of change

## MOVING ON

By JANE RULE



Celia put down her book and looked out at the skyscape through the plane window. Beside her, Frank went on reading. She admired his ability to stay in whatever moment it was; he always used time. Celia was not inefficient, but she had a bad habit of anticipating difficulties. If imagining the worst prepared her to deal with it, she would not have been self-critical.

But now, for instance, at the end of their six-week holiday in Europe, instead of savoring these last hours she rehearsed their arrival home. What she should think of was the pleasure she would have at being back in her own living-room again, so comfortably personal after weeks of lobbies and waiting-rooms and other people's houses.

Celia and Frank had been both lucky and careful. When they married, each had had an impressively responsible savings account and a few pieces of good furniture. Frank's library had covered most of the walls of his apartment; Celia had a small but very good collection of paintings. Still, they waited five years to buy the house they really wanted — an old house, but not a barn of a place, as so many were.

This one originally had been a three-room farmhouse built around a central fireplace, responsibly tended but not added to until about twenty years ago, when an architect with both respect for the past and good taste of his own had made it into a three-bedroom house. In the year Celia and Frank had lived there they finished the work the architect had begun, a long, slow, companionable job of stripping away years of paint and paper to restore the original rooms.

And they had chosen carefully among antiques, not to reproduce the interior of an old farmhouse but to be at home with the past as they felt. They had worked hard in the large garden, too, so that among the new prize dahlias and irises and lilies there were old-fashioned flowers, nearly always smaller-bloomed and less certainly shaped, memories of a great-grandparent's garden.

Unlike most of their friends, Celia and Frank had no intention of moving on. Frank's work could take him all over the world on quick trips, but he would always be based at the central office, and Celia had no ambition beyond the job she already had as a design consultant for a magazine. In fact, before too long she would think of giving up her job to have children — two children, who would come home from the hospital to the house they would grow up in.

Another year, perhaps — Frank hoped she'd go with him to South America next spring. They knew several couples in England who had waited for children until they were both financially and emotionally ready for them.

Celia felt the defensiveness that had grown in her during the six years of her marriage. All the remarks people made about the fact that she and Frank had not started a family. She didn't defend herself, she didn't explain, but she could have been eloquent.

She had listened carefully when Frank told her about the Syers. Peter Syer was one of the bright young men in the company, married, with a five-year-old son. He had told Frank he was determined to do just what Frank and Celia had done, wait until he could afford the kind of house that would be home; but it was hard, since there was already the child, and his wife didn't work. Apartment living wasn't good for any of them. "It's pretty early in the spring to leave the house empty," Frank had said carefully.

Then he admitted he had never met Peter's wife or the child. Two days later he talked with mutual friends who assured him that the Syers didn't throw things at each other, didn't give drunken parties, and that their son was very well behaved. He had to be, and so did they, cooped up in an apartment in the city. "They'd be doing us a favor," Frank said, "and I'd feel selfish not to suggest it."

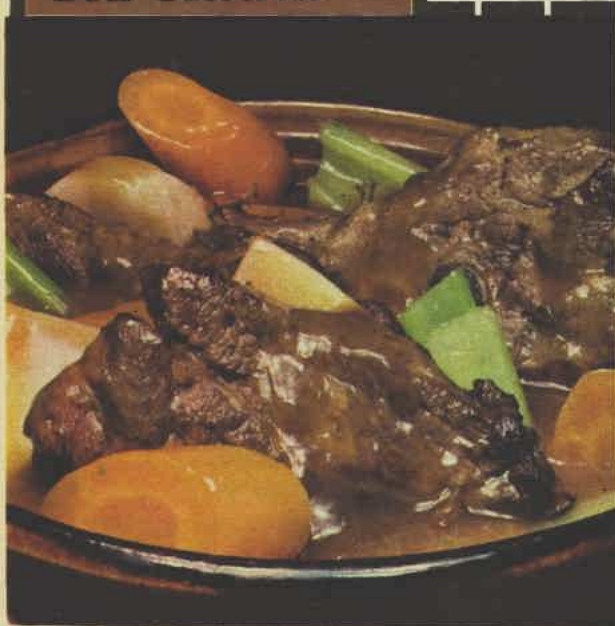
Celia couldn't protest, as she wanted to. And she couldn't say she didn't want strangers in the house they had waited so long for and worked so hard to make their own. She knew the old house couldn't stay alive if they welcomed only friendly ghosts.

Actually, once Celia had got

## MAGGI Stock Cubes add extra meat power and boost the flavour and richness of your stews and casseroles.

Maggi Meatpower is more than flavour. It's the richness and goodness of fine meats . . . the "something extra" that makes meat dishes sing. When you crumble Maggi Stock Cubes into stews, casseroles, soups — any meat dish — you're giving a big lift to the flavour and richness. You're adding extra Meatpower.

### Beef Casserole



#### COUNTRY CASSEROLE.

2 lb. best-end neck chops; ½ tsp. salt; 5 small onions; 1 clove garlic, crushed (optional); 3 tbsp. butter; 3 tbsp. flour; 1 pint warm water; 3 MAGGI BEEF STOCK CUBES; ¼ cup tomato sauce; 4 medium potatoes, cut into ¾" slices; 2 carrots, sliced; 2 sticks celery, chopped; 1 bayleaf; finely chopped parsley.

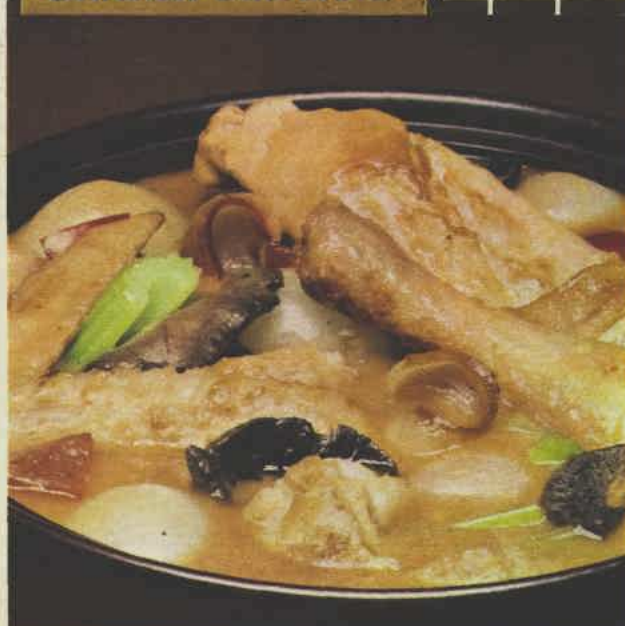
METHOD:—Season chops with salt and fry with 1 sliced onion and crushed

garlic until browned on both sides. Drain. Place meat into casserole. Add butter to pan, melt, then stir in flour. Cook for 1 minute. Gradually add water, stirring continuously. Crumble in Maggi Beef Stock Cubes and add tomato sauce. Place potatoes, carrots, celery, remaining onions and bayleaf into casserole. Pour gravy over casserole. Cover and cook in moderate oven for 2 hours. Garnish with finely chopped parsley. SERVES 6.

### MAGGI BEEF STOCK CUBES



### Chicken Casserole



#### CHICKEN 'N WINE CASSEROLE.

1 oz. butter; 1 tbsp. oil; 1 x 2½ lb. chicken, cut into serving pieces; 4 rashers bacon, diced; 8 small white onions; ¼ lb. mushrooms, halved; 1 clove garlic, crushed; 1 red capsicum, diced; 1 bayleaf; 2 tbsp. flour; ½ tsp. salt; ¼ tsp. pepper—combined; ¼ pint dry white wine; 3 MAGGI CHICKEN STOCK CUBES, ½ pint water—combined.

METHOD:—Heat butter and oil in pan. Add chicken and bacon. Brown well. Transfer to casserole. Add onion, mushrooms, garlic and capsicum to pan, fry until tender. Drain, add to casserole. Add bayleaf. Blend flour and seasonings into combined liquids, pour over casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven until chicken is tender—approx. 1½-2 hrs. SERVES 4-5.

### MAGGI CHICKEN STOCK CUBES



Large family? Big party? You can get Maggi Chicken and Beef Stock in the generous tablet size too.



At **MAGGI** we really care



over the irritation of having to get the house ready for the Syers and was packing the suitcases for their own trip, she had begun to feel glad of Frank's generosity. It was increasingly difficult to share either the excitement of anticipation or memories of a trip after it was over with friends who were preoccupied with heavy mortgage payments, children's doctors' bills, and irresponsible baby-sitters. Celia had even begun to feel twinges of guilt. This time, at least, they were not only going to enjoy themselves but also help out a couple Celia didn't even know.

Now, staring out the plane window, Celia saw neither the grand space of sky nor, in her imagination, the welcoming space of her own living-room. Instead, she saw the wreckage of all she and Frank had done in the past year, for it suddenly seemed obvious to her what had happened to the Syers, let out of the prison of a small apartment. Take the lid off confined frustration and it would blow as surely as a pressure-cooker.

Celia saw the explosion: windows shattering, cupboard doors jarred open, crockery flying, while out in the garden a hysterical five-year-old yanked off the heads of daffodils or in his room drew crude pictures on the wallpaper.

In the middle of this vision, Celia felt her hand taken. She turned to Frank, who did not look up from his book, but kept her hand in his. Did he know how stupidly anxious she was feeling? Probably. And he would also know that there was no point in talking about it. She was not ready to laugh about it yet.

Frank didn't mention the house until they were in the taxi on their way from the local railway station.

"There's bound to be some wear and tear," he said, "particularly with a little fellow."

"You're worried, too," Celia said, relieved in the knowledge.

"Not really. Not very."

They stood together on the front porch, sharing a guilty nervousness, while Frank turned the key in the lock. Finally, they stepped into the front hall, where all they saw were several piles of mail and a rather inept but cheerful bouquet of flowers on the hall table. Frank swung the suitcases up to the first landing of the stairs and then came down again.

"Let's inspect together," he suggested.

The living-room looked reassuringly familiar. Frank's favorite chair had been turned too much toward the fire, there were strange magazines on the coffee table and perhaps the worn patch in the oriental rug was a little more worn. Celia did not pick up the magazines. Frank did not turn the chair.

In the dining-room there was a plate on the buffet that belonged in the cabinet and there was a faint heat circle on the surface of the dining-room table — nothing serious, really, and neither of them smoothed a hand over it. The counters in the kitchen were a bit grubby in the corners, but Celia knew she was obsessive about that. More unreasonably unnerving were the three small boxes of dry cereal on the kitchen table.

Neither Celia nor Frank ever ate cereal. In the library, cigarette butts had been emptied over a freshly laid fire, and on the lower shelf of the book table there was an inexpensive child's picture book, the kind Celia had seen in supermarkets. She did not see Frank's favorite ashtray, but perhaps it had been put away somewhere.

She had to be reasonable; she

knew that. In the hall again, Frank went before her, carrying the suitcases. The room at the top of the stairs looked peculiar only because they had agreed to use it for storing extra clothes. It was in the child's room that first Celia and then Frank saw what they had been looking for. Not on a wall but on the white windowsill there was a clear, green-crayoned message.

"I loVE thiS ruMm. maRK."

This time Frank went over to the damage and rubbed his hand over it. He put his thumbnail very carefully under the bottom of the final K and flaked off its longer leg.

"It will come right off," he said.

"Yes," Celia said, looking down at it. "He liked it."

"I guess he did," Frank said.

In their own bedroom, serene as it always was, there was another, almost comic, arrangement of flowers wedged into a small-necked vase, the kind of bouquet a child would pick, and beside it was an envelope. Frank picked it up and opened it. For a moment he read silently.

"They say they hope we won't mind their not washing off Mark's message — it is washable crayon. 'We love this room, too,' it says. 'We're convinced all over again that a place like this is worth waiting for. Thanks.'"

"I hope they don't have to wait much longer," Celia said,

looking at the choked bouquet and liking it more all the time.

The next day Frank took the heat circle off the dining-room table while Celia scrubbed the corners of the kitchen counters. They turned Frank's chair round and found his ashtray in a cupboard. Celia threw out the magazines, but she began to collect the things Mark had left behind: the book, a small plastic warship she found behind the soap in the upstairs bathroom, a ball she found in the garden, a pile of bright pebbles by the basement door.

For several weeks both she and Frank kept discovering such small signs of the recent presence of a child: seven dried-up raisins in

the drawer of the night table, a dirt fort and a tunnel by the compost heap, a small sock in the washing-machine, the wheel of a toy car among the kitchen spoons.

When days began to pass without new discoveries, there was still the message on the windowsill, which neither Frank nor Celia had got around to washing off.

One night about a month after they had come home, Celia asked Frank, "Do you really want me to go to South America with you next spring?"

"Only if there's nothing else you'd rather do," he said.

"There is," Celia said. "There's one thing I'd much rather do."

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## Peek Frean's Golden Puff Pastry



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**Rarebit Rave:** Heat Golden Puffs in the oven. Split or leave whole. Pour Welsh Rarebit or melted cheese over them and top with finely chopped brown onion. Serve hot with dill pickle or gherkin.



**Potato Puff:** Just about everybody loves potato salad. Next time you make it, heap lots of it on top of a Golden Puff. Add a decorative sprig of parsley, then stand back and wait for the rush.



**Vanilla Verve:** A new way to bring an old favourite up-to-date. Take a Golden Puff and fill with custard. Top with your favourite icing and sprinkle with coconut. It's a vanilla slice with lots of verve.



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**Seafood del sol:** Mix prawns, crab or lobster with tomato sauce and spread on Golden Puffs. Top with a mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley. Serve hot as a savoury supper or cold as a picnic snack.



**Picnic Caper:** This time we'll use anchovy fillets. Chop them finely and mix with cream cheese. Slice Golden Puff and fill generously. Place a whole anchovy across the top and spice it up with a couple of capers. Who's for a picnic?



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# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Do you, shopping with your teenage daughter, find that the expedition, far from being any fun for you, turns into a long wrangle? Does everything your eye lights on as seemly, decent, attractive, and practical turn out to be something your daughter wouldn't be seen dead in? Of course it does. The question is, who wins?

A NEW angle on this problem comes from a reader who sells clothes for women and girls in one of this country's most popular holiday spots. As she's a mother herself she knows both sides of the problem. Her feelings are STRONG. I'm not sure that I agree with them, but maybe you do. She writes:

"It is high time the mothers put their feet down. Teenagers have no taste, they don't know what to wear and what not to, and they put their mothers through

endless arguments in shops over the more sensible and longer-lasting things.

"I do not sell very brief bikinis. A one-piece suit or a nice two-piece are my best lines with sensible teenagers and young marrieds, but day after day there is a 12- or 14-year-old saying, 'I won't wear it,' and poor Mum and Dad (who could stand united on their holiday shopping tour) saying *nothing*.

"Usually, Mum sadly ends up with, 'Oh, well, if she won't wear it . . . There's the same trouble with slacks. The kids ask for 'baggies' and 'flares.' Only a few are

made, in a couple of sizes, but Mum has no chance of talking her into a smart pair of slacks which could do for the next year as well.

"Teenagers look awful, sound awful, and have no taste. Mothers need to put their feet down in the mass. They are floundering badly in today's world of revolting, rioting, untidy teenagers, and they need to take a firm stand."

I know what she means. What I'm not sure about is whether the proper solution is a firm stand, or whether there isn't perhaps room for a bit of give-and-take here.

In this household we've been, and are going, through the lot. We've had the black-socking look, the I've-just-got-up-out-of-a-ditch look, the corpse-look, plus bermuda shorts (the most erk-worthy of all time in my book), 18-inch waists, those awful garments where the skirts begin somewhere just below the armpits, and minis and maxies and messes of various sorts. We have also had arguments on a grand, a massive, a monumental scale.

Two things, I think, are worth consideration.

The first is that there is precious little real individuality in the average early teens. They are obsessed with conformity. What the other kids are wearing is what they want, whether it suits them or not; the hairstyle that's in is the hairstyle for them, whether or not Providence happens to have given them the right sort of face to wear underneath it.

The second thing worth remembering is that the fact that one is old enough to be shopping with and for teenage children is not necessarily a guarantee that one's own taste and fashion sense are faultless.

## Some of your dressing may not please them too well

THE areas where I think there's lots of room for give and take are two—in matters of budgets and of manners.

Let's take the matter of manners first. If you're fairly easygoing about what they choose to wear on their occasions, it's reasonable to expect them to come a bit your way when the occasion is yours—when your rather critical mother-in-law is coming to dinner, when an old friend you haven't seen for years is coming to get his or her first look at those offspring you've boasted so much about in letters.

If you don't want them looking like something left unsold on a witches' white elephant stall, then you can expect them to wear something you don't find offensive.

That's the take side. What about the give? If you're a couple of feet across the beam they may hate you bouncing round in stretch slacks when their friends come; or, even more likely, they may prefer you in casual clothes and hate you to be tizzed up in a twinset and pearls when they bring in a bunch of 14-year-olds to listen to records. Compromise over that gorgeous new hat of yours that they loathe and despise and don't wear it to some school function where everybody (i.e., all the other 13-year-olds) will laugh at it, and you can expect some amiable compromise from them over your pet hates.

We are talking about teenagers of such tender years that Mum and Dad still control the purse-strings. If you play it fair, the budget is still your strongest argument, and only the most ruinously spoilt teenagers can't face the hard economic facts.

If they ARE ruinously spoilt you must have done the spoiling, and you've got an uphill battle ahead that you won't have time to win before they're out of their teens.

## Be fair and above-board if you exercise the economic veto

THE budget argument should be used with scrupulous fairness. Most family budgets won't run to a wholesale refurbishing of teenage wardrobes every time some gimmicky new idea comes in, and most teenagers take that to be a normal part of the scene.

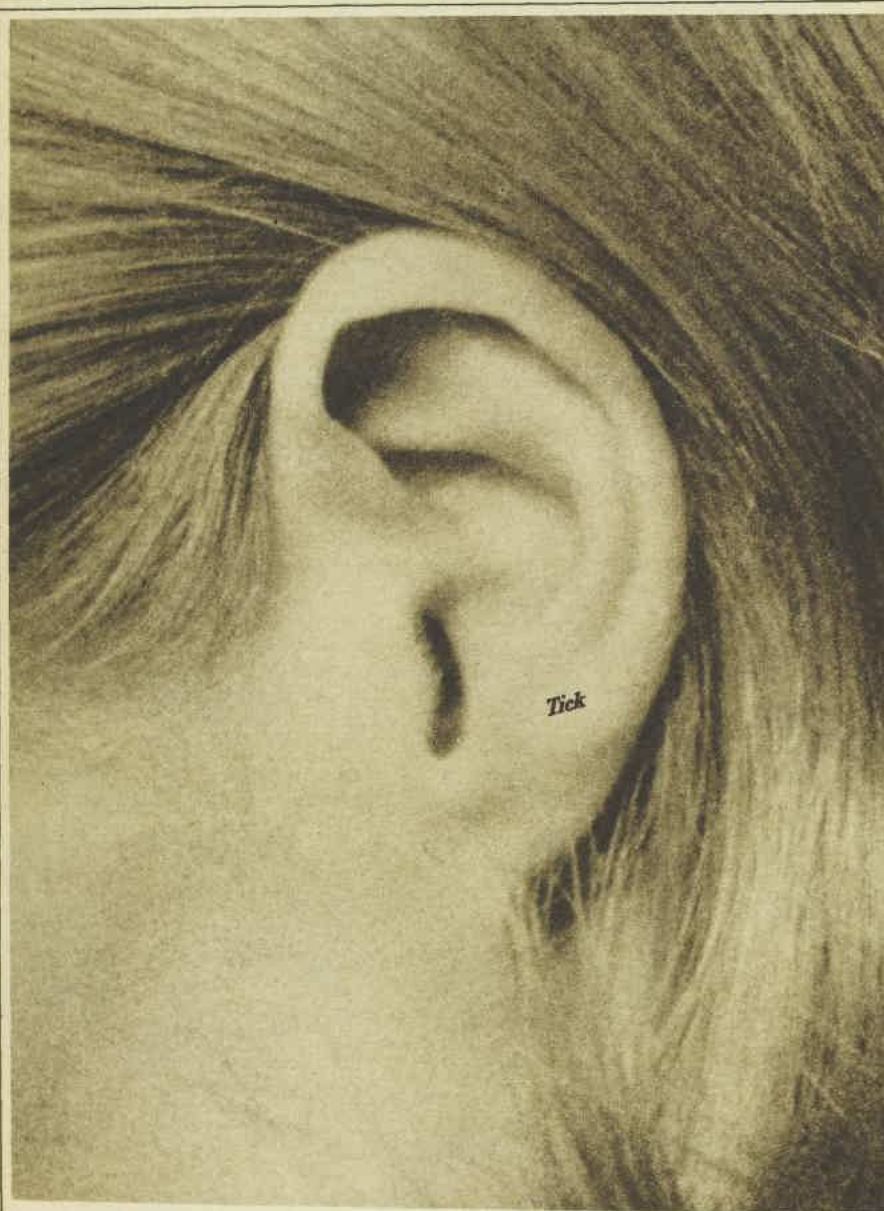
If you're going to go out on a limb and use tightened purse-strings to prevent your child wearing something you think is unsuitable, hideous, ghastly, and too way-out for them, be honest and say so. It won't be a popular ploy, but I guess it's legitimate. Having vetoed garment A, make it clear that they've either got to settle for garment B or else go on wearing the gear you've already bought them.

If your child says she won't wear garment B, don't be an idiot and buy it in the hope of talking her round. You will have wasted your money and, even worse, set up a source of mutual irritation that will last for six months.

Having vetoed A and had B rejected out of hand, forget the whole thing and see what develops. She may change her mind. You may change your mind. She may decide she'll get some babysitting and earn the money to buy garment A herself.

The last solution will be good for her soul and, cheer up, by the time the money's earned A will be old-hat and you may even thoroughly approve of what supersedes it.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969

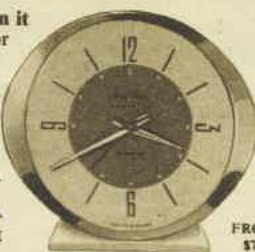


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# The awful ten days

What would the X-ray show? A Sydney reader mentally bequeathed her small treasures to relatives as she waited to hear the worst.

I SUPPOSE I ought to join a health scheme some day, I thought. But, having reached the age of 50 without having had an ailment, it could be sheer waste of money.

True, I sometimes had a bout of indigestion, but a tablet soon righted that. However, one night I had such severe pain and vomiting that I decided it was time to consult a doctor.

"Tomorrow I'll go. No, that's my golf day. I'll make it the day after."

The doctor was kind. She thought it was something that medication could relieve, but advised an X-ray to make sure.

So, after a period of fasting, I found myself at a hospital for a reason other than visiting.

I thought it would be a momentary affair — on-off — but it was a thorough ritual, long and exhaustive, and, as I was dressing, I began to worry.

"Why did they X-ray me all over? Do they suspect something really serious?"

The result would be back in ten days, and my doctor would let me know the verdict.

I hunted among my papers for a little booklet I was once handed on cancer detection—breast cancer, lung, stomach. Oesophagus—that's it!

As I read I grew sick with fear. Symptoms: Pain, vomiting—food cannot reach the stomach.

I was only 50. Lots of things yet I wanted to do. Thank God it was I, unmarried, and with no ties, and not one of my four beloved sisters with homes and families.

But what a prospect! A gradual decline; savings going, and no health scheme to help.

I had a fair bank balance, but

that was to buy my little home on the mountains—a place of my own, after years of teaching and living in other people's houses. And now it might never be.

I hadn't even made a will. There would be little enough

money to leave when it was All Over.

My sister Helen could have my pearls, Ossie my watch, Ruth my ring. I went through the names of my loved ones, matching them up with my few trinkets.

At the weekend I was going away to a holiday resort with a dear friend—but I must not breathe a word to anyone, yet.

I wondered if she would notice any difference in my behaviour. It was hard to feel in a holiday mood, and, certainly, my golf was erratic.

I didn't enjoy it, but later came a letter from her saying what a happy time she had had.

The days dragged on. I faced my class of little children each day, and tried to be more loving and kind. How long, I wondered, before I would have to give it up?

On the tenth day, I rang my

doctor. "Sorry, it's the doctor's day off. Ring tomorrow."

I rang tomorrow. The doctor herself answered the telephone, and my hands were trembling as I held the receiver.

"Oh, yes, the result of the X-ray. Well, something definitely shows up. A hernia hiatus."

"Not cancer?"

"Oh, no."

"No surgery?"

"Not necessarily. Just watch your diet carefully."

I came back to life again with deep gratitude and relief, and a new understanding of suffering, for I had suffered myself.

## Re-discover a new excitement for your face. Your eyes.

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## Eye Make-Up by Helena Rubinstein



## Please don't pick the mushrooms!

"It looks as if we'll be having baked beans for tea tonight," says country reader SANDRA LAVELL. "I've just been beaten to the mushrooms again!"

JUST a small protest about that seasonal nuisance, The Mushroomer. They come in early autumn—not the mushrooms, but those pests who gather them.

Driven on by the strange idea that mushrooms growing on private property are theirs for the taking, they come in carloads.

They leave gates open, climb under, over, and through fences, and then proceed to swarm over paddocks, taking every mushroom from the tiniest "buttons" to the big old black ones. Everything goes into their dishes, buckets, even four-gallon drums.

Mushroomers never ask permission, but consider it their privilege to plunder this crop. Sometimes I wonder what these same people would say if we went into their gardens to gather a few roses, to pick fruit, and to let our kids generally run wild. Well, why not? Fair's fair!



Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein, Inc. 1968





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## HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

● Useful and economical hints from readers give tips for sewing, knitting, cooking. Each hint wins \$2.

**D**ON'T discard the leotards and pantie hose that young girls so quickly outgrow. Cut off feet of stockings at ankle and machine a double hem at raw edge. Teamed with socks of a matching color, they will give another season's wear.—D. J. White, 86 Corlette St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300.

If your needle breaks when you are knitting and you have no replacement, use a pencil sharpener to put a new smooth point on the needle.—Mrs. C. Hagarty, P.O. Box 210, Longreach, Qld. 4730.

Vinegar left over from pickled onions can be used as a substitute in some recipes that include plain vinegar. Add it to water, with brown sugar and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, to cook corned beef—no other spices are necessary. It can also be added to cooked, sliced beetroot, mint sauce, and mayonnaise.—Mrs. D. Ross, 8 Baulderstone Place, Linden Park, S.A. 5065.

Gloves in which the leather palms remain sound after the crochet backs have worn out can be renewed by unpulling the backs and using them as a guide to make new ones in crochet or the fashionable tricot. Use wool or coarse crochet cotton.—Mary G. Egan, "The Crest," Upper Gundowring, Vic. 3691.

I draft my own patterns on newspaper, and when putting them away after use I tie them with a strip of material from the garment just made. It's easy

to identify the pattern when I require it again.—Mrs. E. S. Dray, "Montana," Woolooga, Qld. 4570.

When making ties for aprons or children's frocks, use tweezers to turn the inside out. The job is done in half the time.—Mrs. R. Venables, 19 Princess Rd., Doubleview, W.A. 6018.

White of egg is a good substitute for glue to gum down such things as envelopes, stamps, etc.

After breaking an egg in the kitchen, there is enough white left in the shell for this purpose.—Mrs. H. Couzens, 4 Ocean St., Cronulla, N.S.W. 2230.

Make use of old, worn-out socks by putting them through a hooked piece of wire on the end of an old mop handle. This makes a useful extra mop for the house—ideal for washing verandas, etc.—Mrs. A. J. Knight, "Pian Plain," Merah Nth., N.S.W. 2418.

To dredge meat with seasoned flour, put the meat and flour into a strainer or colander and shake well together. Meat will be covered evenly, without any surplus flour on it.—Mrs. H. L. Fraser, 6A Torrington Rd., Hawthorn East, Vic. 3123.

Use a thicker wool than that in the main body of the garment when knitting Fair-Isle animals or figures in children's clothes. The designs will show up beauti-

fully.—Mrs. A. D. Calder, 60 Lowth St., Rosslea, Hermit Park, Qld. 4812.

To remove chewing-gum from fabrics such as crepe, which will spot or shrink if wet, place an ice-cube in a small plastic bag before applying. The fabric thus will be unmarked, and the extreme coldness of the cube will remove the gum.—Mrs. F. Allwood, Kalgan River, Albany, W.A. 6330.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JULY 1959

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# Let's make a present!

I WAS making my friend Jan a scrapbook of I prints and paintings as a Christmas present. We had tried to buy new ones of paintings she liked in the art gallery, but couldn't, so the scrapbook idea eventuated.

Then I read an article by a psychologist about children contributing to Christmas preparations. I agreed. They get so much at Christmas they are inclined to expect everything for nothing.

*Inexpensive articles can be made by even the youngest child, the article said.*

True. It even gave examples. It is so easy to reel off platitudes, but the writer was a practical man and gave me what I lacked—ideas.

Right! Jamie likes drawing, and Jan likes pictures. No coercion needed, but the result wasn't quite as artistic as I'd pictured. The background paper was too small for the number of colored animals cut out and pasted on, but Jamie had tried and he thought it good. But would Jan?

*Cheap coathangers can be painted, a bow of colored ribbon attached, and a useful gift is made.*

Well! that seems easy enough. What about jam tins painted make excellent potplants. Possibilities here, too.

So, Monday morning, the first day of the holidays when they're full of enthusiasm and bubbling over with wanting to do something, the message was given out: *Wouldn't it be nice to make something for Jan for Christmas! She's been so good to us, bringing books for Colin, and reading stories to Jamie, Andrew, and Robbie.*

So the coathangers were brought out, and the jam tins, and Colin promised to help when he had finished making his gift. He decided to make a teapot stand, and at 9 a.m. went out to begin.

The psychologist had neglected to mention that in the next three hours, while I tried to make beds and wash dishes, interruptions—no, minor catastrophes—would occur.

When the sawing ceased, Colin came in with a square of hardboard with one small hole off centre. I duly admired the evenness of the corners, but was puzzled about the hole. He'd "had to use a corner of the hardboard to get the sides straight, and all the corners had holes in."

"Well, how about making some more holes to form a pattern?"

Right! Three more holes were punched in.

"Can you put it on a stand—small edges of quartering would do?"

Oh, no, he didn't think he could do that. Besides, we didn't have any.

After five minutes' walking round the garden I found a suitable stake holding up a dead hibiscus. But which nails would he use? They were either too long or too short. After a "see what you can find" encouragement, he just happened to find some he didn't know we had.

## The nail missed its mark

The teapot stand came back with two neatly sawn sections underneath, but "would it matter if one nail missed and is alongside the quartering instead of through it?"

Well, it didn't really look the neatest, did it? Would a screwdriver push it out, seeing the hammer he was using didn't have any claw? (The "littlies" had hidden that one.)

He didn't know, but he'd give it a go.

I started the breakfast dishes. Two cups later a beaming smile round the door denoted success. All he had to do was paint it. As we only had yellow enamel there wasn't much choice of color. Thank goodness for one less decision to make!

Halfway through the cutlery, a plaintive voice curled round the door, "Dad put poison in the tin where the brushes are standing to be cleaned. If I touch it, the skin on my hands will go all funny."

Sorry and all that, Dad, but a phone call is on its

It's a good idea to let the children join in making presents for festive occasions, says this Melbourne reader. It stimulates the joys of giving, and keeps them occupied. Just be sure you have plenty of time to spend acting as "consultant," that's all!

way. Rather busy he was, too, but never mind, we couldn't have skin going all funny, could we.

No, the poison had been removed long since, and Colin could proceed.

The cutlery finished and a saucepan being scrubbed, a rather frightened voice called, "Mum, I think there's a redback spider under the tin. You'd better get it."

Quite probable. The tin had been up on that high window ledge out of the littlies' reach for some time. Shakily poised on a chair with a suitable club, I gingerly moved the tin and splatted the spider before waiting to identify it.

Leaving the dishes to drain, I started making the beds.

Into my bedroom came one dried-out yellow enamel tin. I can't ring Dad again to ask him to buy more enamel. We will just have to hope that shiny blue house paint resists heat, too.

Operation teapot stand now concluded, it was time to organise the littlies. Five-year-old Jamie was making two potplants: one for Jan, one for Grandma. The cocoa tin was ready to use, but the jam tin still had the last piece of the lid to remove. (Ever tried cutting off that final bit?) Anyway, Jamie enjoyed bashing in the jagged edges with Colin's hammer.

Next, drainage holes. I could hear Jamie waxing indignant because Colin wouldn't hold the nail while he hammered it. There were three trips in to me before he was satisfied there were exactly the right number of holes. In both tins.

Now for the coathangers. I knew paint would be distributed generously when "they" started, so as it was a warm morning they gleefully stripped down to their underpants.

Colin and I tipped a small quantity of paint into a jar, which we placed on a firm box away from the coathangers. We removed each hook so it wouldn't get painted, and Colin screwed in a small handle which "didn't matter what color it ended up."

We decided that four-year-old Andrew would paint first, as he had just completed a year at kinder and "knew how to paint." Three-year-old Robbie would watch and learn.

## Colorful trails of paint

I must admit Andrew wasn't bad. He didn't always remember to wipe his brush on the side of the jar, and so left a colorful trail to the coathangers, but he didn't get much paint on himself.

I pegged each painted hanger on the clothesline—well away from the clothes, I thought. Pity the wind sprang up a little later. Well, we can always put that end of the sheet at the foot, can't we?

At long last it was Robbie's turn. Flies were the trouble here. They would settle on his face, and he would have to brush them off with his paint hand. So I was called out to keep the flies off Robbie.

I don't really know how it is possible to get paint behind your knees and between your toes, but you can. I know I wipe my sticky hands on my apron, so I can understand why there was blue paint all over his stomach. I suppose we can blame a fly for the dollop behind his ear.

It was after Robbie's effort that Colin announced we had no turps, but assured me we had petrol. Would you believe one teaspoonful?

So when Jamie had painted his two tins Colin went round the corner to the service station for a bottle of petrol. The attendant looked at him and said, "Why didn't you use a brush?"

Poor Colin! It is no small thing to be at the receiving end of the littlies' paintbrushes.

It was lunch-time before the last bed was made, but when the bows of ribbon were added to the coathangers and the ferns planted in the tins there were some mighty proud little boys.

Grandma has told all her friends at bowls of her coathangers and potplant, and Jan understands little boys and thinks her gifts are lovely. So what is one blue lawn and one blue sheet when everyone is happy?

By LORIS ORCHARD

When weathered dryness makes skin look old...



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If unobtainable at your local chemist, department store or beauty salon, you can obtain 2ND DEBUT by sending your name and address with a postal note or cheque to Department WWA, Box 4699, G.P.O., Sydney.

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THE AUSTRALIAN

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Tick items you wish to buy, fill in coupon below, and send this advertisement and cheque or postal order payable to AUSTRALIAN CONSOLIDATED PRESS, to "PRIVILEGE OFFERS," G.P.O. BOX 5252, SYDNEY 2001.

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# *Is your washer modern enough for your family's clothes?*

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## HINTS ON WASHING CLOTHES AND CARE OF EQUIPMENT WIN \$2 EACH

TO coincide with laundry month we're giving you these useful washday hints.

★ ★ ★  
Save time and energy when pegging out clothes by keeping the pegs in an old shoulder-bag. — Mrs. K. Schultz, 2 Hamilton St., Toowoomba, Qld. 4350.

★ ★ ★  
If there isn't a lint filter in your washing machine, place an old nylon stocking over the agitator. This collects lint and keeps it off the articles being washed. — Jenny Stewart, Wickliffe, Vic. 3291.

★ ★ ★  
Dissolve a soap froth build-up in your laundry tub by sprinkling it with Epsom salt. — Mrs. Gail Hill, 2 Lancela Circuit, Orange, N.S.W. 2800.

★ ★ ★  
If you wear a plastic apron on washday, prevent drips running off into your shoes by turning up a hem and only sewing the sides as if you were making a long, shallow pocket. Drips catch in the pocket and your shoes stay dry. — Mrs. J. Elphick, 13 Crown St., Junee, N.S.W. 2593.

★ ★ ★  
If the spin-dryer in your washing machine has clogged from an excess of soap, pour in half a cup of vinegar. This dissolves the soap and the machine will work again. — Miss S. Edwards, P.M.B. 7, Rocky River Service, via Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, S.A. 5223.

★ ★ ★  
Before washing men's shirts and trousers, turn the pockets inside out and brush well with a dry nail brush to remove any dirt sticking in the corners. — Mrs. M. Hill, 17 Lencol St., Mount Gravatt, Brisbane, 4122.

★ ★ ★  
If your laundry trough plug leaks a little, wrap it in a piece of plastic film and push into place firmly. — Mrs. C. G. Williams, 42 Shirley Ave., Punchbowl, N.S.W. 2196.

★ ★ ★  
When it's too windy to peg your nylon stockings out on the line, try pegging them up inside a pyjama leg or shirt sleeve. — Mrs. Joyce Hamilton, 5 Mott St., Wilsonton Heights, Toowoomba, Qld. 4350.

★ ★ ★  
If you button shirt cuffs to the front of the shirt, you will prevent the sleeves becoming tangled round other garments in the washing machine. — Mrs. M. Moreton, 17 Base St., Victoria Point, Qld. 4163.

# MONEY FOR CHARITIES IN OUR 1969 BAKE-OFF



Mrs. Nan McLean (right) and Mrs. Roma Edwards, East Lindfield (N.S.W.) Red Cross, testing recipes for their branch's entry.

OUR 1969 International Butter/White Wings Bake-Off recipe contest includes a special section for charities, with prizes of \$1000, \$500, and \$250 for the best cake recipe entered by a charity.

The section is open to any bona fide fund-raising organisation in any State, and each separate branch of any such organisation may enter one cake recipe. The recipe is to be entered in the name of the branch, not in the name of the person submitting it.

If you are a member of a charity group you may know one woman whose cakes are so good you feel you must enter her recipe in the competition — with her permission, naturally.

Our Bake-Off is sponsored by the Australian Dairy Produce Board and White Wings Ltd., and all cakes entered in the contest must include butter and White Wings plain or self-raising flour.

Entries close on August 15. An entry coupon and details of the other categories in the competition are given on page 74.

All recipes will be judged by international and local judges during Bake-Off Week in Melbourne, which runs from October 21 to 24. The winners' names will be announced at the Bake-Off Awards Dinner at the Southern Cross Hotel in Melbourne on October 27.

Entries in the charities section will not compete with other Bake-Off entries, so entrants in this section are quite free to send in a personal entry in the main competition also, but they must submit a different

### Three big prizes will be awarded in a special cake section open to recipes from charities.

recipe for each section. Even the smallest group could win this competition, so start sending in those recipes.

Some of the larger organisations have circularised their members and already many branches are searching for the best recipe to submit.

Red Cross branches throughout Australia have been invited to each send in an entry.

Miss Margaret Waddell, Vice-Chairman and Honorary Director of Branches for Red Cross in N.S.W., said, "The Pacific Asian theme of the Bake-Off this year is of particular interest to Red Cross in view of the Society's four-year Australian Indonesian Red Cross Friendship Program, which was launched last year by Lady Casey, then National President of Red Cross in Australia."

#### Toured Indonesia

Miss Waddell recently visited Indonesia with a party of 30 Red Cross members from all over Australia, at the invitation of the Indonesian organisation. Members paid their own fares. Tasting Indonesian cooking was one of the highlights of the tour.

In N.S.W., the "Save the Children" fund has circularised all branches with details of the competition, and the Australian council has been notified.

"It's such an excellent

all those committees who are racking their brains for new ways to raise money.

#### Pick-the-Winner

You could charge a small entry fee for recipes, give a small prize, and hold "Guess the Winner" competitions.

Or you could take on a much more ambitious program. Appoint a committee of judges and ask all your members and supporters to send in recipes. Then hold your own cooking contest with supplementary pick-the-winner contests.

Irrespective of these fund-raising activities, the major objective is to select that recipe which will be entered by your charity in our Bake-Off to try for one of the major prizes.

The best cakes from your preliminary judging could be baked for a cake-testing afternoon, for which an entry fee could be charged.

Another way of raising money for your branch is to make up your own cake recipe booklet from branch entries. Even the smallest group could roneo copies of all recipes submitted and sell the "Recipe Book."

If you're going to do this, better make it clear to everyone that the recipes will be published. A member may be prepared to give her grandmother's prized recipe to charity, but not to her next-door neighbor!

These internal contests must not be called Bake-Offs, as this is a State-registered name. However, you may say your contest is "In association with the 1969 Butter/White Wings Bake-Off."

Turn to page 74 for entry coupon and details of all Bake-off sections.



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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

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the iron just glides across!*

*"It's all done with Comfort" said Joan*



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introduced  
her to the  
marvellous  
new fabric  
conditioner



COMFORT SEEMS TO FLUFF-UP THE FIBRES—LIKE A LIQUID COMB! LOOK! EVEN NYLON LOSES THAT CRACKLE AND CLING!





## Cash prizes for confectionery

• Two confectionery recipes win prizes in our cookery contest this week. Main prize of \$10 is awarded for a delicious fudge, crunchy with cashew nuts.

**WINNER** of the \$10 prize, Mrs. Marjorie Burnett, of Queensland, makes wonderful confectionery; readers will remember her recipe for Chocolate Mints which won a prize several years ago and has ever since been a great favorite.

The other confectionery recipe for an uncooked coconut ice wins a \$2 consolation prize; and another \$2 consolation prize has been awarded for a coffee cake.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

### CASHEW NUT FUDGE

1lb. sugar  
1lb. liquid glucose  
4oz. butter  
1 cup buttermilk  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
pinch salt  
5oz. cashew nuts

Place all ingredients except cashew nuts in large saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, cook, stirring continuously until mixture reaches 240deg. F. on sweets thermometer. Remove from heat, add nuts, and beat well until mixture cools slightly and thickens. Turn into well-oiled 8in. square tin. Cool slightly before cutting into small squares, using hot, sharp knife.

For a professional finish, Mrs. Burnett covers mixture with layer of greaseproof paper, then with thick towel. A weight is placed on top of towel and the mixture set aside to cool before cutting into squares.

Wrap each square in cellulose paper, store in airtight tin. Makes approximately 3 dozen.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. Marjorie Burnett, 30 Isobel St., Toowoomba, Qld. 4350.

### UNCOOKED COCONUT ICE

1lb. icing sugar  
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar  
1 egg-white  
3 tablespoons condensed milk  
1 1/2 cups desiccated coconut

Sift together icing sugar and cream of tartar into mixing bowl, stir in coconut. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, add lightly beaten egg-white and milk gradually, working to stiff mixture. Knead well until smooth (if necessary add a little more condensed milk). Divide mixture evenly into two. Roll out one half, press into base of oiled 8in. square tin. Add few drops pink food coloring to remaining half, knead well to blend color. Roll out and place on top of white mixture in tin, press down lightly.

When set, cut into small squares.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. F. White, "Bald Hills" Station, Cobar, N.S.W. 2835.

### DE-LUXE COFFEE CAKE

4oz. butter or substitute  
1 cup sugar  
2 eggs  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 pint cream  
2 cups plain flour  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
pinch salt

#### TOPPING

1/2 cup sugar  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 cup chopped walnuts  
1 cup chopped raisins  
Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at

a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together dry ingredients, add to creamed mixture alternately with cream and vanilla, mix well. Spread half the mixture in base of greased 8in. square cake tin. Combine the sugar, cinnamon, and nuts for topping. Sprinkle half the topping over mixture in tin, cover with raisins. Spoon over remaining cake mixture, sprinkle with remaining topping. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 55 minutes.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Ivelyn, 40 Vista Pde., Belmont, N.S.W. 2280.

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**Pastry**—4 ozs. Tulip, 8 ozs. S.R. Flour, pinch salt. **Filling and Topping**—1 x 30 oz. can Pie Apples, 4-5 cloves, 1 egg white, sugar. **Method Pastry**—1. Sift flour, salt into bowl. Rub in Tulip. 2. Add water to make firm dough. 3. Turn out, knead lightly. 4. Roll out one half to line a greased 9" pie plate. 5. Sweeten apples, fill into pastry, dot with cloves. Wet edge of pastry with water. 6. Roll out remaining pastry, cover apples, flute edge. 7. Bake in mod. hot oven 20 mins., remove from oven, brush top with beaten egg white and sprinkle with about 2 tblsp. castor sugar. 8. Bake till topping is pale golden and crisp; approx. 15 mins.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969



# The Road to Kingswood

By HELEN HUDSON

She objected to the old lady's uninvited visit, but did not realise its dire significance

**Y**OUNG Mrs. Harrington saw her from the kitchen window where she was refinishing the 17th-century cobbler's bench she had bought at the auction in Hartsdale. It had been a beautiful sunny day, with the women in bright stripes and sandals, and some of the smarter ones up from New York were even barefoot with short little shifts that looked like something handed down by growing daughters, but undoubtedly cost a fortune. Mrs. Harrington knew quality. And read the ads.

But what she saw coming up her front walk now, between her lovely pink-and-white syringas, made her frown with distaste: that dreadful greeting-card woman with her red face slightly off centre as if she would like to set it aside for good. She had rung Mrs. Harrington's doorbell many times before, when Mrs. Harrington was just plain Miss Butt, on Myrtle Avenue.

And now here she was way out on Cinnamon Road, which was mostly grass and trees and dogs and station wagons, and had no need of greeting cards; where every day looked like a holiday and a ten-cent card would be lost among the monthly bills.

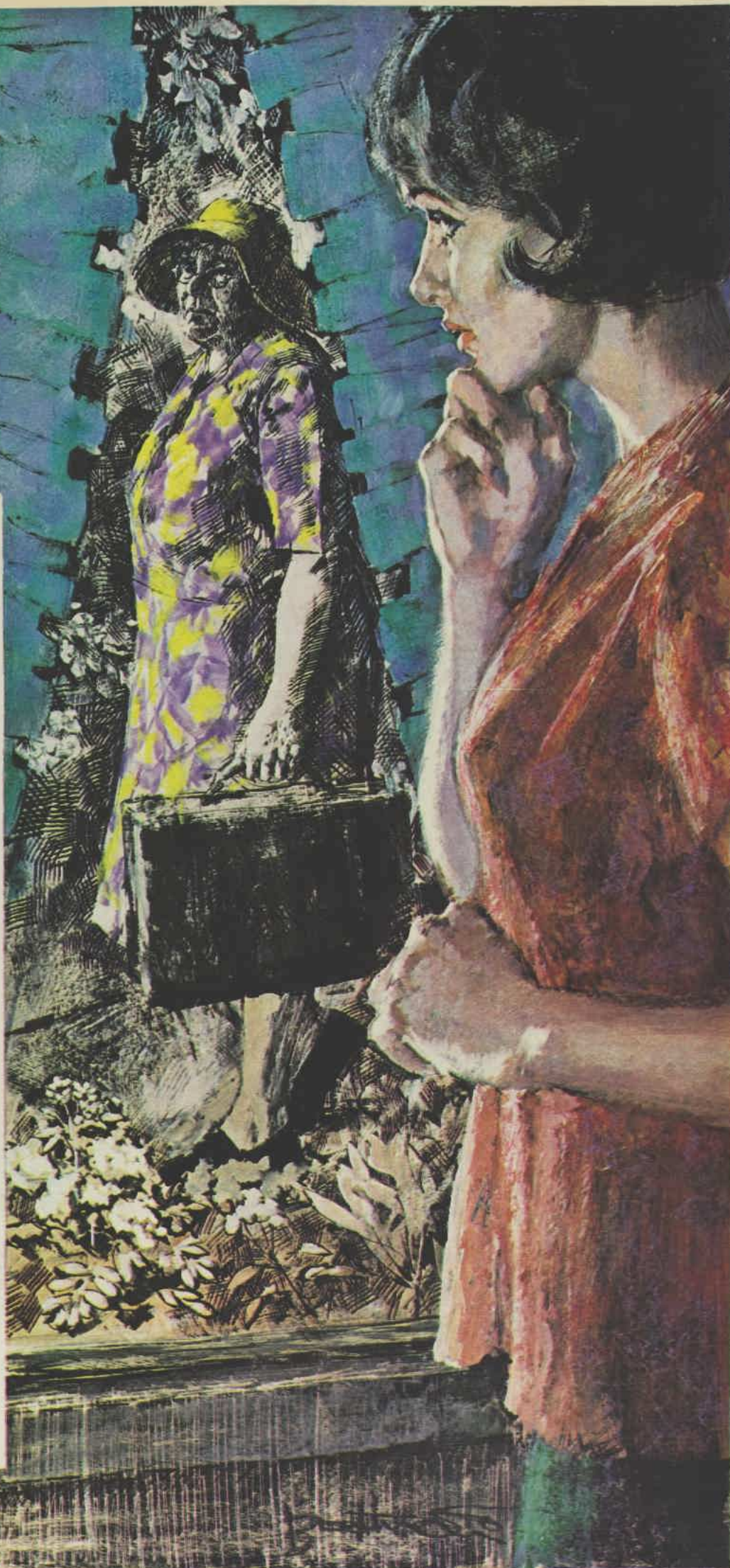
The old woman covered the town summer and winter, like time itself, with the holidays boxed and waiting in her bag. But young Mrs. Harrington's interests were limited to the 17th and 18th centuries. Besides, they were horrible cards, all paper lace and pinks and blues—saccharine greetings with soft centres.

The Harringtons sent their congratulations on stiff paper with engraved messages. Mrs. Harrington had never bought a card, not even on Myrtle Avenue. But the old woman was beginning to haunt her.

Mrs. Harrington had seen her several times in town recently, once at the fruit-stand sticking two unwrapped apples into her bag, and several times at the corner of the chemist shop—waiting. Waiting for what, Mrs. Harrington had wondered. There was no bus stop on that side, and though the lights changed several times, the old woman did not cross over.

The town passed by around her. Some people even had time to go into the chemist's for a purchase, and come out again while she went on standing there, not even trying to sell anyone anything, as if she didn't really care whether

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they had a happy New Year or not. Until Mr. Rhinehart pulled up to the kerb to buy an evening paper.

"You go to Kingswood?" the old woman had said, sticking her head through the car window.

"Nope."

"Deepwood?"

"Nope."

"Where you go, then?"

"Home."

But the old woman got in anyway and sat beside Mr. Rhinehart, who had the biggest house in town and the smallest car. He hated passengers. He wore his nails just long enough for peeling and slitting, and kept his wife buried in his backyard where he could keep an eye on her and have her grave mowed with the rest of the lawn. Mrs. Harrington watched him drive away with that terrible woman, and wondered. As far as she knew, he had no one at all to send greetings to.

She never saw him again. He died two days later, and they buried him way out in the Lilies of the Field Cemetery in Kingswood, and dug up his wife to lie beside him. He had gone to Kingswood after all.

IT was a hot day, and the greeting-card lady walked slowly up Mrs. Harrington's front path, her faded yellow straw hat on one side, straining for a last look at the better days it must have seen. She might have been between sixty and seventy, possibly even slightly more; but it hardly mattered, since there was certainly no one to mark her birthdays: no grandchildren to measure the distance she had come, no husband, to estimate the distance she might still hope to go. She did not look like a woman who would bother to estimate on her own—unless, of course, she cared to dip into her stock to greet herself.

She wore a purple dress with yellow flowers, and huge black oxfords with rounded toes that made her feet look like hoofs, not inappropriate for a woman who walked miles every day carrying greetings. But few greetings were, in fact, even exchanged. Instead, just a narrow slit and a short "Yes?" and a quick "No!"

And the door slammed like the back of a hand in her face while the yellow hat quivered above the skinny, wispy braid wound like a piece of twine around her head, as if to keep her from losing it, a woman who seemed to have lost so much and had nothing now but greetings for strangers—for a fee.

But she came boldly up the front walk to the front door and rang the bell and stood her ground, the black oxfords like hoofs on the mat and her broad thumb heavy on the bell, with the big black bag pulling her down one side and the yellow hat leaning to the other, as though head and feet were eager to go their separate ways. But the flowered purple dress clung as it had through the years, stretching where necessary, spreading its yellow petals wider. She had rimless glasses, the kind worn by nuns, and the expression of a woman distributing religious tracts.

Young Mrs. Harrington fought down a rising sense of panic and guilt. She had paid far too much for the cobbler's bench. Not to mention the breakfront last week, the what-not last month, and the French porcelain stove. It had been an orgy, and she had felt, for a little while, like one of those slim, assured women from New York with sunburned

## THE ROAD TO KINGSWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

feet. She rubbed the bench vigorously now, as if for luck. "Let her go away," she whispered. "Let her think there's no one home."

She had been rubbing happily for almost an hour, studying the long, graceful lines of the grain almost as if she were trying to read them, like the lines of a palm. Bring me luck, she had told it silently. "In spite of everything, bring me luck. I deserve it." She had, indeed, paid a very high price for the little bench.

The doorbell was ringing

steadily. It seemed to scream. Or was it just that she had hardly heard it at all for weeks? She gave the little bench a final pat, and walked slowly to the door.

"You like some greeting cards, lady," the old woman said. It was hardly a question. She put her bag down across the threshold.

"No, thank you," Mrs. Harrington said, rubbing her hands, sticky with beeswax, on her jeans.

"Very beautiful, lady. Only one dollar. A whole box, ten cards, only one dollar."

"I'm sorry," Mrs. Harrington

said. "But I really can't use them."

There was a long pause. The woman did not move. It was unbearably hot, and Mrs. Harrington longed to close the door on the sun and the heavy breathing and the broad, flushed face, so red from humiliation or heat or high blood pressure. She wanted to go back to her cool kitchen and feel the smooth surface of the cobbler's bench. But the bulging black bag was in the way.

"I'm busy," she said. "You'll have to go now." The old woman did not move. But young Mrs. Harrington moved quickly—from irritation to anger. It was, after all, her house, her time, her decision. But the old woman did

not seem to realise this. She went on standing on the doorstep, Mrs. Harrington's scrubbed white doorstep that went with Mrs. Harrington's white frame house, the house she had fallen in love with at first sight, even before she fell in love with Hank.

He had driven her up to see it one Sunday in May, right after he had proposed and been refused for the third time. It was a long, low, L-shaped building with a white picket fence, surrounded by dogwood and forsythia and a semicircle of magnificent larches: a simple white frame house accented rhythmically by black shutters with windows that winked

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# Proud



THE AUSTRALIAN



in the late-afternoon sun, and a bright red door. She could imagine the interior with fireplaces and panelling and wing-backed chairs, and herself having breakfast in a four-poster bed.

"What do you think?" Hank had said.

"It's beautiful!"

They were married two months later. She had never lived in a whole house before, only on the very edge of gentility in a semi-detached with three other families and joint privileges to the rickety porch and the front steps. Her mother was a lady who kept her piece of the hall swept and herself carefully corseted, even for the laundromat. Mrs. Harrington acquired a string of cultured

## THE ROAD TO KINGSWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

pearls, a Wellesley B.A., and cultivated tastes. And complete contempt for compromise and her mother's mink tails.

But she could hardly remember those early days any more. It was as if her life had begun in this house, the life of a woman of quality like the real silver and the solid cherry furniture. She could wear jeans and dirty sneakers and even a torn shirt now that she was Mrs. Henry Park Harrington of Cinnamon Road. For she knew it was not the dress but the address that

made the woman. And she was as much a part of her house as its peaked roof. She almost wished she could take it about with her like a baby in a pram or a dog on a leash. But she did not want this horror of an old woman in it.

"I've told you," she said now. "I don't want any greeting cards."

"Then you give me a drink of water," the old woman said. Again, it was not a question. And suddenly she was in the hall with her big heavy feet planted wide and the straw hat

moving from side to side like an old mare in a new stall, examining the panelling and the delicate carpets and the china glowing in the cabinets. She opened her bag and took out a huge handkerchief and a bottle of pills, and Mrs. Harrington felt that in another minute she would take out a nightgown and toothbrush, prepared to spend the week.

"Look," Mrs. Harrington said. "I'll give you the water, but then you must go. I'm terribly busy."

"Half a box," the old woman said. "Fifty cents. Five cards. You have fifty cents, yes. You have five friends, yes?" This time it was a question.

"I have hundreds of friends," young Mrs. Harrington said. She led the way to the kitchen and took an empty jelly glass from the old doughboard on the counter. Something she could throw away. Hank had used it to mix his photography messes. But Hank wouldn't be needing it any more. She turned the tap.

Five friends. Of course she had five friends. She had five hundred. Or were they Hank's friends, and hers only by courtesy or extension: friends-in-law? Like his parents and relatives. What were they to her now? Nothing at all? The doorbell had not rung for so long. Around her the old house, so full of dignity, was beginning to seem terribly empty with no one at all to admire her things.

The old woman was sitting at the kitchen table now, staring at the lawn with the garden furniture arranged in groups for long, cool drinks and conversation, as though still waiting for the visitors who had been invited on Sunday afternoons between three and five. "Like a damn motel," Hank had muttered. Even the bushes were set out in chatty little clumps.

ONLY Hank's hammock was alone, strung out for Hank's long naps, sagging slightly as if it still held some of Hank's weight. But Hank would never lie in it again. And he would never see his lovely old home again or the sweet little cobbler's bench that arrived long after he was buried.

"Wait till you see it," she had told him. "It's a darling! And such a bargain!"

"I don't want to see it," Hank had said. "It won't be a darling to me. You know what it is to me? That and the harpsichord you can't play and those damned Kirman rugs I can't step on and the hundreds of cups and saucers we just look at? You know what it all means to me? Four hours' sleep a night and the vacation I'll never have again, except in the Kingswood cemetery. So — I don't want to see your damn little cobbler's bench. Not unless you're planning to make your own shoes. And if I ever do see it, we're through."

But he never had seen it. He had driven away like a demon that night, and stayed away for ever. They found him on the Kingswood Turnpike at three in the morning with his car on top of him. So she had remained Mrs. Henry Park Harrington, and kept the bench too. And all his insurance money. The harpsichord looked beautiful in the living room with a bowl of white lilacs for contrast, and the cobbler's bench would fit perfectly beneath the low windows in the study. She turned from the sink with the glass of water in her hand.

The old woman was looking at the room now, at the new chintz curtains and the delft tiles and the heavy beams that were so low Hank had complained he couldn't go straight in his own kitchen. The old woman was busy counting the tiles. Twenty of them. A box full. But not for a dollar.

Mrs. Harrington put the water down on the kitchen table. "Here you are," she said. "And now, if you don't mind, I'm terribly busy."

The old woman picked up the glass slowly, still looking around. As if to discover what kept her so busy.

"You have children?" she said. "No. Now would you please . . ."

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Page 61

# brown.

Decoré  
Colour Natural  
makes brown  
proud of itself.

So proud  
even blondes  
will want to go  
brown.

Poor brown. Everyone was down on brown.

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- \* From your food store or pet shop.

FROM A WORLD LEADER IN NUTRITION — Carnation



old shoemaker, he can't keep it anymore? No money, no customers." She went on staring at it for a moment, then turned to examine the old doughboard and the old baker's rack and the old-fashioned cookie moulds hung like bits of sculpture above the stove. "You baker then," she said. "You have no friends, you send beautiful greeting cards to your customers. Yes?"

"No!" Mrs. Harrington was beginning to get frantic. The old woman would never go. Mrs. Harrington would have to leave herself, be driven from her own house by this terrible woman who would go on sitting in her kitchen, spreading her greasy palms all over the beautiful old pine table. She would, of course, demand nothing. Just a glass of water now and then and, maybe, a cup of tea. And she would, occasionally, without conviction, try to sell her a box of greeting cards. Or even half a box. Fifty cents.

Hardly too much to ask of a woman who had just bought a Wedgwood teaset and a silver service and an old refectory table for the dining room. And all within a few months. Mrs. Harrington could imagine the old woman saying quite simply: "You all alone here? Then I stay," a woman who probably didn't have a single room of her own, while Mrs. Harrington had nine, complete with panels and rugs and handwoven blankets.

BUT what good was it all if that thing at the kitchen table went with it? Hank had gone and she had come to take his place. Nemesis with a red face and a faded yellow hat and feet like hoofs. And a huge, bulging black bag that looked big enough to hold Mrs. Harrington's entire past and her future as well. She wondered if it didn't, indeed, contain more than just Valentines and Christmas cards.

"You must go now," she said finally, hanging on to her temper. "I'm going out myself in ten minutes." But she wanted to scream at her to get the hell out, p.d.q., before she called the cops. The old hag. But it was a manner she had left behind on the fringes of Myrtle Avenue. It did not fit the decor of Cinnamon Road. It might crack the delft tiles and the Wedgwood china and the three panes of hand-blown glass. She rubbed her palms on her jeans. They were sticky again, but not with beeswax. With plain, ordinary sweat. As if she had never moved to Cinnamon Road at all.

She folded her hands tightly. "I am leaving," she said again, slowly, carefully. "So will you kindly have the decency to go? Now. You've had your water and your pills and your rest. And I'm not going to buy any cards. Not if you stay till kingdom come. But in five minutes I'm going to lock up the house. And if you're still here then, I'll have you arrested for breaking and entering."

But the old woman hardly seemed to hear. She was staring at the backyard, at the sun hot enough to melt the delft tiles and set the chintz curtains on fire. She looked at Mrs. Harrington. "Where is the bus stop?" she asked.

Bus stop? Mrs. Harrington stared. There was no bus stop. Because there was no bus. Not way out here. You had to go over to the turnpike for a bus. And that was miles. Then how did she get here, this terrible old woman? Walk? From the turnpike? In this heat? At her

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## THE BOYFRIEND



"I never forget a face—but in your case I'll make an exception!"

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## THE ROAD TO KINGSWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

"Husband?"

"Look, I really haven't time for..."

"I am tired," the old woman said. "Very tired. I sit a minute. I rest. You never mind. You go ahead. Be busy. I just sit." She took a pill and sipped the water, and closed her eyes.

Mrs. Harrington looked longingly at the cobbler's bench at the far end of the kitchen, half refinished, waiting. But she could not go back to work with this terrible woman on top of her,

sitting at her kitchen table as if waiting for the next course.

"No!" It was almost a scream. The old woman opened her eyes. "You must go now," Mrs. Harrington said.

But the old woman paid no attention. She was looking at the bench. "For making shoes," she said. She turned and looked at Mrs. Harrington. "You shoemaker?"

"Of course not."

"Then why you want bench?"

"Because I like it. That's why."

"Where you get it? From some

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 11, 1969



## THE ROAD TO KINGSWOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

age? Mrs. Harrington began to feel slightly afraid.

"I don't know anything about the bus stop," she said. "That's your problem. You got yourself out here. You can get yourself back. Now! I told you, I've got to leave."

"Then you get ready. I wait." She folded her hands in her lap and began to count the tiles again.

Mrs. Harrington was frightened. She remembered Mr. Rhinehart, who had died suddenly — "of natural causes" the newspaper had said — a man who had never been sick a day in his life except for a mild case of poison ivy when he was seven. Mrs. Harrington rubbed her hands on her jeans again, her palms wet with fear and sweat and the helpless rage of Myrtle Avenue. "All right," she said at last. "Wait here."

She ran up the back stairs noisily for the car keys, and crept down the front stairs silently and out the front door and around to the garage. As she raced the car up the driveway, she had a glimpse of the yellow straw hat nodding slightly above her kitchen table. She began to laugh until the car swerved. That, of course, was just what the old woman wanted, for her to have a terrible accident and never come back. Then the old witch could go on sitting in Mrs. Harrington's beautiful, calm kitchen for ever. Mrs. Harrington turned out into the road with care.

She drove down the turnpike and in and out of a dozen small towns and past open fields with neat farmhouses and red barns.

SHE was hungry now, and tired, and longed to go back home. But she thought of the old woman who might still be there. She dared not go back. She wished she could go to Hank's office and tell him all about it. He would laugh and put his arms around her and buy her a drink. And when they went home together, the kitchen would be quite empty, except for them.

But Hank was not in his office. And there was no one else who would avoid questioning and simply comfort her. She could imagine Mary Phipps, for instance, looking at her above the little white Peter Pan collar, for she still clung to the styles as well as the principles of the Rosemont School for Girls. "But why not give her a ride into town?" she would say. "Poor old thing. Walking all that way in this heat at her age. You're lucky she didn't pass out in your kitchen. Why not give her a lift? At least to the bus stop?"

For how could Mrs. Harrington possibly explain that she could not bear the thought of that hideous old woman sitting beside her, smelling of the stable and sweating all over the upholstery. Besides, she would not be bullied. Not by an old witch who looked like Monday morning — on Myrtle Avenue.

She kept driving. In and out of towns and up and down hills and past fields and woods that rushed to meet her, surrounding her, nibbling at the road until it dwindled to a narrow dirt lane, engulfing her. She drove on with hunger and thirst and weariness riding with her. She hated roadside restaurants where the coun-



Would you believe it?

A few weeks ago I wanted to hide my face!

I was so embarrassed. Ugly pimples and acne were getting me down. I imagined people were talking about me. I felt lonely and miserable. I scrubbed my face—but this only made it worse.

Then our family chemist (bless him!) told me that acne troubles 7 out of 10 young people. He said that acne is not a sign of "dirtiness." It's caused by excess skin oil blocking the pores, forming infected pimples. Then he suggested Stri-Dex, the **complete** acne treatment that's so easy to use.

First, I washed my face twice a day with Stri-Dex Foam (no soap). Stri-Dex Foam cleans deep down in the pores and leaves an anti-

bacterial film on the surface of the skin to fight the acne infection.

And, twice a day, I rubbed a fresh Stri-Dex Pad over my face. These pads are medicated—clear and stainless. No medicinal odour. They remove pore-clogging oils and make-up—leave your face clean and refreshed. They leave an antibacterial barrier, too.

In five days I could see a big improvement. And now I am back in the "swing" ... able to face the future with confidence.

# STRI-DEX

Medicated Foam (in handy aerosol) — \$1.47  
Medicated Pads (42 in compact jar) — \$1.26



SOLD BY CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

ters and tables were slightly damp and the waitresses had dirty aprons and oily hair. At home she had a crabmeat salad and a pitcher of mint tea waiting in the refrigerator. And a cool bedroom for sleeping. But she dared not go back yet. Heaven knew what was waiting in her kitchen. She drove on.

By evening she was starved and weary to the point of hysteria, and all out of cigarettes. She had almost sideswiped a trailer, and had most likely hit a dog on a back road in Marchwood. She thought of Hank driving down the turnpike that night, shaking with anger and probably swerving to avoid a rabbit, to crash into an oncoming truck. He had died

instantly. If she went on much longer, she would end up like Hank, with the hostile trees lined up to watch. She turned around and headed for home.

Going through town, she saw the clock above the bank. It was ten thirty. Surely the old woman had gone by now, had probably left as soon as it turned cooler. The town was completely quiet, with the lights off and the sidewalks empty. Only a few street-lamps and the traffic signal in front of the chemist shop still burned. It turned red as she approached. She stopped and waited, feeling slightly frightened.

She had never been in town alone at night. And she had the feeling that it was watching her,

waiting and watching her, a woman who after five years was still an alien, picking her way through the town as she picked her way through antique shops, as though it contained merely second-hand goods, too old for use and not old enough for beauty. The motor throbbed and her heart pounded, and still the light did not change. It would stay red for ever while she sat and waited and the town lay low and watched.

Ahead lay the road to Kingswood, a black, lonely country road that stretched out straight before her. It seemed to stretch on and on, through her whole future, her whole life. And she thought of Mr. Rhinehart, who had been

forced to drive down that road, right down to the Lilies of the Field Cemetery, by a terrible old woman with feet like hoofs and a huge, black bulging bag.

He had never come back. But young Mrs. Harrington was not going down that road. She was going home.

The light changed at last. Mrs. Harrington was just about to shift gears when the door opened and someone climbed in beside her. And then she heard it, that familiar voice, the voice she had been running away from all day. And the words that made her turn icy cold:

"You go to Kingswood, lady?"

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HOUSE  
of the  
WEEK

# FRESH START FOR AN OLD HOUSE

THE restoration of a 60-year-old two-storey brick house at Croydon, N.S.W., involved modernising as well as re-creating the warm, traditional atmosphere. To do this owners Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Peake gave a lot of thought to interior decor, with particular emphasis on wall treatments and curtains.

"We wanted to install modern comforts — an easy-to-manage kitchen, for example—but we didn't want to spoil the house's style with decoration that was too contemporary," said Mrs. Peake.

To get ideas, the Peakes studied local and overseas magazines, visited home centres and furniture exhibitions. They then spent about a year renovating the house for their family of two boys and a girl, with Mr. Peake doing all the wallpapering himself.

Each room is pleasantly different from its neighbor. In the hall, for example, white wallpaper is the background for antique side tables and cabinets, while in the adjoining dining-room gold curtains match the gold background of the rich red flock-paper on the walls.

Apart from converting a section into a flat for Mrs. Peake's grandmother, the Peakes made few structural alterations to the house. They did, however, replace many of the heavy panelled doors with white louvres, and built walk-in wardrobes into the eaves on the upper floor.

Story: Ennis Honey  
Pictures: Ron Berg



Kitchen of Mr. and Mrs. Peake's house at Croydon, N.S.W., was completely remodelled (above). Modern stove fits into space formerly occupied by fuel stove; large tiles in this recess came from Holland. Blue cafe curtains are made from an acrylic fabric.

Painting of woodwork and guttering was practically the only renovation needed for exterior of house (below). Roof is covered with original small Spanish tiles. The Peakes plan to add a small deck outside upper front windows, which will become doors.



Floral cotton curtains give a vivid splash of color to quietly furnished study (above); they can be drawn back on separate track to reveal sheer white curtains behind. American clock, more than 80 years old, is a family heirloom. Mrs. Peake refinished desk and chair.







Striking wallpaper used as a background for American Colonial-style dining setting (left) has a red nylon-flock pattern bonded to gold vinyl. Louvre doors (leading to scullery) replace a heavy panelled door.

All surfaces in upstairs bathroom (below) are scrubbable, from small ceramic tiles on floor to vinyl wallpaper, with its Spanish grille design. Mr. and Mrs. Peake built the vanity unit from an old desk, a mirror, and two staircase balusters.

Bedroom (below) for Andrew, nine, and Malcolm, five, has the look of ship's cabin, with its solid rosewood "boy-proof" bunks and ladder, gay washable covers and curtains. Chest, at left, is painted to match built-in wardrobes behind door. Lampshade is one of many Mrs. Peake made for the house. Lantern adds to seafaring atmosphere.







In her sparkling gown, Dreamy held all her audience spellbound as she sang.

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT I LEAVE THE ISLAND WHAT I WON OFF FATTY HAGAN IN A POKER GAME

THE construction of the still was duly entrusted to Zeke. His list of requirements was long, but his helpers were enthusiastic.

"I've seen a piece like that on the jeep," said Ellsmore. "I can make one of them easy," said Morelli.

"All we need is junk," said Suki.

"I'll sit and watch it all day long," promised Gin Jim Rhodes hopefully. "I'm sure I'm cut out to be a distiller." "OK," said Corrigan. "You make a still. Keep it hidden and out of the way. But I'll ration the drink—all of it. Understand? No black market and no secret drinking. Everybody helps. Everybody gets the same amount a day. And each man's ration gets drunk at the time of issue. No storing."

"What'll you use for the mash?" asked Rhodes.

"Easy," replied Zeke. "Ah can use any vegetables. Potatoes, potato peelings, cabbage stalks, cans of fruit, anything. It'll all go in together. An' ah bet Boris has got plenty of scraps, too. An' if we need extra vegetables, well, we get the fly boys to drop us more. Ah'll tell 'em we suddenly got a lot of vegetarian Grunts."

Reveille on the Island was now 11 a.m.—if the bugler was awake in time, or not out fishing. But the following morning it was early, 9.30 a.m. Rhodes, with wild enthusiasm, went round the tents and roused the Marines. "Major's parade in ten minutes," he said.

It was probably the strangest assembly in American Marine history. There wasn't a carbine in sight. Not a single pair of polished boots. In fact, only the Lieutenant was wearing boots. And they looked incongruous with his Bermuda shorts and pyjama jacket. Most wore swimming briefs and sneakers.

Corrigan, in his red silk dressing-gown, addressed them from in front of the flagpole.

"The U.S. Marine Corps has a long tradition as one of the most efficient machines in anyone's army. I want that tradition upheld. Recently there have been a number of independently organised missions which have turned out to be little more than abortive fiascos. This will not happen again. When we build this still, we'll do it in military fashion. Nothing's to be left to chance. Got that?"

"Sir," said the Lieutenant.

"Right now I want volunteers with a knowledge of engineering and carpentry. Report to me in the Mess."

Most of the Russian fishermen had wandered over to see what was going on. When Ace dismissed the men Boris and Ushakov walked over to him.

"What's a still?" asked Ushakov.

"Equipment for making alcohol."

"Alcohol?"

"Sure, we're going to make our own hooch."

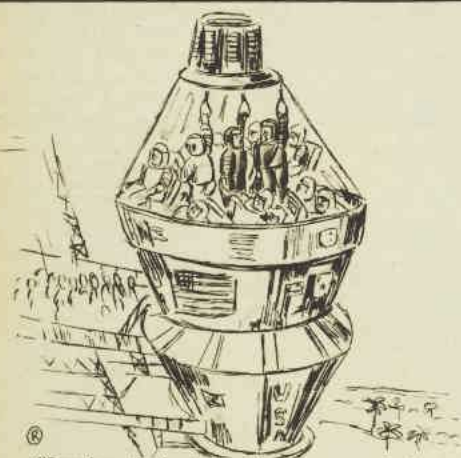
"That's dangerous unless you really know what you doing," said the Russian scientist. "You have chemist with you?"

"No, but we have Zeke. They make a lot where he comes from."

"I think I'd better speak to Major Corrigan," said Ushakov.

He walked to the queue growing outside the Mess. The

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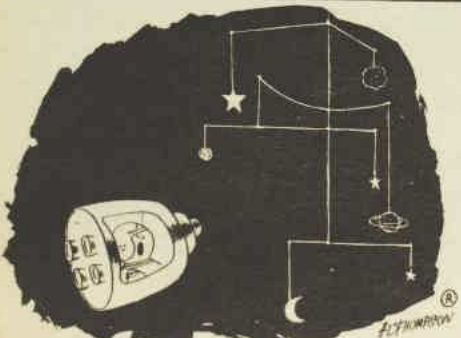


"Somehow they've taken the glamour out of space travel."

Space  
Trips



"Is it true that Santa Claus is an Earthman?"



"I think it's a new galaxy!"

AMERICAN Marines and Russians are thoroughly enjoying their occupation of Foul Rock, the little Island which ALBERT QUINLAN inherited from his uncle.

Albert himself had found the Island an ideal place for courting attractive VICTORIA RHODES. But when the Russian trawler Dmitri Kirov ran aground there, Victoria's solicitor father, "GIN JIM" RHODES, seized the opportunity of insisting that the Russians pay Albert an exorbitant price for a lease of the half of the Island where the ship was stranded.

The Soviet High Command willingly agrees. For although skippered by TRAWLER-CAPTAIN VOROLOKOV; with a fisherman crew including MISCHA, the bosun; BORIS, the cook; LEV, the bosun's mate with his mute alsatian, RASPUTIN; and young Cossack IGOR; the Dmitri Kirov is only ostensibly a trawler.

It is, in fact, a spy ship equipped with secret war devices in charge of PROFESSOR USHAKOV, with pretty TANYA SUVOROVA as radio operator. So the High Command is delighted to obtain for it a base that commands the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean.

Promptly the other half of the Island is leased by the United States and occupied by Marines under the command of MAJOR CORRIGAN, supported by LIEUTENANT ACE ELLSMORE and colored TOP-SERGEANT HENNESSEY. A subdivided tent is erected for Rhodes, his law clerk, COLLINS, Victoria, and Albert.

But the initial warlike confrontation between the two occupying nations dissolves in a holiday atmosphere of fishing and swimming. Now their vital objective is to obtain liquor, as a combined party on July 4 left the Island completely "dry."

After a secret expedition in search of supplies fails, Marine private LUIGI MORELLI jokingly suggests that as ZEKE, the cook, comes from the "moonshine" State of Kentucky he should be able to set up a still.

The idea is taken up enthusiastically by JOE SUKI, the Navy's judo champion, and other Marines, including Zeke himself. NOW READ ON:

Final instalment of our delightful comedy serial by DAVID FORREST

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 11, 1969



# Make-up for walls- a whole new fashion look for your home

Think about your home. Could be the years have taken their toll?

Like a woman, a home needs a lift now and again. A new look.

A new make-up. A make-up for walls. With a little help from British Paints you can do it. The little help comes from our book. The British Paints Decor-Aider. Hundreds of 'make-up' colours (in big squares so you can really see what the colours are like) are matched with real pieces of vinyl floor tiles, carpet squares, curtain fabrics—even furniture colours. And, on the facing pages, beautifully decorated rooms illustrate each colour ensemble. Ask to see our Decor-Aider wherever you buy British Paints. And as you turn the pages, you'll discover the full range of 'Make-up for Walls' shades. Funny how a simple thing like make-up can give a home such a lift. Such a totally new look.



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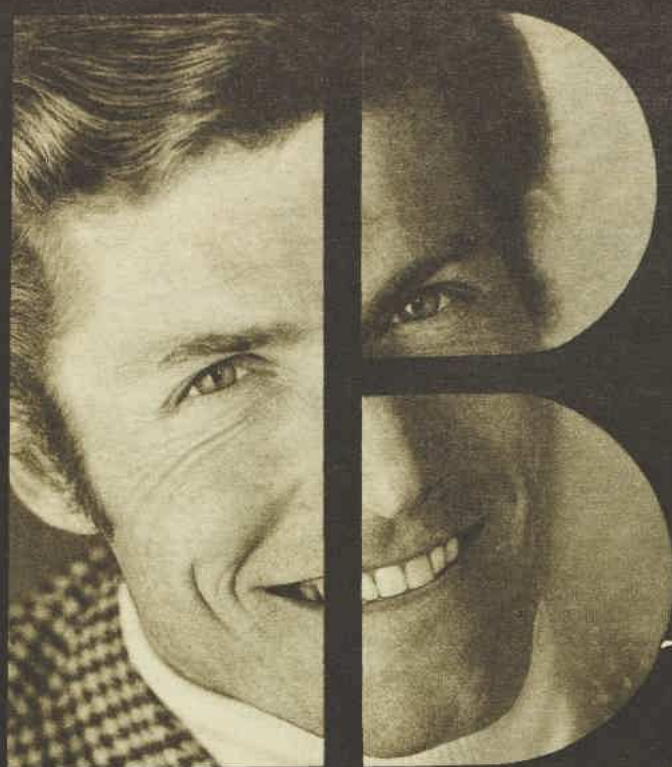
**TREND**

**Make-up for walls-created by British Paints**

BP9.FPWW.569

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# THIS IS A MAN

He is, from endless tradition, the bread winner. If he is to survive in a world where the competition is increasingly fierce he must always strive to be better than the next man. And if the best is expected of him, he expects the best in return — at work, at home; in his food, his car, his clothes. So more and more he buys his clothes — for work or play — in the Bradmill fabrics he trusts.

# FOR HIM NOTHING BUT THE BEST



King Gee "Town & Country" trousers in fabric by

**BRADMILL**

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Major saw him and beckoned him in.

"Hi, Usha. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to help with your alcohol. I have experience of this at university. Much can go wrong if care is not taken. Temperature is most critical. Otherwise you get fusel oil which can kill or blind."

"You're on," said Corrigan. "We'll make you chief distiller. I'm sure Gin Jim will understand."

Ushakov looked thoughtful.

"I think," he said slowly, "I know where we should build the still. There is in the cave a small natural gas seepage. This makes the bad smell. We can use the gas to fire the boiler. Also we have much copper pipe aboard the *Kirov*, and welding guns."

"Great," said Corrigan. "We'll build the still. You run it." He looked up and signalled Hennessey.

"Sergeant," he said, "I want you to make it clear to all the men that Professor Ushakov is now an honorary captain in the U.S. Marine Corps. He'll see to it that nothing goes wrong with the distilling. He'll be obeyed absolutely as far as this operation is concerned."

Boris took over the cooking for the time it took to build the still. Zeke was fully occupied as technical adviser to the engineers. There was considerable cannibalisation of the *Dmitri Kirov*. Temperature gauges disappeared from the engines. The welding guns were again lowered from the trawler's deck and sparks flew from burning metal.

Zeke was a perfectionist. Every joint was carefully brazed on the large copper boiler. One of his pressure cookers was adapted to make an airtight lid for the main container. Gleaming copper condensation pipes twisted their way out of the top of the boiler and were fed, in a large coil, through a sea-water cooling tank.

From there they ran down to the alcohol collecting point where the liquid would be caught in bottles.

The huge gleaming apparatus was supported on adjustable legs over the fissure in the rock from which the gas was leaking. Temperature was to be controlled by the height of the still above the fire. A small hand-pump led fresh sea-water up to the cooling tank. Another rubber hose led the waste water away.

Cables from the trawler carried electricity to light the cave. And an ingenious air-conditioning plant, driven by a tyreless wheel of the jacked-up jeep, blew fresh air to the back of the cavern. It was a masterpiece in moonshine engineering. Zeke's family would have been proud to have owned it.

Finally, in true moonshiner manner, the cave was camouflaged with the Marine's netting, rocks, small boulders, and seaweed.

While the still was being completed, Boris made the mash to Zeke's instructions. It fermented in sterilised drums on the leeward side of

the Island. Every scrap of waste vegetable matter went into the cans. After a couple of days they bubbled away volcanically in the hot sun.

The making of the still was the first big co-operative exercise in the Island's history. Even those not actively involved in its building, or the preparation of the mash, couldn't be kept away. There were so many, at times, that Ushakov rationed visiting hours, as the rubbernecking interfered with the work.

Finally, the still was ready. The interior of the cave now looked more like a clinic than a grotto. The white-washed walls reflected the bright light of the fluorescent tubes. The polished copper shone, its surface unmarked by so much as a fingerprint. The floor was levelled and covered with coconut matting.

Ushakov stood, his eyes gleaming, beside the still, like some mad scientist with his tame monster.

"Right," he told Zeke. "I think it's ready to work. Get the mash."

THE first drum was rolled into the cave and its contents ladled into the boiler. It reeked even worse than the gas outlet. Ushakov checked the mash level and tightened down the lid.

"Get the Major," he said. Corrigan came excitedly down to the cave.

"Ready to light the gas," said Ushakov. "It is your honor."

The men called to each other and gathered in silence at the entrance to the cave. All the Island's inhabitants were present.

Rhodes reached into his pocket and pulled out his cigarette lighter. He held it at arm's length and flipped the catch. Corrigan rolled a fat spill of paper and held it to the weak flame. The men held their breath.

The Major turned, stopped, and tossed the taper beneath the still. There was a whoosh as the gas ignited. A blue flame kissed the sides of the copper boiler. Its burnished walls dulled. The crowd cheered. Ushakov smiled in a professional way.

After that no one wanted to leave the cave. They sat in the warm evening air on the rocks outside the entrance. They knew it would be hours before the first drop of spirit fell from the end of the copper pipe into the bottle, but they wanted to be there when it happened.

They sang softly to Mischa's balalaika. Boris brought over trays of coffee and thick ham sandwiches. The jeep engine chugged on. The warm air that now blew from the cave had lost its objectionable smell. It smelt of boiling cattle food. To Rhodes it was perfume.

"Watch the temperature most carefully," said Ushakov. "Too low and we won't get anything. Too high and it will be spoilt."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1968



Zeke sat, his eyes on the temperature gauge. They jacked up the still legs slightly as the temperature rose a fraction. It dropped back to the red line the scientist had painted on the dial. "Good," he said.

"Look, everybody," shouted Suki. "Look here." He pointed to the end of the copper pipe that ran into the bottle.

There was a scuffle outside the cave as men tried to push their way in. A small drop of clear liquid was beginning to form. It swelled slowly. Finally, it fell noiselessly to the bottom of the bottle. A second began to form.

There was a cheer from the men.

"She blows," shouted Morelli. "Ah," said Rhodes. "Nectar."

The drip became a dribble. The bottom of the bottle was covered. It began to fill. By morning, they had three bottles.

"Test it yet?" asked Rhodes, who'd allowed himself two or three hours' sleep. The distilling crew had worked right through the night.

"Not yet," said Ushakov. "Soon I will test."

Corrigan and Rhodes carried the three bottles out into the daylight and stood them on a flat rock.

"It looks all right," said Corrigan.

"Will be too strong," said Ushakov. "Get me glass, please."

HE poured a tumbler of the clear liquid and then drew a small hydrometer out of the breast pocket of his white coat. He lowered it into the glass. Like a doctor taking a reading from his thermometer, he studied the instrument.

"Ninety-nine point six degrees alcohol," he said. "Very good. Very pure. But much too strong. We must make it weaker by half. Like this it will dehydrate fatty tissue in throat and stomach."

"Ah've got grapejuice, an' pineapple juice, an' tomato juice, an' condensed milk," said Zeke. "We can make it in plenty of flavors."

"We'll settle for the fruit juices," said Corrigan.

They poured the spirit back into its bottle and carried the liquor over to the Mess. Fifteen minutes later, they had six bottles of drink. Two of each of the fruit flavors. The tasting committee consisted of the distilling crew, Ushakov, Corrigan, and Rhodes. They poured a small glass for each man.

"I try," said Ushakov. He sipped his glass, then tossed it down in one gulp. "Still strong," he said. "But is good."

The others tried theirs. The liquid had a slightly musty flavor, but it was drinkable. And it was strong.

"Must be stronger than gin," said Rhodes, his eyes watering.

"How much of this stuff do you reckon you can turn out each day?" asked Corrigan.

"Six to eight," said Ushakov.

"Right. Let's ration ourselves to two tots a day until we've stockpiled a few bottles."

Not even Rhodes opposed this idea.

Guards and security checks came back to Foul Rock that night. But it wasn't the frontier they were protecting. It was their Aladdin's Cave. The Russians and the Americans worked it in turn. They took their duties seriously. No one, apart from Ushakov and Corrigan, went into the cave without an official pass. Even the work teams were searched on the way out.

Night guard duties became popular, because the guards earned an extra tot of liquor at midnight. The rest of the Islanders got one tot with their morning coffee, and one as a nightcap. They drank to Corrigan's regulations. There was no hoarding.

Gradually the stocks of liquor

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

in the cave grew, and the rations increased. By the end of the first week there was a cellar of almost sixty bottles of the fruit-juice brandy.

Corrigan's biggest difficulty was in deciding how the liquor should be dispensed. He didn't want the men to have too easy access to it. He couldn't sell it for cash. Many of the men had no money. He discussed the problem with Vorolokov.

The Russian found a solution. He suggested that every job and chore on the Island should be

allocated points, and that, in turn, the points would buy a glass, a half-bottle, or a bottle of liquor. Catching a lobster earned five points, and five points was worth a glass. Half a stone of mackerel equalled one lobster. Two nights' work on the still was enough for a half-bottle of liquor. All the normal duties and jobs around the camp had their reward in points.

The hooch points also became the Island's international currency. The Russians and Americans used them as money

in their nightly card games and for gambling. The Russians found that the points for half a bottle of fruit-brandy would buy them a carton of American cigarettes. And Americans discovered that the points for half a dozen bottles of fruit-brandy could get them a camera or a pair of Soviet binoculars.

The still continued to turn out its quota of spirits. Twice the Americans sent out emergency radio calls for more fruit juice and vegetables. Corrigan claimed it was a precaution against scurvy. The aircraft flew in low over the Island and dropped the supplies. Again they fell neatly into the

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*It's been a good year for raspberries!*

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BAKED OVEN-CRISP BY **BROCKHOFF**

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Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.  
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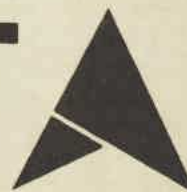
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Russian sector. This time it made no difference.

The evenings were the best part of very pleasant days. Continual experiments by Ushakov were now producing a far superior drink. The addition of spices gave it a distinctive flavor which hid the mustiness. After dinner the men would gather in groups on the trawler, on the plateau, and in the American Mess. They talked, they joked, they sang, and they drank. Often they gambled.

Then sudden crisis burst into this happy state of affairs.

"MAJOR . . ." Morelli swung himself round the corner of the Mess. "We got visitors. Look." He pointed agitatedly out to sea. A small boat was approaching at high speed.

Corrigan ran to the plateau. "Call assembly," he bellowed.

The bugler half waded, half ran out of the sea, where he had been swimming. He dove into his tent for his bugle. He crawled out and blew assembly while he was still rushing toward the parade ground. The men dropped everything. Russians and Americans came running.

Vorolokov panted over. "What's the matter?"

"Visitors. Get that barrier back. Make like we're nearly at war. That's how they'll expect to find us."

Vorolokov doubled to the trawler, shouting to his men as he ran.

"Get the gate closed," called Corrigan. "Get the rocket uncovered. Get yourselves dressed and collect your weapons. You," he pointed to Morelli. "On guard. Quick."

Corrigan hoped that nobody on board the approaching boat was using binoculars.

One by one the Marines crawled half-naked into tents. They stumbled out again, buttoning up denims and fastening boots.

THE cover was off the rocket-launcher in seconds.

"Aim it just above the trawler's bow, so you've got the bridge in your sights," shouted Ace. "Get her loaded. Look like you're going to use it." The men crouched beside the weapon.

Ace called up to Vorolokov on the bridge. "How's it look?"

The Russian skipper gave him the thumbs-up sign. "Fine," he shouted. "But don't press trigger."

"Zeke, hide the bottles in the Mess," reminded the Major. "This is a war zone. Make it look like action."

On the Russian side the scarlet nose-cone of the rocket arced out of the trawler's hull and hung threateningly thirty feet above the deck. Vorolokov clipped a machine-gun into place on the trawler's bow.

On the watchtower beside the barrier, Vasili clambered up the ladder collecting the Marines' drying washing as he went. He rolled it into a ball and sat on it, while nursing his sub-machinegun. The fat Rasputin was dragged away from the trash can and Lev resumed his old patrol along the frontier, hauling the dog behind him.

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

Mischa and Ace pushed the wire barrier back into place and chained it to the metal stakes driven into the rocks. "See you later, Mish," smiled Ace, looking at the Russian through the high fence.

The boat was flying the Stars and Stripes. It was now only fifty yards away from the Island.

"If we've forgotten anything," said Corrigan quietly to Ace, "it's too late now. Guards," he shouted. "Get down to the beach and help that boat."

"Suki, sir," called Morelli. Corrigan looked in the direction of the Marine's pointing hand. The large Filipino was clambering down the rope ladder of the *Dmitri Kirov*. He saw the American boat approaching, and the sudden change in the Island, and climbed back up again.

Corrigan turned back toward the landing area. As he did so, he caught sight of a figure emerging from the latrines. "Holy Cow, Igor!" The Major almost panicked. "Hennessey," he shouted. "That man," he waved wildly at the Cossack.

Hennessey's reactions were

quick. He grabbed the startled Igor and frog-marched him to the cook-house tent. "Get him a uniform Zeke and keep him outa the way."

The boat crunched on to the beach. Surrounded by armed American sailors sat a white-haired, grandfatherly figure, with a professional smile.

"Hi," it called to Corrigan. "Come to see my boys."

"Oh, no," thought the Major. "Not the Alabama Fireball." But, aloud, he greeted the visitor. "Good to see you again, sir."

Senator Alvin Bernard Courtney Soupe, known in the Senate as Alphabet, leant on the arm of a young matelot and stepped over the side of the boat. He walked up the beach, his fat hand extended. A camera-carrying naval officer followed a few steps behind. The shutter clicked repeatedly as he recorded the front-line visit for official release to the American Press.

Senator Soupe clasped Corrigan's hands.

"Gotta let you boys know the folks back home are thinking of you. You're doing a fine job. A handful of tough American boys facing the challenge to the Free World. We're proud of you. Show me around. I want to see everything. I want to meet everyone. You're no forgotten outpost. I'm gonna tell everyone about you when I get home."

"Happy to have you here, sir," said Corrigan. He remembered that back home it was election year.

"I hear you guys are hav-

ing a tough time. How are the men taking it?"

"Always full of spirit, sir," said Corrigan truthfully.

"What about the Reds?"

"I don't think they can take much more. We keep 'em bottled up."

"Great, great. This here the frontier?" the Senator asked superfluously, pointing at the wire. "And is that a Ruskie?"

On cue, Lev put on a fierce look. He jerked the fat Rasputin to his feet. The dog caught sight of Zeke standing in the background and pulled at the leash. Lev barked.

"That's a man-eater if there ever was one," said Soupe.

"A real killer, sir," Corrigan winked across the barrier at Lev.

The clicking of the camera shutter only stopped when the photographer changed spools. Morelli stood by the wire, his carbine at the ready, staring iron-faced across the frontier.

"Been on guard long soldier?" asked Soupe.

"All night, sir. Something's brewing on the other side."

"Great. Great." Soupe turned to the photographer. "Shoot one of me with this man. I'm proud to know you, son." He grabbed the Marine's hand and postured for the photographer. The shutter clicked.

"Show me more," said Soupe. Corrigan led him to the parade ground, where Hennessey was working out a drill squad.

"Left, right, left, about turn." "Left, right, left, about turn," he bawled. The men covered three lengths of the diminutive parade ground in nine paces. "Halt. Right face." As Hennessey saw the VIP arrive, he shouted: "Present arms." There was a smart slap as the men obeyed.

Soupe was impressed. "Great. Great. Never seen better."

"Thank you, sir," said Corrigan.

"What's the orange tent?" asked Soupe.

"They're not allowed off. They stay in the tent most of the time. They claim it's a sort of Embassy." He hoped as he said this that Rhodes would keep out of sight. The Major knew that the solicitor and Collins had drunk too much breakfast.

Corrigan tried to steer the Senator into the Mess, but Soupe wanted a full tour. He examined the rocket-launcher. He visited every latrine. He tugged at the chains in all the showers and he crawled in and out of the pup tents. The camera kept clicking. He admired the store, where Corrigan just had time to slip a pair of Russian binoculars behind a counter. Then he strode purposely toward the cook-tent.

With a shiver, Corrigan remembered Igor. He tried again to lead Soupe into the Mess. Again he failed.

"I want to see the cook," said Soupe, nodding in the direction of the cookhouse.

"I'll call him out," the Major offered hopefully.

To page 73

## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

# CLIMBERS for VARIETY

● Creepers, beautiful as well as useful, often provide shade or screening where there is no room for trees or large shrubs.

By ALLAN SEALE

CREEPERS as fence covers between groups of shrubbery give pleasant variation and allow space for drifts of annuals, perennials, or ground cover, giving small gardens a more spacious appearance.

Creepers aren't hard to maintain if you give the more rampant vines a certain area, then periodically remove any growth straying beyond this limit.

Keep new growth off the ground, as wisteria, *Bignonia rosea*, and some of the jasmynes are inclined to root down or layer where canes touch soil, and could get out of hand.

The main time to check the plants is in late spring and early summer. Cut off base canes that cannot be trained upward close to the main stem.

Of the plants listed, the only true self-clinging creepers are the ivys (*Hedera*), *ficus*, *Bignonia tweediana*, and virginian creepers (*Parthenocissus*). Others are twining plants, and need support such as lattice, wires, or light ties to train them until self-supporting.

### CHOOSE FROM THESE

**ANTIGONON.** Crinkled, light green, heart-shaped leaves almost hidden in summer by sprays of small, rosy-coral flowers. Dies down to ground level the first winter. Best in warm position. Needs frost protection.

Gardening Book, Vol. 4—page 35



CLEMATIS montana rubens

**BAUHINIA scandens.** Beautiful creeper with typical baubinia twin foliage, but in dainty, fern-like form; pinkish bronze in young stages. The showy flowers are to scale; soft pink, rosy-red anthers. Best in warm coastal districts.

**BIGNONIA.** All but coldest tableland districts. *B. cherere* (now *Phaederanthus buccinatorius*) is self-clinging. Showy, red, tubular flowers, summer. Evergreen most districts. *B. lindiana* (now *Clytostoma callistegioides*)—handsome evergreen, glossy, oval foliage, large, lavender, jacaranda-like flowers, spring/summer. *B. rosea* (now *Pod-ranea richsoliana*)—clusters large, pink flowers, summer; deciduous, most districts. Inclined to sucker and layer freely. *B. tweediana*, cat's claw (now *Doxantha unguis-cati*)—self-clinging; small, deep green foliage, massed with large, bright yellow trumpets, late spring. *B. venusta* (now *Pyrostegia venusta*)—showy in winter, with a mantle of tubular orange blooms in tight clusters. Deciduous, or partly, for short time only.

**BOUGAINVILLEA.** Flamboyant summer display on vigorous, woody vines. Bright purple *B. magnifica trailii* grows in all but cold mountain regions and southern areas. Crimson Mrs. Butt and dusty-pink *Rosea* stand light frosts only. *Rosea* is spring-flowering.

**CLEMATIS montana rubens.** Graceful twining plant spangled in spring with soft, pink, starry flowers, 2-3 in. across. Best in cool districts, preferring deep, rich, moist, but well-drained, soil. Results best when plant is in full sun, roots in shade. Deciduous, winter.

**FICUS pumila** (was *stipulata*). Hardy, vigorous, self-clinging; small, pointed oval foliage flat against surface it covers. Larger, leathery adult foliage stems from established vines. Cut back to keep neat. *F. pumila minima*. Miniature form of above. Graceful on small walls, pillars, large boulders.

**GELSEMIUM sempervirens**, Carolina jasmine. Delightful evergreen, covered in early spring with sweetly scented, yellow, cap-shaped bells about 1 in. long. Twining habit. All but coldest districts.

**HARDENBERGIA comptonia.** Twining Australian native; sprays of lilac-blue flowers, spring. All but coldest and tropical regions.

**HEDERA**, ivy. Attractive, self-cling cover for walls, fences, tree stumps, etc. *H. helix*, the English ivy, is the best-known dark green form. *H. canariensis variegata* is a large-leaved, vigorous, variegated form. Both grow in all climates, but *H. helix* is best in very cold districts.

**JASMINUM**, jasmine. Vigorous evergreens for all but cold southern and mountain districts. *J. grandiflorum* has oval-petalled, star-like flowers, most of year; shrubby growth, fragrant. *J. sambac* is larger foliaged, white flowered; cany growth as bush or climber. *J. polyanthum*—rapidly twining; showered with pink-budded, fragrant white flowers, early spring only. Foliage tends to burn in hot, dry, or frosty conditions.

**LONICERA**, honeysuckle. *L. caprifolium*—bunches fragrant flowers, yellow to pink, spring.

**MANDEVILLEA.** Dark green, heart-shaped foliage; white, fragrant, trumpet flowers in summer. Warm, frost-free areas.

**PARTHENOCISSUS tricuspidaria** (was *Ampelopsis*), virginian creeper. Self-clinging; large, ivy-like foliage, rich red/gold, autumn. *Passiflora edulis*, passionfruit. Large, handsome, glossy foliage, intriguing flowers; delicious fruit, summer/autumn. Best in warm coastal areas. Protect from frosts.

**QUISQUALIS**, rangoon creeper. Summer clusters of starry, tubular flowers, changing buff, to pink, to deep scarlet. First shrubby, then twines vigorously, in warm coastal areas.

**RHYNOCOSPERMUM** (now *trachelospermum*). Dark green foliage almost covered with creamy-white, star-like, heavily fragrant flowers, summer. Twining or spillover. Evergreen.

**SOLANDRA nitida**, golden cup. Spectacular, balloon-like buds, then wide-mouthed golden trumpets 8 in. across. Vigorous evergreen; cany growth in warm coastal areas.

**STEPHANOTIS**, Madagascar jasmine. Leathery, oval, evergreen foliage; clusters of waxy, fragrant, tubular, white flowers, spring. Warm position; frost protection.

**SENECIO macrolophus**, German ivy. Brittle, ivy-like foliage; buff-yellow daisy flowers, most of year. Evergreen.

**THUNBERGIA gibsonii**, Rapid, soft green, heart-shaped foliage; rounded, brilliant orange flowers, most months. Best in warm, frost-free position.

**VIRGINIAN creeper.** See *parthenocissus*.

**VITIS Alicante Bouchet**, ornamental grape. Vigorous grape foliage, coloring richly in autumn. Deciduous.

**WISTERIA.** Well known for its beautiful, lavender-blue spring display. Deciduous, vigorous. Flowers well in all but northern tropical regions.

Gardening Book, Vol. 4—page 36

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



# If you're not wearing Fems Tampons, you're not serious about growing up.

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No matter how active you are.  
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"Nope. Don't want to disturb a man at his work." Soupe went in.

Igor was sitting on a stool at the far end, with his head down, peeling his way through a tottering pyramid of potatoes. The extra-thick peel he carefully washed and put neatly into the still's fermentation drum at his side. He was wearing one of the tall Kentucky cook's ample combat suits. Zeke's steel helmet almost rested on Igor's shoulders. He could have taken his feet out of the boots without unlacing them.

Zeke stepped in front of the strange figure, and tried to hide it.

"You the cook?" asked Soupe.

"Yes, sir."

"Where you from, son?"

"Kentucky, sir."

The Senator gave Zeke a playful punch in the ribs.

"D'you make moonshine, son?" he joked. Zeke gulped.

"Nothing else but, sir."

"That's my Southern boys. Greatest sense of humor in the United States," he said to Corrigan. The Major gave a sickly smile.

"Who's he?" Soupe pointed at Igor.

"Here, son," said the

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

vision. I'll make him a national hero. I'll get him the best medical treatment there is. I'd be proud to have a son like him."

Appalled, Corrigan tried vainly to think of a way to stop Soupe's enthusiasm.

"Believe me, sir. I think he'd be better here with his friends."

"No, I insist. Just think what this boy's sacrifices will do for morale back home."

The Senator was almost sobbing with emotion.

Corrigan thought urgently. "Senator, he's my nephew. Please let me handle it my way."

But Senator Soupe saw Igor as his passport to reelection. "Major, can't you see what this would do for the Marine Corps?"

"Only too well, Senator."

"Then why don't you let me ask the boy whether he wants to come with me?"

Before Corrigan could reply, the Senator shouted, "Igor. Igor Corrigan."

Igor stumbled into the open.

"Here, son," said the

ugly monkey as that one." He pointed through the wire at U.S. Marine Suki, who leered back.

Major Corrigan stared dumbly at the Filipino. "That one's a born trouble-maker," he said loudly.

Zeke called Igor into the cookhouse. There was just one chance that might save them all, he thought. "You want to please that man, Igor?"

"Da."

"When he speaks to you next time, just say this to him." He rapidly taught Igor a short, pithy sentence, hurling obscene insult at all Southerners.

Igor rehearsed his lines. "Fine," said Zeke, crossing his fingers.

Igor walked back to join the Senator and Corrigan at the frontier. The Kentucky cook looked up at the ceiling of the tent. "Gran'pappy, please forgive me for blaspheming your memory," he whispered. Then he stood and listened.

He didn't have to wait long. There was a sudden

the outside world was minimal. Days passed with the transceiver lying silent, but a few days after the Senator's visit it began buzzing wildly.

"Mail, supplies, and a special delivery," called Corrigan to the men. "There's a landing craft on the way."

There was a cheer from the Marines. This was the first mail since their arrival on the Island. Supplies were always welcome.

"Get over and warn Usha that we're going to have more visitors," Corrigan told Ace. "At least we've got a bit of warning this time. And tell him to put Igor in chains until the ship leaves."

Getting the Island prepared for visitors was easy this time. The men had benefited from the panic of the previous week. Corrigan held a roll call. Everyone was present.

"Right," he said. "Stay put. Sergeant Hennessey, check every tent and hut and make sure Igor isn't in our half. I couldn't go through that again."

Everything was orderly and suitably warlike by the

## LULUBELLE



"If you don't wear extraordinary clothes when you go out, you DO look extraordinary."

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



Senator, gently. "How would you like to come to the United States with me?"

Delight flooded Igor's eyes. "Da," he said. "Much very."

"Now, hear that, Major. He called me Dad."

Corrigan was stunned. He visualised himself on the parade ground, his epaulettes and buttons being torn off, and his sword being broken over his head in the traditional manner. Eternal disgrace would grip his military family. His father, a colonel, would be ostracised from his bridge club.

Soupe burst into Corrigan's unhappy thoughts.

"I must have a picture with this boy by the barrier." He took Igor's arm and walked him slowly over to the wire. Zeke watched, open-mouthed, from the cookhouse door. He could see ignominy heaped on the whole unit. It was going to be either them or Igor, he thought.

Soupe turned to his photographer. "Try to get that big cruel-looking Russian in the background." He nodded his head at Suki, who, dressed in a blue boiler-suit, now stood by Lev on the Russian side of the frontier. Suki was absent-mindedly cocking and uncocking a Russian sub-machinegun he held under his arm.

The shutter clicked again.

"One more," said the photographer. Igor beamed.

"I reckon, Major," said Soupe to the defeated Major. "They ought to pay you guys double to have to look at such a mean and

explosive oath from the visiting dignitary.

"Sergeant Hennessey," shouted Corrigan. Hennessey ran to the Major's side. "Arrest this Marine," blazed Corrigan, pointing at the still-smiling Igor. "Take him away. Lock him up. Get him out of sight. I don't want to see him again for 30 days."

Hennessey dragged the startled Cossack behind the orange tent.

"Aren't you being a bit too hard?" asked Soupe. "Maybe it's his battle fatigue."

"He's like this all the time," he said. "I tried to warn you. He hates Southerners. Insults them at every chance. Thoroughly unpredictable character."

"Pity," said Soupe. "I could have done a lot for him." He thought of his fickle electors.

The Senator's duty tour of inspection was over. He refused lunch. "Haven't time. Got to get back to the fleet." He was suddenly in a hurry. "I'll try to get you boys some entertainment," he told the Marines gathering on the shore to see him off. "You're doing a fine job, boys."

As his boat pulled away, Corrigan turned to Zeke.

"Thanks for the help with Igor, Zeke. You did us all a big favor. Put up an extra stripe. You just made sergeant."

Zeke smiled. The insult to Gran'pappy's memory had been erased.

Radio communication between the Islanders and

time the landing craft beached itself on the Island. It was manned by Grunts from the men's own Company back with the Fleet.

"What's it like here, Morelli?" shouted one of the men.

"Man, it's number ten. We never know when we might get action. See that ship." He pointed at the trawler.

"And that big rocket. It's a baby nuke. A Red pokes the button and it goes up twenty miles. Then it comes down. Right about here."

"Holy cow!" said the visiting Grunt, tossing Suki a mailbag.

"Twenty-four-hour guards, weapon training, three drill parades a day," Suki put in.

"It's a nerve war," added Morelli. "Them Reds never let up. Try being followed by a gun sight everywhere you go. Ain't relaxing."

"Darlings," said a voice from the landing craft.

"Funny," said Suki to Hennessey. "Draft Board must be getting careless."

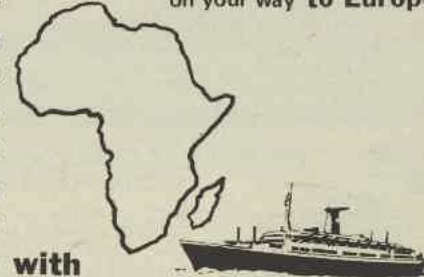
"Darlings," said the voice again. "Darlings, give me a hand with my baggage."

"Cut the comedy, soldier," shouted Hennessey angrily. "This is a war zone. Carry your own baggage." He turned to the men on the beach. "Get those supplies unloaded, fast."

An oddly-shaped Marine staggered from the landing craft, weighted down with suitcases. Corrigan stared. It was a strange build for a

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To page 74







## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

"It's way past Taps," he said. "Better hit the sack." He took Dreamy by the arm. "I'll see you and Vicky back to the tent."

"If he didn't have the rank . . ." grumbled a voice.

Corrigan had been worried about having to explain the situation to Dreamy. He needn't have been. She accepted it almost without comment. It meant more of an audience. It meant more men.

When she pegged out her washing, the morning after her arrival, it was almost a cabaret in itself. She couldn't have worn all the clothes that she hung out. And she wouldn't have carried them around dirty. Black frilly briefs. Blue mini briefs. Crimson lace panties.

At first the men tried to avoid being caught looking at the line. It was impossible. Victoria's washing, which had previously seemed interesting was now dull. Tanya's was matronly by comparison.

Albert looked at the bright line of underwear, fluttering a sensuous message in the warm breeze.

"Nelson hung out a signal like that the day before the battle of Trafalgar," he said.

"Yeah?"

"Yep. It said, 'England expects every man this day to do his duty.'"

"What happened?"

"He got killed," said Albert.

"In the rush?" asked Morelli.

**C**ORRIGAN called over from the door of his tent. "Right, men. Lobster patrol. What's keeping you?"

There was an unwilling movement toward the boat. The flap of the orange tent was drawn back and Dreamy stepped out.

"Who's Morelli?" she called.

The Marines stopped and looked back.

"Can you come here?" she asked.

Morelli blushed, and pushed his way through the men toward the tent. Dreamy took him by the arm and confidentially whispered something in his ear. They went inside.

"She's starting with the ugly ones first," said Suki.

Morelli's head reappeared. "Better go without me. I'm busy."

"How come she wants you, Macaroni?"

"She's heard about me." His head disappeared. There were groans from the Marines.

They didn't see much of Morelli all day. Every time they spotted him, he was always with Boris, or with one of the girls. He scuttled off without answering their questions. He dodged the day's duties.

It was a relief when Zeke shouted them into dinner. The Americans and Russians lined up, then looked around in surprise. The Mess was almost empty of furniture. Even the piano was missing.

"How we goin' to eat?" asked Hennessey.

"Eat on the rocks," said Zeke. He laughed, alone.

"By the way, where's Dreamy?" Ace Ellsmore asked, trying to sound casual.

"I'd rather know where Victoria is," said Albert. "I haven't seen her all day." He looked round the group of men as

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 11, 1969

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though he was trying to decide who also was missing.

"Tanya's been very busy, too," said Vorolokov, balancing his food tray on his knees, and tearing a strip of meat off the chicken leg.

"Much goings about," said Igor. "Everybody not here. Boris also. I not see Mischa."

"I thought we was going to get entertainment with our meals," said Hennessey.

"Ain't Zeke's cookin' funny enough for you?" asked Suki.

"Hello," interrupted Albert. "Here's Victoria. She's in a bit of a state."

Victoria was swinging down the rope ladder from the trawler's

deck. She had a smug look. Her clothes were dusty and her face was streaked with dirt. Her hair was tied back and covered with a scarf.

"You have been shining my ship?" asked Vorolokov.

"No, we've been fixing up your Mess for Dreamy. She wants to give a show tonight."

"Great," said Ace. "What time?"

"Any time after eight." She hurried back toward the trawler.

"What about your dinner?" called Zeke. He didn't get an answer.

Victoria had said eight o'clock and the Marines and Russians

were determined not to miss a minute of the promised treat. By a quarter to eight all the Island's male inhabitants were standing expectantly on the deck of the *Dmitri Kirov*. Morelli was guarding the top of the companionway leading down to the Mess.

The men waited impatiently. Then, at exactly eight o'clock, they heard Tanya's voice.

"Open now," she called.

Morelli was carried backward by the Niagara of men rushing down the ladder. The Russians had the advantage. They knew exactly where to go. Some of the Marines rushed into cabins or fire-hose lockers.

Eventually the men found

themselves in a compacted group at the Mess door. Igor and the other Russian seamen were trying to read a large white notice pinned to the woodwork.

"Dreamy's Dive Bar," it said. "What it speaking?" asked Igor.

"Try knocking," called Ace over the heads of the men.

Suki knocked. The men waited anxiously. After a moment the door opened a few inches then slowly Tanya opened it wider. The men walked in. It was so dark inside that it took them a little while to get accustomed to the gloom.

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"Impossible." Vorolokov stared. Beside him, Corrigan gave a startled exclamation.

The Mess no longer resembled the trawler's canteen. The walls and deckhead were draped with fishing nets and lifebelts. A couple of small anchors were crossed as the central decoration on the side walls. The American and Soviet flags hung side by side on the end wall.

The main light was covered by a deep orange shade, made from one of the plastic marker floats. It cast a warm glow over a miniature dance floor surrounded by tables, their scrubbed tops hidden under signal flags. On them stood bottles with yellow ship's candles stuck in their necks. The small flames were sucked and buffeted by the draught from the door.

The cosy, intimate atmosphere of the previously austere Mess was surprising. But even more astonishing were the outfits worn by Tanya and Victoria.

They were both dressed alike in black tights from Dreamy's wardrobe. They wore close-fitting white seamen's sweaters, borrowed from the Russian bosun's stores, belted at the waist so that they looked like the miniest of brief dresses. Both had their hair piled high and silver-foil coronets glistened as they moved.

Mischa sat beside the

piano, in one corner. He played his balalaika softly as the men entered. They were almost too stunned to talk as Victoria and Tanya showed them to their tables and took their orders for hooch. It was like a dream.

"Great," said Ace, looking around. "Just great."

The men relaxed, the noise increased. Mischa boosted the volume and tempo of his music. The smoke from the men's cigarettes hung in layers. They drank. The atmosphere was complete. Mischa sang. The men joined in.

**T**HE music stopped. At exactly the right moment Dreamy made her entrance. The men cheered. She swept into the light. She dazzled them. Thousands of sequins on her ankle-length dress twinkled. The backless gown, cut well below her waist, had not a great deal more material at the front. She curtsied. Then she sang.

Her repartee with her audience was slick and practised. Between songs, she flirted with the men. She was an expert. When she called for the men to sing with her, they sang. When she demanded silence, they scarcely breathed. When she finished, they cheered.

Dreamy stepped over to

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

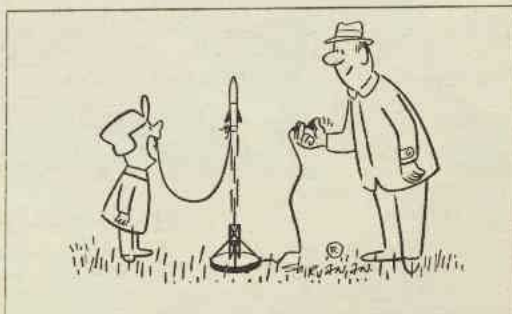
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Corrigan and pulled him up on to the small dance floor. The men cheered again. The Major was the most envied man on the Island.

"Come on," said Victoria to Albert. They were joined by Tanya and Vorolokov. The girls were scrupulously fair. No man was allowed to dance with them for more

than a few minutes. There were no wallflowers.

Morelli stood behind a long table where a sheet of white paper had been marked off in numbered squares. In the centre of the table was a circular disc balanced, like a cymbal, on a spike driven into a block of wood. On the disc was



than a few minutes. There were no wallflowers.

"And now," called Dreamy, when at last Mischa's music stopped. "We offer you the facilities of the casino section of the Club. Honest Luigi Morelli, Head Croupier of Dreamy's Dive Bar, invites you to join him at the roulette table." She

pointed a pointer. When spun, the arrow came to rest opposite numbers painted on a dial on the white paper beneath.

"Place your bets, gentlemen," called Morelli. The men wandered over. Soon there was a crowd standing around the table. Hooch points changed hands.

Dreamy's Club was a great success. Drinking, singing, gambling, and dancing. The men refused to allow Tanya and Victoria to wait at tables. They were in too much demand as dancing partners. They seldom sat down for more than a few seconds. It was impossible for them to refuse to dance. Dreamy moved from one partner to another.

Russian or American, it made no difference. She ruffled their hair, whispered in their ears. They grinned, looked intoxicated, and argued good humoredly when their dance was finished.

"Come dance with me, again," said Tanya to Vorolokov. She reached down and pulled him to his feet. He gulped the drink he was holding and put the cup down on the table.

"I am not good at dancing."

"Dance," insisted Tanya. She took hold of his hands and pushed them around her, then she put both her arms round his neck. "Do you like our club?" she asked.

"You must have worked very hard today."

"All day. I worked to please you especially, as you said you had not been to a nightclub for twenty-five years."

"It wasn't such a good club as this," said Vorolokov.

"I'm too hot in here. Will you come on deck with me for a few minutes?" Tanya asked gently.

They danced their way around the small floor until they were opposite the door. Vorolokov led her out. They climbed the companionway and walked forward to the bow of the trawler. From below they could hear the half-shouted conversations, laughter, and music from the Mess.

"How long have you known me?" asked Tanya.

"Almost two years."

"And how long have I had a fiance?"

"I didn't know that you had."

"I haven't. I haven't been out with a man in all that time."

"No?" said Vorolokov. He wondered what this was leading to.

"You are an old fool."

"I am an old fool," repeated Vorolokov.

"For two years I haven't been out with a man and you haven't wondered why."

"I thought you were interested in your work."

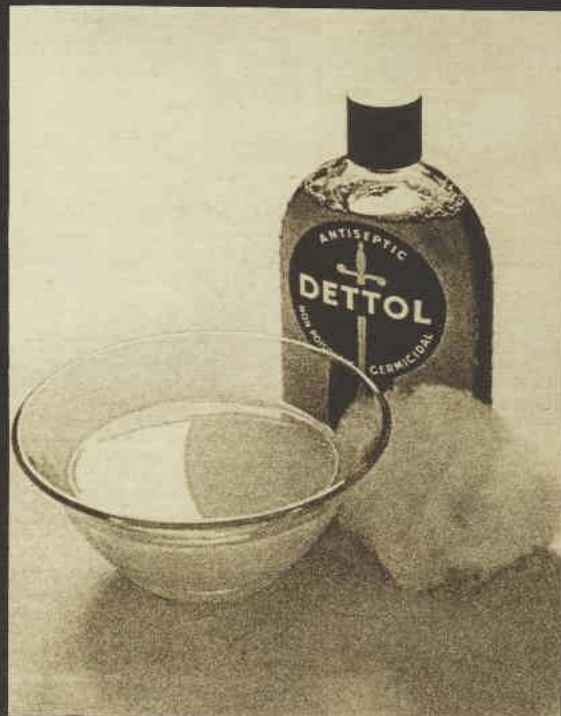
"Vorolokov," said Tanya

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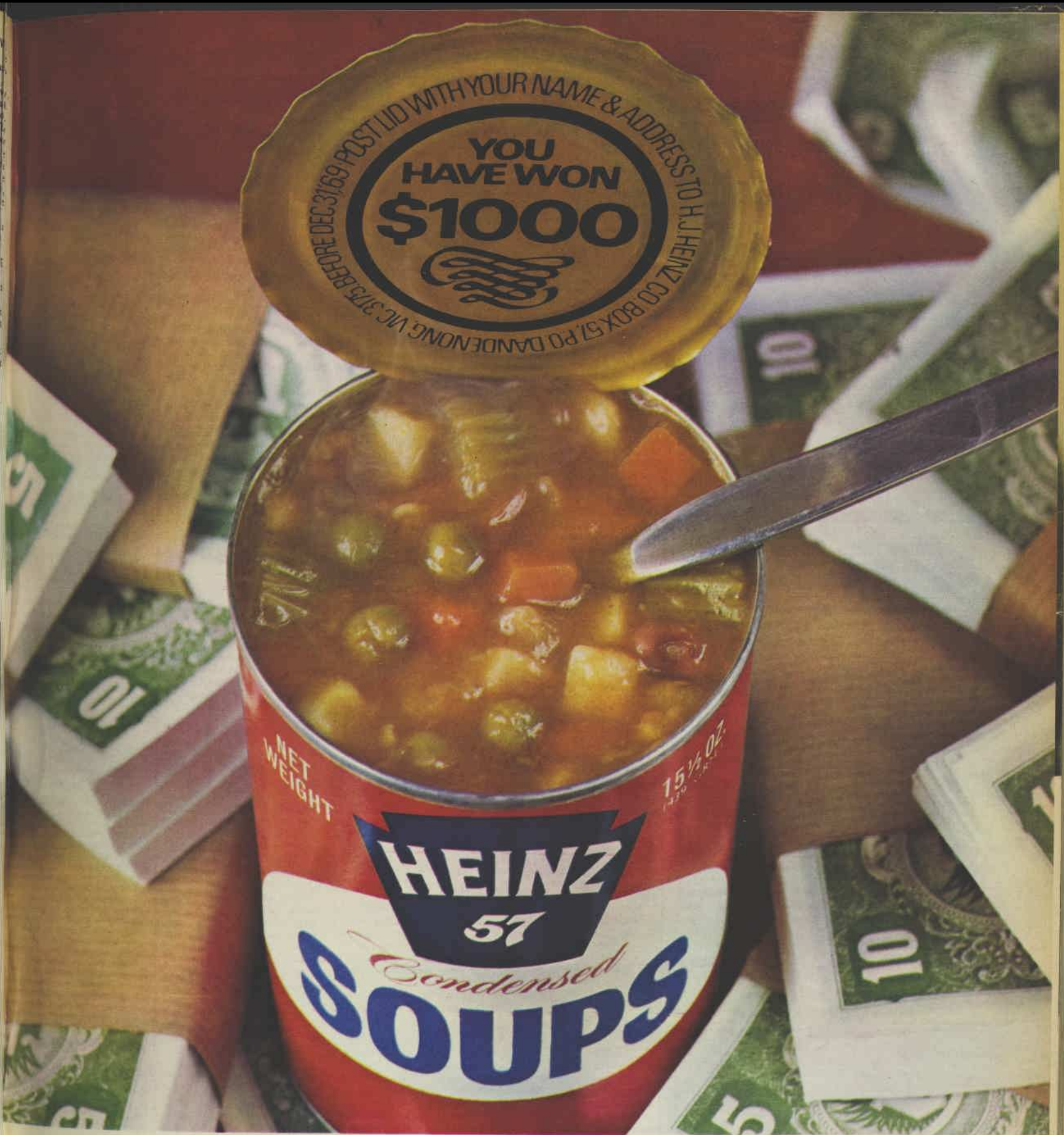
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## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

firmly. "Captain Vorolokov. I have a request to make." "Make it," said Vorolokov. "I request that you marry me."

Vorolokov was speechless. Tanya turned until she was looking up at him. "I would like an answer, my Captain."

"Have you thought about this? You are very young, and I am old."

"I am not very young. You are not very old."

He drew her toward him and touched her soft cheek with his work-roughened hand. "Are you quite certain?"

"Yes." "Then I grant you your request."

"I have another request, Captain."

"What is it this time?"

"Will you kiss me?"

When they returned to the nightclub half an hour later, it was like walking into a Montmartre cellar. Zeke's harmonica and Mischa's piano-playing had a distinctly Parisian sound. Dreamy lounged against a corner of the piano, husking a Left Bank ballad.

Tanya waited until the song was over and the men's cheering had died away. Then she clapped her hands and walked into the centre of the room. Too late, Vorolokov realised what was about to happen.

"Comrades," she said. She looked happy and flushed. "I have news to give. Captain Vorolokov is asking to make me his mistress."

There were cheers from the Americans.

**B**LUSHING apoplectically, Vorolokov pushed his way to Tanya's side, put his arm round her, and announced firmly: "Tonight, I have asked Tanya Suvorova to be my wife." He repeated it in Russian.

This time there were cheers from both sides.

Victoria and Dreamy ran forward and kissed Tanya. It was too good an opportunity for the men to miss. They crowded around, kissing Tanya, kissing Dreamy, kissing Victoria. The Russians even kissed Vorolokov. Not the Americans—they just shook his hand.

Vorolokov was dazed. He couldn't believe what had happened.

"Vodka," demanded Ushakov. Then he remembered. "Hooch," he corrected. "We drink a toast to their happiness."

Corrigan rose to his feet. He held his cup high. "To the Captain and his mate," he roared. Everyone drank.

Dreamy ended the program by doing a slow striptease. The noise became deafening. It was impossible to hear the music. But as she was about to remove her last vital garments, Morelli, at a swift sign from her, risked assassination—he killed the lights. In the dimness of the dying candles, both Dreamy and Morelli escaped.

Dreamy's Dive Bar had certainly had a gala inauguration.

Albert had at last hit upon a plan. Every day for the past week, he'd awakened to

a problem. A complex problem, he decided. He was a millionaire unable to spend his money. And he was equally unable to spend any time alone with Victoria.

The cave had been the only part of the Island that offered privacy. But since it'd become the distillery, it was guarded day and night. He'd thought of taking her out in a boat, but he knew that the safety-conscious Marines kept a binocular watch on the fishermen the whole time they were at sea.

It was the lunchtime lobster thermidor that seemed the idea. It made him ill. It was the one time when he could have done without Victoria's company. But she came and put her arm around his shoulder. She was sympathetic.

"Come and lie down in the tent for a while. I'll go and get Zeke."

Zeke had some medical knowledge. He examined Albert as he lay sweating and uncomfortable on Victoria's bed.

"You sure look sick," said Zeke. "An' blotchy. If I didn't know you cooked your meals, I'd think you'd been food poisoned."

The idea sprouted.

"No," lied Albert. "It's not what I've eaten. I used to be an ambulance cadet. I think I've got ... ." He thought quickly. His idea blossomed. "I think I've got Jacob's Disease. It's a mild form of summer cholera. It's not fatal. It only lasts a few days. Dreadfully contagious. Have to be isolated right away."

"What's the treatment?" "Just rest, and cold compresses on my head, day and night."

"I can do that," said Zeke. "No, you might pass it on to the others with their food. It had better be someone who's already had contact with me and hasn't caught it. They might be immune." He paused. "Maybe Victoria?"

"Of course I will," he heard Victoria say.

"I'll get a tent put up between the wire and the trowler," said Zeke. It's as far away from anyone as we can get."

Zeke erected the pup tent in a small depression between the rocks on the Russian side of the wire. Then he painted a notice—Isolation Ward—and pinned it to the canvas. Victoria made up a bed in the tent, then wrapped Albert carefully in a layer of blankets and led him over.

It was dark inside. Dark and private. Albert fell asleep with Victoria holding a damp cloth to his forehead. When he woke in the late afternoon, his sickness was no more than a slight queasiness, and he decided that it was time to let her into his secret.

"It was the only way I could get you to myself," he murmured. "I had to find some way, because I love you." He was surprised with himself. He really meant it. "I do love you," he repeated. "And I love you," Victoria kissed him.

"We'll be alone tonight," said Albert. "For the first time really alone."

Victoria kissed him again.

Evening brought a crisis.

There was something wrong with the still. The men stood around in the distillery cave, holding a gloomy inquest. During the day, the still's output had dropped. By teatime it had slowed to a trickle. By early evening it had stopped altogether.

"Temperature's too low," said Ushakov. "Something's happened to the gas flow."

They looked under the tarnished copper at the flame below. It glowed a weak blue and shimmered just above the rocks. Ushakov held his hand in it.

"Not hot enough to boil the mash."

**T**HE heat of the flame for the past few weeks seemed to have powdered the rocks around the outlet. Splinters had fallen down the fissure.

"I think it's blocked," said Ushakov. "Perhaps it will be difficult to free."

"Maybe we can rig up a gasoline burner," said Hennessey. "It shouldn't be too difficult."

"Yes," agreed Vorolokov. "But I think we can maybe clear blockage. If we can hit with long rod, maybe we can move stone."

They dismantled the heavy boiler and dragged it clear of the gas hole, then smothered the flame with a piece of wet burlap. Poking down the bore with lengths of aluminium tubing from Rhode's frame tent didn't help. Whatever was blocking the hole stayed solidly in place some fifteen feet below the surface. Short of actually excavating the area, there was nothing to be done.

"It must have to be a gasoline burner," said Ushakov to Hennessey. "How long will it take build one?"

"I guess we can make one in a couple of days," said Hennessey. "The trouble is that we're going to start using a lot of juice, and it's not going to be too safe."

"Maybe we should use driftwood," said Corrigan. "Less dangerous."

"Not enough," said Vorolokov. "Anyway, too late today. Must now leave until tomorrow. Not good, with nightclub, we get short of hooch."

"We'll have to go back on rations tonight," said Corrigan.

Igor stood watching and listening, a sad expression on his face. Suddenly his face cleared. He had thought of a way to clear the blockage. He turned and hurried out of the cave.

The sound of singing could still be heard from the nightclub. Dreamy sang, the men drank. To Albert and Victoria it seemed to go on interminably. But eventually they heard the men clambering down the rope ladder from the trowler and stumbling across the rocks toward the tents.

There were a few shouted good nights, a couple of ribald comments, and then silence descended.

"At last," breathed Albert, drawing Victoria gently into his arms. "Alone together at last."

"Oh, darling," she murmured softly.

Albert was a maestro, he caresses a symphony. He frequently envied the prowess

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## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

of his film heroes, but he had no need to. They might well have envied him. He began leading Victoria toward an inevitable crescendo as artistically as a Liszt rhapsody . . .

A slim, dark figure darted from the trawler toward the unguarded hooch cave. It ran lightly over the rocks and skirted the seaweed-dark pools. It stood for a second above the cave and looked around, then it dropped out of sight.

Igor pulled aside the flap across the entrance. The cave was, as he had hoped, unguarded. He stepped in.

He stood for a while, looking down at the blocked gas outlet, then pulled an empty soft-drink can from a pocket. From another he drew a grenade and a spool of fishing line. He punched a hole in the bottom of the can with his knife and threaded the cord through, knotting it inside.

THEN, with great care, he pushed the grenade into the can so that the sides gripped the lever. Then he pulled out the pin.

Slowly, he lowered the primed bomb, on the fishing line, down the gas fissure. The pressure of the spring-loaded lever against the tin would hold the grenade safely in place. It slipped a fraction. Igor shut his eyes. It held.

He wiped a hand across his forehead, then continued lowering the charge down the outlet until he felt it stop against the obstruction.

Igor retreated from the cave, paying out the line as he went. He stood a few yards away, to one side of the entrance. Then he jerked the line, suddenly, and clasped his hands over his ears. Nothing happened. He waited a moment, then jerked the cord even more fiercely. This time the tin came bouncing out of the cavern — empty. There was silence for a few seconds . . .

"My love," murmured Albert. "Darling," Victoria's voice was urgent. "Now—"

A bright flash of orange light cut her words short. The ground shook.

"Albert," she gasped.

The tent disappeared. She saw the stars above them. There was a shattering explosion. A cathedral of flame leapt upward with the roar of a thousand steam locomotives.

Albert jerked suddenly and slumped on to the mattress. The jetting flame lit the island like a monster blowtorch. She could see blood pumping from a long cut on the side of his face.

"Daddy," she screamed.

The island was awake. Rhodes was at her side. He wasted no time. Sober and efficient, he felt carefully for a pressure point to stop the bleeding. Then he tore a strip off the sheet and pressed a pad on Albert's wound.

"Get Zeke," he ordered. Victoria ran in the direction of a crowd of Marines looking up at the flame.

"Fall in. Fall in," shouted Corrigan. The Grunts ran to the parade ground. "Get a roll call," bellowed the Major. "Find out if everyone's here."

Hennessey obeyed. "All correct, sir, except for Zeke. He's got a wounded man over there." He pointed to where Albert's pup tent had stood.

The Russians were collecting

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below the side of the trawler. It glowed, looking red-hot in the strange light. Vorolokov ran over.

"We're short of Igor," he called to Corrigan. "Is he with you?"

"No. Hennessey, take Morelli and see if you can find Igor."

"Sir." The dark top-sergeant grabbed Morelli by the arm and they doubled round the back of the tents.

"What's happened?" asked Vorolokov.

"Don't know," replied the Major. "It looks like we've got a volcano on our hands. Can we get it out?"

"Doubt it. Cannot get near enough to do anything."

Even as they spoke there was

another explosion. A large piece of island detached itself and soared out into the sea. The men ducked as smaller pieces scattered over the rocks.

"You okay, Sarge?" Morelli was shouting to make himself heard above the hissing roar.

"Yep. See him anywhere?"

"I think he's down there. It looks like there's a body in the pool by the cave."

"We got to get him."

They stumbled over rocks, half-swam through waist-deep water until they were within a few yards of the flame and Igor's still body.

Hennessey pointed back at the sea. They grabbed the young Cossack by his arms and legs and

dragged him with them. The blast of another explosion threw them the remaining few feet into the water.

"They've got Igor," shouted Suki.

There was another explosion.

"Ace, get those missiles dumped in the sea," shouted Corrigan. "Then prepare to abandon ship." He ran toward Hennessey and Morelli, grabbed Igor's feet, and lifted him from the ground.

"Hit the boats," he yelled to Ace. "Count everyone in. And don't forget the Limeys. Vorolokov, better get your men afloat." The Major hoisted Igor on to his shoulders and almost ran with him over the rocks to the

Marines' boats as the Island grumbled and quivered.

A few minutes later Ace reported, "Everyone's in the boats, sir. Two Russians as well. Boris and Igor. Igor's still out. Burns, a broken arm and maybe some ribs. Albert's got a bad wound on his head, but he'll be OK."

"Push off," shouted Corrigan. His words were almost lost in a further explosion which chipped off another large hunk of the Island. Foul Rock trembled and shook so much that it radiated small tidal waves that threatened to swamp the boats. "Push off. Get clear and stay together."

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The outboard engines started. They were barely audible above the roar of the flame. The boats pulled away. The sea was splashed with orange, the light strong enough to see the Russians motoring clear of the curtain of rock shrapnel.

Their boats drew together half a mile away from the diminishing Island.

"Amazing," called Vorolokov. "Never before have I seen such. What happened?"

"Maybe a flashback down the outlet to the gas pocket. Sort of volcano, I guess."

"Is your comrades all right?"

"Igor and Albert are hurt, not very seriously," Corrigan

## AND TO MY NEPHEW ALBERT . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

replied. "Igor's got a broken arm and ribs, Albert concussion. The fleet should be here tomorrow. Dreamy's giving Igor medical treatment. Are the rest of your crew okay?"

"All men and dog are rescued."

Zeke and Boris were whispering together in the bow of the second boat.

"That restaurant idea we had. I've only a month left to serve. I'm too old to make another stretch. I'll have a pretty good pension. How about it?"

"Truly?" asked Boris.

"Yup," answered Zeke gruffly. "I reckon we could make good business. Fifty-fifty partnership. Want me to ask?"

"What about Igor? Him is like my son."

"Igor, too."

"Yes, ask pliss."

"Major," called Zeke. "It's important, can we come alongside?" They steered the boat until it rubbed against the Major's launch. "Boris and Igor want to stay with us." He explained their idea.

Corrigan rubbed his chin. "You hear that, Vorolokov?"

he called to the Russian boat. "Boris and Zeke want to open a restaurant in France."

"We hear it."

"What do you think? Do you agree?"

"Agree to what?" asked Vorolokov.

"To Boris and Igor staying with Zeke."

"Sad about Boris and Igor," said Vorolokov

gravely. He looked around his crew. "Heroes they died when the Island exploded. A great sadness. If they living, we all want wish them much good luck and happiness." Vorolokov stood, his arm round Tanya's shoulders, smiling across at the Americans.

reply. "We'll manage until the supply ship picks us up."

The boats drifted farther apart.

Albert was leaning back against the hard thwart of the boat, his head cradled by Victoria. He'd watched the destruction of his kingdom without comment. Now he sat up and shouted to the disappearing Russians.

"Good luck, Captain Vorolokov. And thanks."

The Russian's reply was drowned by an argument between Boris and Zeke.

"We'll call it the Old Kentucky."

"Niet. The Moscovite Restaurant."

"The Moscovite Kentuckian," compromised Zeke.

"Da," said Boris. "The Moscovite Kentuckian it will be. And such lovely borsch we will serve, with sweet corn and ketchup."

"And Igor will be special dancing for peoples at night," said a weak voice from the bottom of the boat. "Attracting most everybody."

"That'll cost you your pension in crockery," said Morelli.

"Not much to show of my Island," Albert said sadly.

"Only three million quid," Rhodes reminded him.

"And this," said Victoria. "It's what laid you out."

She handed him a sharp piece of limestone — the sole surviving remnant of the Island won by Uncle Alf, off Fatty Hagan, in a poker game.

(The End)

The book "And To My Nephew Albert I Leave The Island What I Won Off Fatty Hagan In A Poker Game," by David Forrest, is published by Hodder and Stoughton. Copyright David Eliades and Robert Forrest Webb, 1969.

# "What? Cheese sandwiches again? Aw Mum!"



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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 40. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney 2000, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 11, 1969



# CAB GIRLS ARE RANK OUTSIDERS

I SEE that London underwriters have announced that women car-drivers are better insurance risks than men.

It follows that they must be, overall, better drivers. I won't argue about this (in fact, I'm inclined to agree).

But I'd like to point out that there's always one woman driver I feel uncomfortable with (and other blokes have said they do, too).

This is the female taxi-driver.

I don't doubt such a lady's driving ability. Indeed, I'm very impressed by her handling of a rather rugged game.

It's just that we fellows don't quite know how to behave with a woman behind the wheel.

For instance, it's traditional for male taxi-drivers (like barbers) to talk sport to passengers (of the same sex).

## ROUND ROBIN ADAIR



So, on a cab trip through the city the other day I made a faux pas with the lass in front.

"I think Father Cootes will make the team for New Zealand," I remarked idly.

"Oh," she said. "Hm."

Then suddenly she burst into an involved appraisal of the window displays at David Farmers.

It was my turn to say, "Oh. Hm."

A racing friend has told me that when he remarked that a certain nag had been badly beaten the damsel driving suggested that the RSPCA should act!

A young mate also has complained to me about a trip he and a girl took with a woman driver.

"I was going well with a terrific sales talk when suddenly the driver fixed me with a withering stare in the rear-vision mirror and let out a disapproving snort that mucked up everything."

Perhaps the old writer had women taxi-drivers in mind when he said, "Faint heart ne'er won fare lady."

Certainly, it's time for us to rally round the flag-fall, boys.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

# Matter of pride?

• We young Australians, together with the general public, appear to have no eye for beauty and design. In and around the home one has to put up with badly designed products. All around us there is The Great Australian Ugliness. We should do something about it. Just take a look around suburban areas, the view entirely spoiled by complicated masses of electric wires, woven into frustrated patterns above the road, and dirty smoke pouring happily from factory chimneys. Then there is the litter. Somehow, people just don't seem to care what their country looks like. Is it because we have no pride in Australia?

—N. GORDON, Surrey Hills, Vic.



## LETTERS

### High stakes

UNLESS a student wishes to be a teacher, or do other highly skilled work, the extra years needed to obtain higher qualifications could hinder his search for employment. Most business firms dislike paying a senior wage to a person filling a junior position.—Betty Bag-nall, Charters Towers, Qld.

### Word in the ear

WHEN someone doesn't hear what you say, and asks you to repeat it, do you reply, "Oh, it doesn't matter," or make some sarcastic remark? If so, stop and think first. The person might actually have defective hearing. I am completely deaf in one ear, and if I miss what someone has said to me it really hurts to be told "go and wash your ears out!" So, it pays to think a little before you speak. —"Bessy," Darwin.

## GO-MANGO



### Bank account

PEOPLE squirm at the thought of receiving fortnightly wages. It's really not so bad. I have been paid once in every two weeks for more than a year, and, after the initial budgeting, have had no worries. My method is to allocate myself funds for the first week (which I keep as cash) and promptly bank the rest — on the very day the money is placed in my hot little hand. Then I can be confident that the money for the second week is there. I make any purchases in the first week. It's a direct way of saving, too. — J. M. Lynn, Harbord, N.S.W.

### Quiet thought

RECENTLY I attended the State Conference of the Rural Youth Organisation held at Cairns. More than 100 members travelled thousands of miles to attend this week-long conference. Motions passed will affect our nation in the near future. Yet the lack of publicity it received amazed parents and friends. It seems that quiet, constructive meetings have to take second place to noisy and often destructive demonstrations. — J. Paterson, Emerald, Qld.

It is said that money is wasted on space research and experiments. I do not agree for these reasons:

• The world population explosion. Unless a new planet similar to earth is discovered soon we will run out of living space.

• The expanding population will outstrip food production and cause a world famine.

• Almost every nation is facing the prospect of fresh-water shortages in the future.

If a "new" earth is discovered, it will be through space research, and the above problems will be solved. — Rhonda Brown, Glenreagh, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

### Just imagine

MY granddaughter drew my attention to Lynn Caldwell's question (Letters, May 21), "What is Anzac Day?" As an Anzac I also ask myself that. Yes, Lynn, the march is always very touching, especially if one looks into the hearts of the marchers, and realises that here are men who perhaps were not brave, but became brave when it was necessary; who were once whole in health and spirit, but came home not quite the same ever again. I ask young folk to be tolerant of oldies who in their declining years become sentimental. Those marching ex-servicemen have known horror beyond the imagining of those who have not been on active service.—P. J. Berryman, Bendigo, Vic.

### Praiseworthy

AS a teenager, I would like to see from other teenagers better manners and more courteous behaviour to older people. The small act of giving our seats to women can earn nothing but praise. By such acts we become tagged as a responsible group of people. Therefore, more weight is placed on our demands and adults will tolerate our beliefs and actions to a far greater extent.—M. Dasey, Inverell, N.S.W.

## For teenagers



"Daddy, this is my new boyfriend, Alfred. He'll be going in and out of our refrigerator from now on!"

## IT'S SO EASY



## KIDS LOVE CHOCOLATE

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POLITICAL COMMENT

NEWS AND VIEWS

## The Bulletin

REVIEWS OF THE WEEK

25c EVERY WEEK





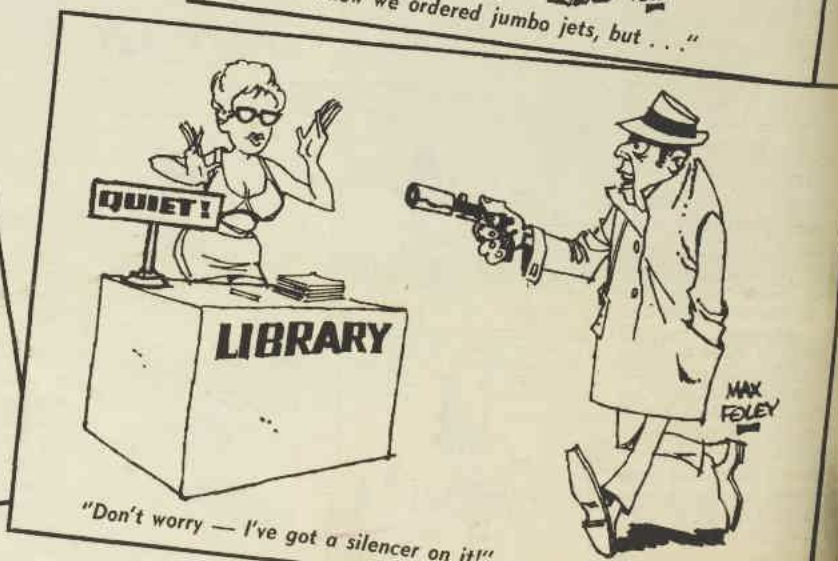
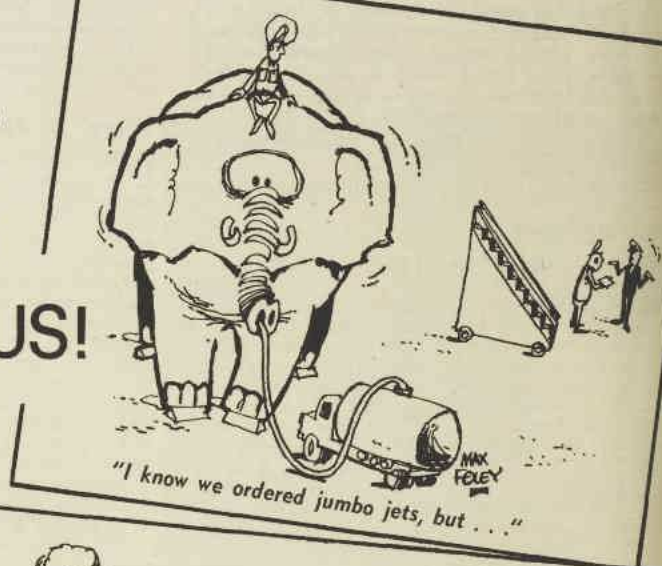
# FRED BASSET

by ALEX GRAHAM

• SEE FRED IN THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, TOO



... BUT  
THIS IS  
RIDICULOUS!





# BUTTERICK

## PATTERNS

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

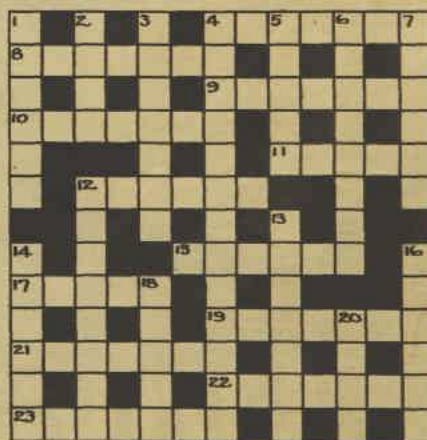
MANDRAKE, racing against time in his search for the bomb set to blow up earth, finds the final red ball on Mt. Everest and opens it. NOW READ ON...



### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

4. Prosecuted about a fish, but sweetened (7).
8. The highest and everything in trial (7).
9. Strained in time in grammar (7).
10. Mad with rage because it is backward in money (7).
11. Liberated hail in shillings and pence (5).
12. Belief in tick (6).
15. Look fixedly around five to deprive of food (6).
17. The cool courage of a sinew (5).
19. The cost of former writers East (7).
21. The backward river is in from liberty (7).
22. United nations noise is not healthy (7).
23. Longed for a knight, indeed (7).



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

1. Smother the joint of a horse (6).
2. Urgent entreaty of dad about the French (4).
3. Alarm about the plume (7).
4. An old foggy has a twig in the wet earth (5, 2, 3, 3).
5. Disorderly stage entrances (5).
6. Near vote changed to repair (8).
7. Greatly fears dad's around about (6).
12. Platters for war-horses (8).
13. Nominate a river in ordinary language (7).
14. Nourished under upset ink and stabbed (6).
16. Drifts tear in the back street (6).
18. A tree that has lived longer (5).
20. Number you and me for talent (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

5106.—Sleeveless V-necked evening dress has soft gored skirt falling from high waistline. Can also be made street length. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 90 cents includes postage.

5171.—Semi-fitted dress features shaped seaming. Optional collar. Short sleeves included in pattern. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 87 cents includes postage.

4648.—Semi-fitted shirt dress features contrast collar, cuffs, and front tab. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

5088.—Child's princess-seamed dress. Can be worn with or without blouse. Sleeves included in pattern. Sizes 23, 25, 27, 28½, 30, 32in. chest. Price 75 cents includes postage.

5002.—Dress and coat make up part of the coordinates pattern which includes shorts, slacks, jacket, and ankle-length dress. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 90 cents includes postage.

5174.—Semi-fitted dress features front seaming detail with button trim. Various sleeve lengths included in pattern. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. The price 87c includes postage.

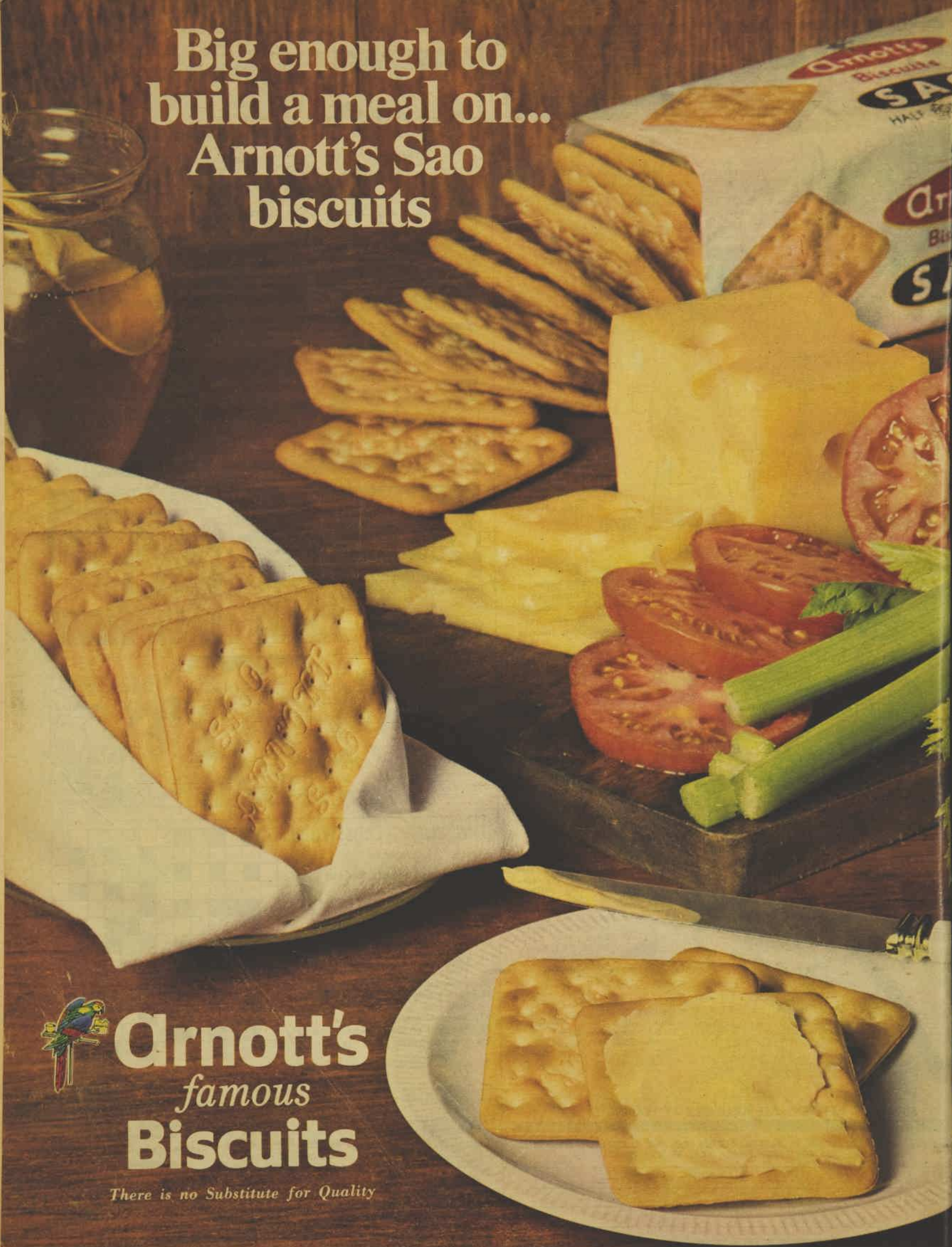
BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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The Australian  
Women's

# Weekly Fashion News



Today's handsome fur fabric coats are detailed with leather trims and zip closings. Her glamorous blond jacket in sizes 10-14. About \$33. His jacket zips from a high neck and has four large zip pockets. Available in matching blond or black tones, sizes 36-44in. About \$50. (From David Jones' 2nd Floor Coats, Market Street.) Details of other fashions on pages 2 and 3.



**IN THIS ISSUE:**  
The latest and  
brightest in his-  
and-hers fashions





# VERSATILE KNITS

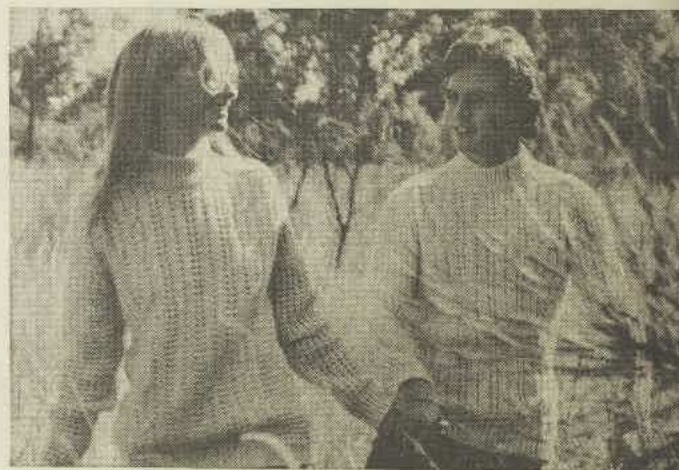


With-it twosome in wool knits. Her imported polo-neck dress (exclusive to House of Merivale) in natural, red, green, navy. Range of sizes. About \$46. Black jersey pants with turn-ups in range of colors. About \$18. (House of Merivale, 55 Castlereagh Street.) His side-buttoned jacket in green, burgundy, black, brown. Range of sizes. About \$40. (Exclusive to Mr. John, 122 King Street.)

At right: His slightly flared corduroy pants in rust, bone, camel. 30-34in. \$10.95. (Grace Bros.' Men's International Shop, Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.) Pullover with cable-stitching in yellow/white, whisky/white. SM-XOS. \$15.95. (Grace Bros.' men's knitwear depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.) Leggy pants, with sleeveless vest, right, are flannel. In color range. XSSW-W. \$15. (Grace Bros.' pants depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Top Ryde, Roselands.)



Above: Girl's wool-knit cable-stitch suit in grey, camel, red, pale blue, sizes 10-16, is also available in a short-sleeved, cream boucle-knit version. \$18. Knit scarf, in various colors and patterns. \$2. (Farmer's Young Sydney Shop, 1st floor.) Man's fine walecord pants in camel, taupe. 31-36in. About \$11. Fine-knit polo sweater in black, camel, cream, navy, olive. 38-42in. \$17.95. Scarf. \$5.95. (Farmer's Young Men's Dept., lower ground floor.)



Above: Warm and wonderful sweaters with his-and-hers look are in pure wool (natural only) and fashioned in traditional Irish large cable-stitching. Medium and large. About \$18. (From David Jones' ground floor sweater dept., Market Street.)



Above: Pinafore-look dress with contrast collar and sleeves in warm wool. In red/white, grey/white. 12-16. \$15. (Farmer's White Collar Girl Dept., 2nd floor.) Man's straight-legged grey/white tweed pants. Sizes 33-36in. waist. \$15.95. Worn with imported Irish wool sweater (natural only). 38-42in. \$36. (Farmer's Young Men's Dept., lower ground floor.)





At right: Nylon pirate shirt is a top-flight scene-stealer for boys and girls alike. Fashion points are the long, peaked collar, ruffled front, and gathered cuffs flaring from wrist. It looks great teamed with a long culotte for a party or may be worn as a shirt or even as a mini ruffle dress. In range of colors. SM-OS. By Bisley. About \$12. (Men's wear depts. at Horderns Mid-city, 1st floor; Farmer's, ground floor; all Grace Bros.' men's wear depts.; Martin Place Shirt Shop.)



At left: Biggest shirt story in years is the see-through. Bisley has done it in two styles, both in embroidered sheer, one with the new, long-peaked collar, the other with an ascot tie. In white, black, navy. SM-OS. About \$9. (Men's wear depts. at Horderns Mid-city, 1st floor; Farmer's, ground floor; all Grace Bros.' men's wear depts.; Martin Place Shirt Shop.)

## ● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

# SHIRTS STAKE A FASHION CLAIM



Above: Great gear for twosome fashions is Bisley's new romeo look in cotton crepon in ten dashing colors. This design blouses from a shoulder yoke with an open neck to show off the paisley scarf. In white, navy, lime, fuchsia. XM-OS. About \$9. (Men's wear depts. at Horderns Mid-city, 1st floor; Farmer's, ground floor; all Grace Bros.' men's wear depts.; Martin Place Shirt Shop.)



Above: Ruffles and lace — a great look for him and her. Rows of lace down the front and lace trim on cuffs are features of "his" design, with centre row of lace trimmed in black. 14-17. About \$8.95. (David Jones' 2nd floor Formal Wear, Market Street.) Tucks and ruffles on front and a high neck characterise "her" design. 32-38in. About \$16. (Obtainable from David Jones' 3rd floor blouse dept.)

At right: Her pinstripe flares in red, grey, mist in sizes 24-30in. By Sterling. About \$9.50. (All Waltons stores except Summer Hill.) Arnel crinkle crepe shirt with button-down collar in flame, saffron, navy. 32-38. About \$7.50. (Waltons, Park Street, Bankstown, Canberra.) His pinstripe flares in ice, tobacco, mist. Sizes 30-36in. By Sterling. About \$9.75. (All Waltons stores except Summer Hill.) Special brushed bri-nylon shirt in blue, gold, green, tan. SM-XOS. About \$3.99. (Available at all Waltons stores.)





At left: Sports coats in plain and check wool. Her single-breasted style has deep pockets and button detail. In brown, camel, SSW-XW. About \$17.99. (Waltons, Park Street, Bankstown, Liverpool, Canberra.) His jacket is fur lined. In four check colorways, 36-42in. About \$22.95. (All Waltons stores except Summer Hill.)



Above: Girl's Levi corduroy jacket (in orange, sand, blue, chocolate, green, 34-36in.), \$10.95, worn with sand-colored Levi cord jeans (27-36in.), \$9.10. His cowhide suede Levi jacket (in rust, navy, light brown, chocolate, 34-46in.), \$35, teams with white twill trousers (28-36in.), \$8.10. (Brett Parker, Hurstville, Caringbah.)

## OUTDOOR WARMTH AND EYE-APPEAL



At left: In-gear in fashionable suede includes her vest, worn with matching A-line skirt. In shades of brown, 12-16. Vest \$21.99, skirt \$18.99. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Leather Shop.) Levi styled his jacket in rust (and brown) suede, 34-44in. \$35. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Young Style Shop, Market Street store.)

At right: Elegant "fakes" with a two-way theme. Hers belted at waist, comes in black and brown in sizes 10-16. About \$50. His double-breasted style in black is high-necked and slightly fitted at waist. 36-44in. About \$50. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Coats, Market Street.)





# For the OLDER WOMAN



Above: Go-together coat designs in herringbone wool. For him, a three-quarter-length, double-breasted topcoat in grey tonings, sizes 36-44in., about \$95. Woman's single-breasted and belted coat has added detail of flapped pockets above and below waist. In charcoal-grey and beige, 32-36in., about \$52. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Coats, Market Street.)

At right: Smart and casual jacket with the look of kangaroo has interesting collar detail and leather buckle closings down the front. Sizes 10-16. About \$42. (David Jones' 2nd Floor Coat Dept.)



At right: Imported ribbed fur-fabric coat with double-breasted detail is available in black, brown, grey. XXSSW-SW. About \$65. (From all Katies Fashion Stores.)



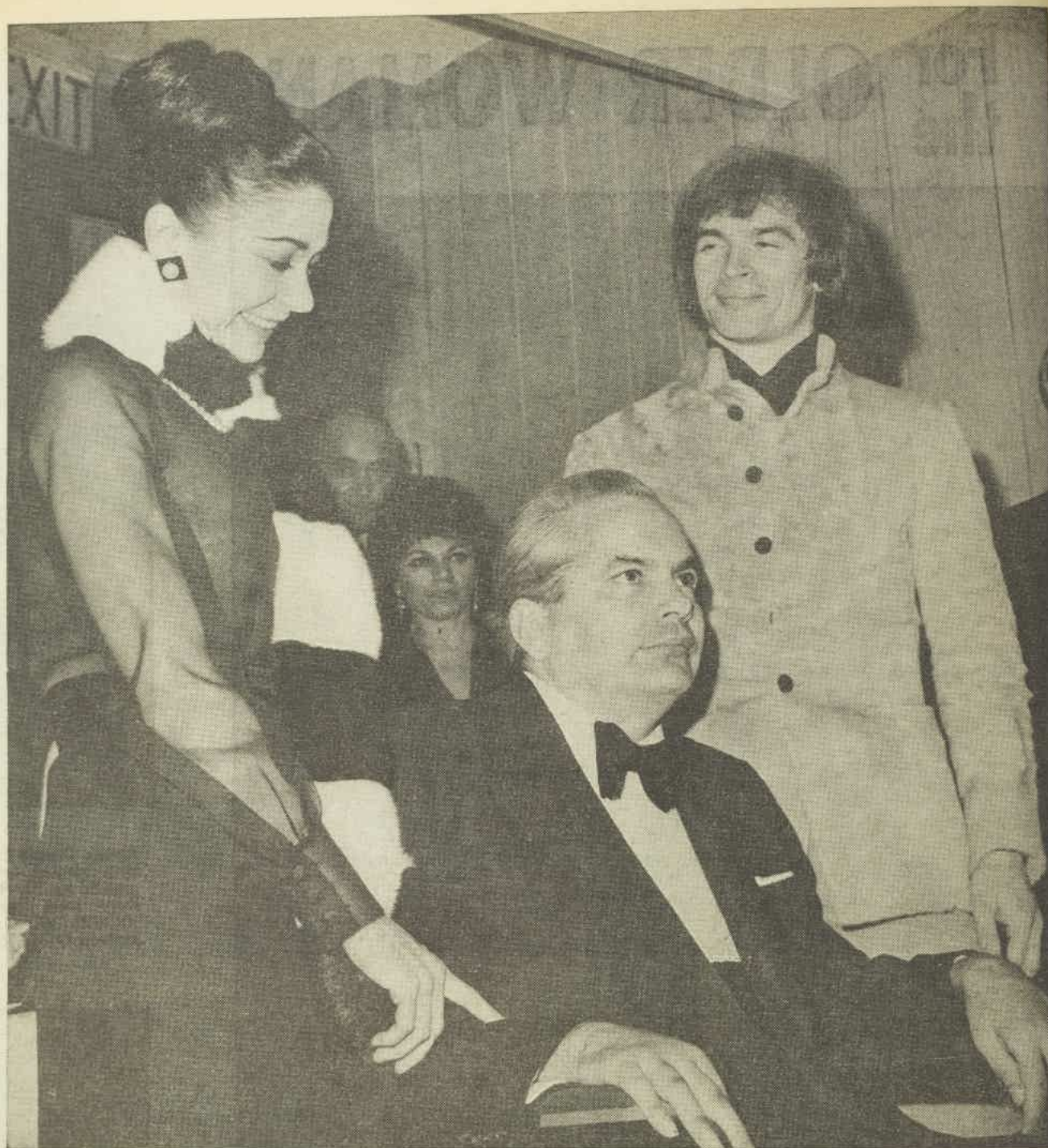
Above: Classic four-button styling looks both elegant and expensive in white pretend fur. There's a back half-belt, also deep inset pockets. In grey also. XXSSW-SW. About \$60. (All Katies Fashion Stores.)





At right: Dame Margot Fonteyn, with her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, and Rudolf Nureyev at a party for the dancers at the New York Jockey Club. Dame Margot wore a black evening skirt and chiffon blouse with wide velvet belt and a superb black-and-white fur choker; Nureyev wore a high-collared shirt with long sleek fur jacket and off-white trousers.

Below: Former film queens Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell pictured at a Hollywood party to celebrate their signing for cameo roles in "The Phynx." Miss Keeler wore a raw-silk dress with jewelled trim round the collar, cuffs, and wide self-necktie; Miss Blondell shone in a velvet gown with jewelled pendant trim, tiara, and black ostrich-feather boa.



## WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



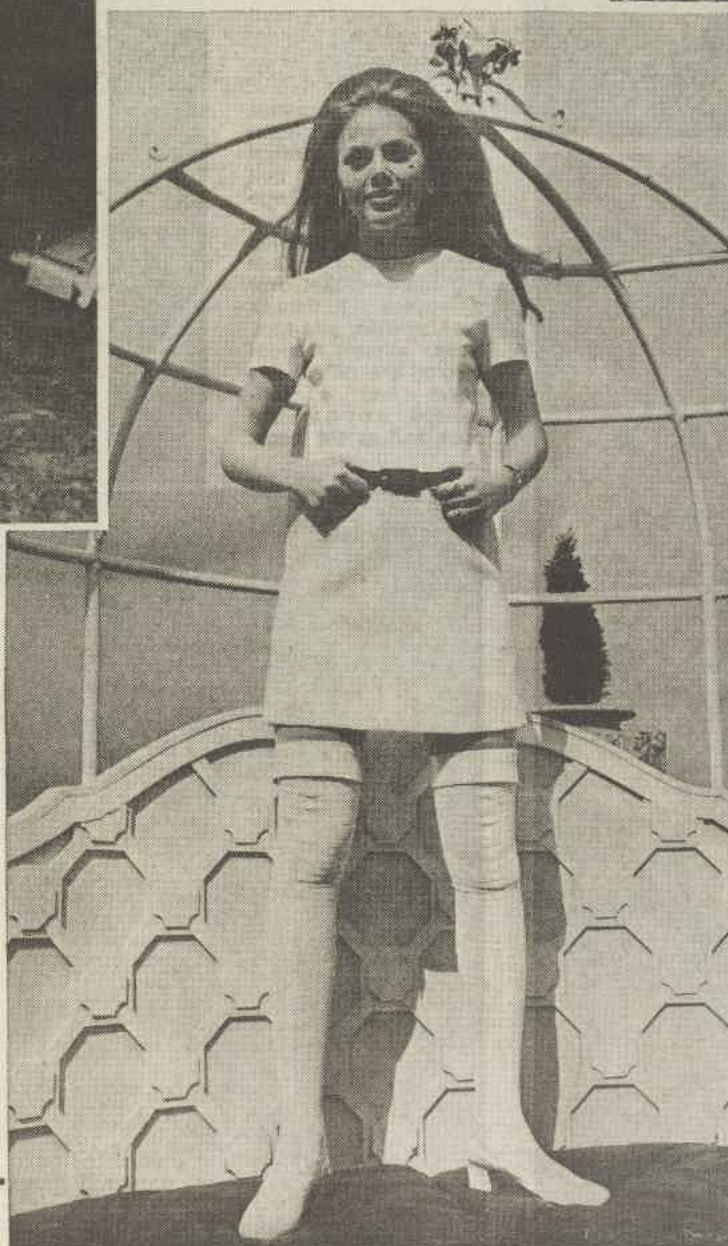


Above: Princess Margaret looked elegant in a beautifully cut single-breasted coatdress with side-pleats, Peter-pan collar, neat square buttons, and four contrasting tab trims, when she visited a medical symposium at the National Hospital, London.



At left: Veteran American film actress Joan Crawford wore a chic co-ordinated outfit to a luncheon at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. Her jaunty deerstalker-style cap matched her open jacket and skirt of an unusual black-and-white checked silk, worn with a simple white top.

Below: American actress Candice Bergen arriving at Heathrow Airport, London, for dubbing on her new film, "The Adventurers," wore a dashing black-and-white houndstooth-checked wool suit with black belt and black piping outlining the cuffs and collar of the highwayman jacket, and black stockings and buckled shoes.



At right: Swedish actress Britt Eklund, the former wife of Peter Sellers, made a dazzling picture at a Press conference at the Dorchester Hotel during a visit to London for a private showing of her new film, "The Night They Raided Minsky's." She wore a white welted mini-dress with a black belt and thigh-high white stocking boots with turnover tops.



# What people are wearing in SYDNEY



At left: Rajah-type gold-buttoned evening jacket in black moire velvet for Harry M. Miller (at left), chatting with Mrs. Michel Carriol, wearing a white silk Givenchy-inspired sleeveless gown with a wrap-around skirt tying under the bodice, and Mr. Carriol, whose French dinner shirt had a double frill at the front, at the supper party given by the Australian Opera Auditions women's committee in Her Majesty's Theatre foyer after "Madame Butterfly," which opened the 1969 opera season.



Below left: Committee member Mrs. Henri Aram, in a caramel crepe pyjama suit trimmed with large gold sequins, offered a sandwich to Mr. Stefan Haag, wearing a silver silk dinner jacket over a white turtleneck evening shirt, and Mrs. Haag, whose mango-colored Thai silk A-line gown had a self-rouleau round the neck and at the back.



Above: Soft flowing pale pink crepe evening pyjamas with matching beading in large pearls at the neck and cuffs, and a low-slung beaded belt, for Lynn Rainbow at the party after the opera which she attended with Michael McGuren, whose blue-patterned dinner jacket by Brioni of Italy had black cuffs and lapels.



At left: Frilly white lace blouse with a high neck and tiered cuffs was worn under a deep garnet-colored velvet evening suit by Anne Denley (at left), pictured with Mr. Ed Barnum and Mrs. Barnum, whose white crepe culotte-dress had a black strawcloth bodice inset and a V-neckline, and was cinched at the waist with an interesting gold chain belt.